

OUR PIONEER ANCESTORS

GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL
HISTORIES OF THE COX-STOUT FAMILIES



WAYNE D. STOUT

THE AUTHOR'S PEDIGREE

ALLEN J. STOUT
1815 - 1889

DAVID F. STOUT
1855 - 1932

AMANDA M. FISK
1833 - 1888

WAYNE D. STOUT
1894 -

ISAIAH COX
1839 - 1896

JULIA COX
1861 - 1927

HENRIETTA JANE
1835 - 1917

JOSEPH STOUT
1773-1839

ANNA SMITH
1780-1824

ALFRED FISK
1806-1834

MARIAH SAGER.
1810-1835

JEHU COX
1803-1893

SARAH PYLE
1807-1891

JOSIAH JANES
1792-1844

ASENATH SLAFTER
1796-1867

SAMUEL STOUT
1740-?

RACHEL CHAUNCEY
1741-?

DANIEL SMITH
1754-1791

PLEASANT CHAUNCEY
?-1815

HEZEKIAH FISK
1775-1839

RHODAH WALKER
1777-1839

JOHN SAGER
1788-1843

AMY A. SWEET

THOMAS COX
1775-1845

RACHEL CARR
1771-?

EDWARD G. PYLE
1785-?

ROSANNAH M. McMOHON
1789-1848

THOMAS JANES
1762-1834

RUTH WHITMORE
1762-?

ELEAZER SLAFTER
1744-1828

EUNICE FENTON
1767-1848

PETER STOUT
1715-1802
MARGARET CYPERT
1716-1799

DANIEL CHAUNCEY
1721-?
ANN

THOMAS SMITH
ESTHER

DANIEL CHAUNCEY
ANN

MOSES FISK
HULDAH WILBER
1751-1853

JOHN WALKER
1753-?
MOLLY. ROUND
1755-?

JOHN SAGER
1757-?
ABIGAIL BRAYTON
1766-?

ASEL SWEET
1754-?
MARTHA WHITFORD

SOLOMON COX
1745-?
AMY HUSSEY
1747-1779 (?)

THOMAS CARR
1757-?
MARIAM JONES

WILLIAM PYLE
1758-1815
LUCRETIA GANT
1760-?
JOHN McMOHON
1768-?
ROSANNAH HARDEN
1760-?

DAVID JANES
1736-?
JEMIMA VORCE

ARRON WHITMORE
1735-?
ELIZABETH

SAMUEL SLAFTER
1696-1770
DOROTHY FENTON
1700-1783

EBENEZER FENTON
1743-?
SARAH DUNHAM
1745-?

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OF THE COX-STOUT FAMILIES

By
WAYNE D. STOUT

1944

Printed in United States of America

Dedicated to

JEHU COX

The reading of his inspiring life story, so full of faith and good works, induced me to write his biography. When this work was completed I was impelled to write the biographies of my other ancestors. Hence Jehu Cox is responsible for the writing of this book.

PREFACE

The writing of this book has required four years to complete. The principal objective of the work is to give future generations valuable genealogical material needed to complete their salvation. This being the case, the book should be treasured highly and well cared for. Each person who possesses this book should pass it on to the one child in his family most interested in genealogy. Should the time ever come when the owner of this work no longer realizes its importance, then give the book to a library where it will be well cared for and protected. Time will increase the price of the book. Two hundred years from now it will sell for one hundred dollars a copy.

WAYNE D. STOUT.

Salt Lake City, Utah
March 1, 1944.

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JEHU COX

INDOMITABLE PIONEER AND EMPIRE BUILDER

Jehu Cox embraced Mormonism while the church was passing through its darkest hour. This fact alone stamps the man as one possessing a strong character. Weak men do not join unpopular movements. When Jehu Cox joined the Mormon church in 1838 while residing in the state of Missouri, he did so on principle, not to win fame, for the Mormons were the most unpopular people Missouri had at that time. The saints had already been driven out of Jackson County, and were in 1838 being driven out of the state. Credit for this conversion should be given to Benjamin L. Clapp, a young twenty-three year old missionary—afterwards one of the seven presidents of seventy, who penetrated deep into the Ozark mountains where he found the Cox family and there taught them the gospel. For the first time the Mormon point of view was presented. The Cox's had known the Mormons only by reputation. They were not given an opportunity to compare the two stories. Jehu was a prayerful man, so in asking his Heavenly Father for light, he received a testimony that the message was true. He and his wife, Sarah, were subsequently baptized and joined the main body of the saints as soon as they were located in Illinois.

Jehu Cox was born September 5, 1803, in Knox County, Kentucky. He was the son of Thomas and Rachel Carr Cox who came from Virginia. Jehu's great grandfather, Solomon Cox, originally settled in Pennsylvania by invitation from William Penn. Solomon was born somewhere in Pennsylvania in 1703. He married Ann Bright. To this union were born fifteen children. The youngest, Solomon Cox, Jr., was born in 1745 in the same state. In due time young Solomon married Amy Hussey. From this union ten children were born, five boys and five girls. Soon after marriage this couple moved to Virginia, where Thomas, their third son, was born. Thomas arrived December 5, 1775, the very year the Revolutionary War began. Nothing is known about this family's contacts with the war. How grateful we descendants would be if they had only left a line or two expressing their reaction to the struggle. It may be our own descendants may wonder why we don't give our reaction to the present struggle.

In 1795, twenty year old Thomas married Rachel Carr,

daughter of Thomas and Marian Jones Carr. This couple did a lot of moving, finally reaching Knox County, Kentucky, where the hero of this story was born. When Jehu was only three weeks old the family made a long move to Green River, Ohio County, Kentucky,—west central part of the state. Jehu was receiving an early training in the art of pioneering. The family lived in Green River six years, then moved to Salt Creek,



JEHU AND SARAH PYLE COX

1803-1893

1807-1891

Fearless champions of truth. Ancestors of innumerable Coxes centered mostly in Sanpete, Emery, Washington and Salt Lake Counties in Utah.

Vinton County, Ohio. On the banks of this creek, the map shows a town by the name of Cox which suggests it was named for Thomas Cox who settled there in 1809. In 1815 the family moved on to Bloomington, Monroe County, Indiana, forty-five miles southwest of Indianapolis, where they remained five years. In 1820, the same year Joseph Smith received his first vision, the Cox family moved to Salt Creek, a rural area twelve miles east of Bloomington. Here the family lost the spirit of moving and settled down for a seven year rest.

In Salt Creek Jehu met his future wife, Sarah Pyle, daughter of Edward Gant and Rosannah Mary McMahon Pyle. She was the oldest child in a family of twelve, born July 22, 1807, in Bracken County, Kentucky. Jehu and Sarah were married

January 13, 1824. They rented a farm in the same locality where they remained the next four seasons. While there three children were born: Rosannah, January 23, 1825; Edward, November 22, 1826, and Thomas, April 30, 1827. The two youngest died in infancy. Sarah and Jehu suffered much from sickness while there which influenced the family to seek a more healthful climate.

In December, 1827, the family moved to the banks of the Wabash River, Warren County, Indiana. Warren is in the extreme western part of the state about one hundred miles south of Chicago. The family spent two seasons in farming in this locality. Henderson, their fourth child, was born there, November 6, 1829. In the spring of 1830, about the time the Latter-day Saint Church was organized, the family moved just across the state line to Vermillion River, Vermillion County, Illinois. They did farming work for just one season. A contagious disease took so many of his horses and cattle at Vermillion River that the next season (1831) saw him and his family on the move to seek a more healthful climate. They settled at Greencastle, Putnam County, Indiana, thirty-five miles west of Indianapolis. Here he found health for himself and his stock, but his wife Sarah remained in poor health.

At Greencastle Jehu bought a thirty-acre farm where the family lived the next four years. Three more children were added to their home while there, Sarah, February 28, 1832; Mary Jane, September 19, 1833, and Elias, January 15, 1835. Since Sarah's health was so poor there, Jehu was determined to find a land where all the family might enjoy health. The spring of 1835 found the family westward bound. They crossed Illinois and the Mississippi river, then went southwest to Crawford County, Missouri, the heart of the Ozark mountains. Here a healthful climate was found for all the family. While in these mountains three more children were added to the family, Rachel, March 17, 1836; Jehu, June 15, 1837, and most important of all—the writer's grandfather—Isaiah, May 18, 1839.

The year 1838 is the turning point in the history of the Cox family. Previous to that year the family floundered in spiritual darkness. After that year the family began to grow in spiritual intelligence. The cause for this great change was the successful invasion of these mountains by a humble Mormon missionary. He was seeking converts to the most despised

sect Missouri had ever known. For five years the Mormons had been driven from county to county and were then, in 1838, about to be exterminated or driven from the state. Jehu was acquainted with these happenings. It took courage to ally himself with a people so unpopular. But Jehu saw beyond the persecutions when he heard the message from the lips of Elder Benjamin L. Clapp. The missionary's testimony carried a conviction of truth. Truth is what Jehu wanted. He was inspired with faith to accept the gospel in its entirety. Once this decision was reached the fear of persecution had no effect upon him.

Jehu was baptized January 12, 1838. His wife joined him by going into the waters of baptism a month later. Little did this couple realize when they made these covenants how powerful their acts affected the salvation of hundreds of their descendants now living in Utah's stakes of Zion. This was truly a great crisis for the Cox family. Imagine what the history of this family might have been had they not heard and accepted the gospel. The contrast between what his descendants are enjoying here in Utah, blessed with advantages of the gospel, and what it might have been in the Ozarks is too great to compare.

Jehu Cox made rapid progress after accepting the gospel. Soon after baptism he was ordained an Elder by Benjamin L. Clapp and Isaac Allred. Like all true converts, he was soon overcome by a great desire to gather with the saints. At this very hour the saints were being expelled from Missouri, so Jehu had to wait until the church chose a new gathering place. As soon as it was evident that the saints were moving into Illinois, Jehu took his family (November, 1839) to Adams County, south of Quincy, and there rented farm land, where he remained two seasons. It was here that Lucretia was born, December 29, 1841, and was blessed by the famous missionary, Joseph Fielding.

In the spring of 1842 Jehu moved north into Hancock County within three miles of Nauvoo. He rented a farm where he worked for four seasons. On this farm, eleven days before the martyrdom of the prophet Joseph Smith at Carthage, his daughter, Emma, was born. She was the twelfth child.

During these four fateful years in Nauvoo, Jehu neglected to write his reflections of the great momentous events that were taking shape. Little did he realize how interested his descend-

ants would be in the part he played during those critical times. He mentions the birth of his thirteenth child, Nephi, born March 20, 1846. The child's name suggests the influence which the Book of Mormon had with the family. This child died of cold and exposure while the family was traveling westward through Iowa.

The Cox family was the very last of the first groups to leave Nauvoo. They crossed the Mississippi River May 20, 1846. Jehu took his family directly to Mount Pisgah. Here, under the direction of Parley P. Pratt, a settlement had been made. Jehu remained here long enough to plant a field of corn and then moved on to Council Bluffs. On arrival there he found the Mormon Battalion in process of organization. Henderson Cox, a healthy youth of seventeen years, joined Company A and marched off with the Battalion, never to be seen alive by his parents again.

Henderson made the long historical march across the southwest, up the coast of California, and was discharged from the service along with the rest of his companions. Henderson was near Captain Sutter's mill at the time of the gold discovery, January 24, 1848, and participated actively in the rush that followed. Henderson had obtained a sizeable bag of gold dust at the time his company left for Utah. Late in June, 1848, these sturdy fighters were near the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Captain Browett took Daniel Allen and Henderson in advance of the main body to explore a suitable route over the top. The third night out while camping some friendly acting Indians came into their camp and asked to be permitted to remain for the night. Unaware of treachery the white men retired to their beds in confidence that their visitors meant no harm. After they had fallen asleep the Indians suddenly attacked in force, killing and stripping them of all their clothing, and leaving them buried in a shallow grave. Twenty days later their bodies were discovered by their companions who found no bags of gold dust near their bodies. Since that day the spot has been aptly named Tragedy Springs. June 27, the day the massacre is believed to have taken place, was the fourth anniversary of the Prophet's martyrdom.

Little did the parents of Henderson realize what had befallen their son on that fatal day. They had been traveling forty-nine days since leaving Council Bluffs so were probably at the half-way mark when he met his fate. They could not

possibly have learned of the tragedy until their arrival in Salt Lake.

Meanwhile in Council Bluffs, after the exodus of the Battalion, Jehu and family spent the next ten months in Winter Quarters as best they could. In the early spring of 1847 Jehu moved his family across the Missouri River and up some seven miles to the Cambell farm and there he planted a crop. While working on that farm, Joshua was born, but died the same day. The family remained on that farm until April 28, 1848, then moved back to Winter Quarters to make final preparations for the trek to the Rockies. The Cox family was assigned to travel in Heber C. Kimball's company. The great journey was begun May 18, 1848. After the company had been traveling for ten days President Kimball appointed Jehu as captain of one of the units. Some days later, June 15, a tragedy overtook the family. Little six-year old Lucretia was run over by a wagon and killed. The company was stopped and a very simple funeral was held. Much sympathy was expressed to the family by friends and speakers at the service. The journey was continued westward without incident, the company arriving in the valley September 24, 1848.

September was a critical time to arrive in a new country. Their food supply was running low. Winter was coming on without even a home to live in. Nine small poorly clothed children were entirely dependent upon these sturdy parents for their existence. The pioneers who preceded them to the valley had suffered severe losses due to the grasshoppers so the food supply looked none too bright for the advancing winter. In spite of these adverse conditions, Jehu and family managed to live through that first winter.

By the spring of 1849 Salt Lake City had become too populous for a frontiersman like Jehu Cox. Seeking a fresh country to conquer, Jehu moved south and settled on the south bank of Little Cottonwood Creek, known today as Union. He built a home and commenced farming. His fifteenth child, Martha, was born there August 2, 1849, giving him ten children to support. Not long after his arrival in Union other settlers joined him as neighbors. A branch was organized with Silas Richards as presiding Elder. January 18, 1851, Jehu was ordained a Seventy under the hands of Benjamin L. Clapp (the same who had baptized him in 1838), and Daniel D. Hunt. July 5, 1851, his sixteenth and last child was born, but

died the same day. July 13 following, Union had so increased in population that a ward organization was effected with Silas Richards as bishop and Jehu Cox as his first Counselor. On the same day he was ordained a High Priest under the hands of Edward Hunter, Willard Snow and Daniel Spencer.

Little Cottonwood was changed to Union in 1854. It was that year the Indians became very hostile. Community minded Jehu contributed ten acres to the town as a site to build a fort for protection against the Indians. Around this site the pioneers built a wall twelve feet high. The entire community moved into this enclosure where they remained until the troubles with the Indians were over.

In 1855 his oldest living son, Elias, married Martha Richards, daughter of the bishop. Union had become too populous for frontiersman, Jehu Cox, so early in 1859 Jehu and his two married sons and families all moved south in search of new worlds to conquer. They stopped long enough in Mt. Pleasant to permit young Isaiah Junior to be born (he was the first white child born there) and then moved north to North Bend, afterwards named Fairview. In this wild and open country the Coxes felt right at home. The farm site which Jehu chose later became the identical place where the Co-op and tithing office stood. In this free and open country Jehu and sons took to farming and sheep raising as a young duck takes to water. In the spring of 1860 the Saints in North Bend were organized as a branch, with James A. Jones as presiding Elder and Jehu Cox, one of his counselors. June 30, 1861, there was born to Jehu a very important grand daughter, Julia, third child of Isaiah and Henrietta. She is important also since she is the writer's mother. Very soon after her birth, Isaiah was called by Brigham Young to help settle St. George. Fairview lost an empire builder when Isaiah moved to Dixie.

Indian troubles seemed to have followed Jehu. In 1864 the Indians began their depredations in San Pete County. Jehu's boys were one day herding sheep when they were attacked by a party of Indians. The boys thoroughly frightened, ran home for help. Meanwhile the Indians made off with the sheep. Jehu and son, Elias, well armed dashed after their sheep. When the Indians saw them coming, they fled in terror. This incident might well be called the beginning of the Blackhawk war. Previous to this incident, his son-in-law, David Jones, was killed by the red men. The war was soon on in all

its fury. Jehu and sons saw plenty of action in this struggle. By April, 1866, the situation had become so serious the men of Fairview moved their families to Mt. Pleasant, while they built a high fort wall around Fairview. In August they returned their families to houses they had built within the enclosure where they all lived until the war was over. Meanwhile Jones had been replaced by Andrew Peterson, who also chose Jehu as counselor. In 1866 Peterson was replaced by Amasa Tucker when the branch was reorganized as a ward. Amasa also chose Jehu as a counselor. Jehu remained in this position until 1877.

In May, 1874, a branch of the United Order was organized at Fairview. The officers elected were: Bishop Amasa Tucker, First Vice President; Jehu Cox, Second Vice President, and Philip Hurst, Secretary. When Bishop Tucker was released in 1877, Jehu Cox was made president of the High Priests Quorum.

For twenty-five years Jehu had served the church as a bishop's counselor—there is no greater service done for humanity than is carried on by a bishopric. Temporal salvation for the living is indeed noble, thought Jehu, but the spiritual salvation of his related dead was more noble. Accordingly, he left his home in the fall of 1877 and went to St. George to spend the winter with his son Isaiah and do temple work for the hosts of dead ancestors who were crying for his help. He was then seventy-three years old. His youngest child was twenty-eight and no longer dependent so he felt he had earned a much needed vacation. In St. George he spent an enjoyable season visiting his children and performing the work for his dead. He did all the endowment and sealings for his known ancestors and returned to Fairview in 1878 a much happier, and spiritually a much richer man.

In 1879 his eldest son, Elias, and family moved to Emery County and was there appointed the first bishop of Huntington Ward, October 7, 1879.

Little is known of the remaining years of Jehu's life. At the age of seventy-four he was in no position to pioneer a new country. He lived to a ripe old age and died in Fairview December 26, 1893. In 1940, it is estimated that he has one thousand descendants centered mostly in Utah.

Jehu believed in polygamy. October 5, 1857, while liv-

ing in Union he married Ann Catherine Cofert, but there were no children. Nothing more is known about Ann.

Sarah, his first wife, died in Fairview August 25, 1891.

ASENATH SLAFTER JANES

Asenath Slafter was born at Mansfield, Tolland County, Connecticut, August 18, 1796. She was the daughter of Eleazer and Eunice Fenton Slafter, who also were born and raised in the very same community.

At the age of 36 she met and married Josiah Janes, son of Thomas and Ruth Whitmore Janes. Josiah was born at Ashford, Connecticut, November 11, 1792. Josiah and Asenath were married December 6, 1832, in Mansfield, Connecticut. March 12, 1834, twin boys were born to this couple, whom they named Elijah and Elisha, who should have become an excellent pair of prophets. But God ruled otherwise and called home Elisha the following day and Elijah lived but five more days.

March 8, 1835, a third arrival came to bless their home, so they named her Henrietta. She remained the youngest in the family.

About the year 1839 some Mormon Elders came to Mansfield to preach the Gospel. Josiah Janes became very interested. He borrowed a Book of Mormon from the elders and never put the book down until he had completed its reading. The reading completed, he applied immediately for baptism. Accepting the Gospel was not so easy for his wife Asenath. It required two years of heated discussion and debate before she was convinced the Gospel was true. Later, her mother Eunice Fenton Slafter and her two younger sisters also joined the Church. This was in the year 1841.

Josiah and Asenath did what all true converts do after accepting the Gospel. They realized that continued spiritual growth was only possible in association with the Saints. The desire to gather with the Saints was irresistible. They willingly left their home and loved ones and journeyed westward to the new Zion in Nauvoo. Sister Janes' mother and her two daughters, Julia and Lucinda, also accompanied the party west, arriving in Nauvoo about May 15, 1841.

In Nauvoo these new converts quickly adjusted themselves to the social and religious standards of the Church. Henrietta, the nine year old daughter of Asenath, clearly remembers having seen the Prophet Joseph Smith on several occasions. The family was profoundly shocked when he was assassinated in June, 1844. Josiah, who had been questioning

the divinity of the plural marriage doctrine, was now convinced the doctrine was true, but did not have the courage to practice it. The Prophet's death was the cause for this reaction.



ASENATH SLAFTER JANES

1796-1867

Mother of three children, grandmother of nine children, great grandmother of 51 children.

In this great dilemma, Josiah lost his mental control and committed suicide, September 6, 1844. By taking this course he committed a double sin. His wife was left to endure the stigma

of his act and the material support of an aged mother and a daughter. Josiah has probably since learned that he cannot so easily escape from his responsibilities.

Asenath was married to Samuel Bent in the Nauvoo Temple, date unknown. The Temple was sufficiently completed by December 1, 1845, that endowments were given. The marriage might have been any time after that date. Believing that Josiah was unworthy, she was sealed to Samuel Bent for time and eternity. Samuel was once a preacher in the Congregational Church before joining the Saints in Kirtland. Soon after the exit from Nauvoo, Brigham Young appointed Samuel as Presiding Elder at Garden Grove, where he remained until his death, August 16, 1846. Asenath and family did not accompany him to Garden Grove, but remained in Nauvoo until October 1, 1846. The reason for this delay was the sickness and death of Lucinda, the sister of Asenath, who passed away in mid-September, near the time the Battle of Nauvoo was fought, September 12, 1846.

It was the very poorest families who were the last to evacuate Nauvoo. Asenath had no traveling equipment and so was forced to remain on the west bank of the Mississippi River four weeks before teams arrived from Council Bluffs to take them west. Leaving the river November 1, they arrived at Garden Grove 15 days later. They remained in that place nine months before another opportunity came to supply them transportation to Council Bluffs. They moved across the river to Winter Quarters where they remained until May, 1848, hoping they might have an opportunity to go west. The chance to go west did not come, so they moved back to Council Bluffs, where they were forced to wait four more years before the opportunity finally came. Meanwhile, June 25, 1848, Sister Eunice Fenton Slafter, the mother of Asenath, died at the age of 81. She had suffered much in her old age for the Gospel. This left mother and daughter alone in the world.

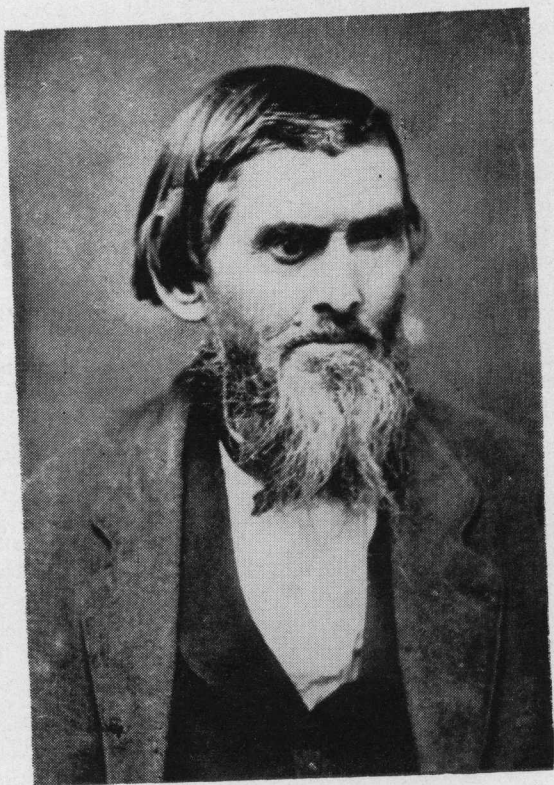
December 5, 1848, Asenath married Benjamin Gibson for time only. This marriage proved a failure, so the parties separated.

The great opportunity to go west came in 1852. Leaving the bluffs June 4 they arrived in Salt Lake City 100 days later, September 12, 1852. Henrietta was a beautiful girl of 17 when she made that famous trip; she claimed to have walked nearly the entire distance.

It is not known how long Asenath and daughter remained in the city. In 1854 they were living in Union Fort. In this fortified "city" Henrietta met her future husband. She and Isaiah Cox were married January 1, 1856. From this time to her death, Asenath remained with her daughter, finally dying in St. George, Utah, October 5, 1867.

ALLEN JOSEPH STOUT
A GREAT CHAMPION OF MORMONISM

Allen Joseph Stout personifies Mormonism's most ideal convert. He illustrates most beautifully a model in repentance and spiritual growth, and he furnishes his posterity a true pat-



ALLEN JOSEPH STOUT
1815-1889

Father of 17 children, grand-father of 143 children.

tern of righteousness, integrity, and virtue. This narrative illustrates beautifully the influence which a true religion exercises on the life of a man, who had he not heard the truth, would have become an enemy of Christianity.

Allen Joseph Stout was born and raised in the same

environment that produced Abraham Lincoln. Danville, Kentucky, where Allen first made his appearance, is but thirty miles east of Hogsansville where the great emancipator was born. Abraham and Allen grew to manhood on the same soil, and developed characters equal in greatness and honesty, the only difference was in publicity.

Allen was the son of Joseph and Anna Smith Stout. He was born December 5, 1815, at Danville, Mercer County, Kentucky. Allen is the tenth child in a family of twelve children. Joseph Stout, the father of Allen, was born in Oxford County, North Carolina, July 17, 1773. Joseph married his cousin, Anna Smith, in 1796; twenty-six years later the family count showed twelve children. The parents of Joseph and Anna were all Quakers. That Church was as near the truth as any in those times. These people were very simple in their religious ideals, fearing and worshipping God as best they knew how.

The ancestry of Allen Joseph Stout takes us back to colonial times in New Jersey. The first Stout to arrive in America was Richard Stout. He landed in New Amsterdam (about 1642) more by accident than by planning. He had completed a seven year enlistment in the British Navy at the very time his ship docked in the harbor of New Amsterdam. Richard was thus freed to enter the Dutch city to seek his fortune in the new world. Richard was born in Nottingham, England, about the year 1602. John, the father of Richard, was a country gentleman who insisted that Richard marry within his station. But Richard had found his love in a family whom John considered beneath their station. The inevitable quarrel took place. Richard, in a moment of anger, left his father's home and joined the English Navy. After a seven years cruise he was discharged at New Amsterdam, a bachelor, forty years of age. In this pioneer town he met the charming Penelope Van Prince, a widow, about twenty-three years old.

This noble woman, whose maiden name is unknown, had passed through death many times in her struggle to reach America. Shortly before the arrival in America, the ship which was bringing Penelope and her husband was wrecked off Sandy Hook, New Jersey. Her husband, whose name we do not know, had been quite sick during the voyage, was seriously injured in the attempt to reach land. The ship's company on reaching the safety of land feared an attack by the Indians, so

they decided to hasten on to New Amsterdam. Penlope's husband was in no physical condition to make the trip. The group thought they could not carry him along, nor would they wait until he was well enough to travel. The attack by the Indians was too probable so the company left Penelope and her husband to their fate and rushed on. True and faithful Penelope refused to leave her husband. They had not tarried long in the woods when a large party of Indians fell upon them and "killed them both (as they thought), and stripped them to their skin; however, Penelope came to, though her skull was fractured, and her left shoulder so hacked that she could never use that arm like the other. She was also cut across the abdomen so that her bowels appeared; these she kept in with her hand. She continued in this situation for seven days, taking shelter in a hollow tree, and eating the excrescence of it. The seventh day she saw a deer passing with arrows sticking in it. Soon after two Indians appeared whom she was glad to see, in hope they would put her out of her misery. One Indian made towards her to knock her on the head, but the other (who was an elderly man) prevented him. He carried her to his wigwam and cured her of her wounds and bruises. After that he took her to New Amsterdam and made a present of her to her countrymen, namely an Indian present, expecting ten times the value in return." (From Morgan Edwards, a History of the Baptists in Jersey.) Quoted by Stillwell.

We do not know how Penelope and Richard met, but we do know they did meet and were married (1644). From this union ten children were born. Penelope lived to see 502 of her offspring before she died at the age of 110. In 1648 Penelope prevailed on Richard to leave New Amsterdam and settle in Middletown, New Jersey—very near the scene of the shipwreck. From this time henceforth Middletown is the capital for the Stout family in America.

The third son and sixth child of this union was Peter, born in 1654, and married Mary Bullen. This couple had two children, Mary and John. Little is known about John. He was born in Middletown in 1675, married a lady whose first name was Sarah, last name unknown. He was a Baptist. May 8, 1708, he moved from Middletown and settled in Dragon Swamp, Delaware. John and Sarah had but one known child, Samuel, date of birth unknown. Samuel left his parents in

1720 and settled on George's Creek, Delaware. He married a lady whose first name was Margaret. Their only known child was Peter, born April 14, 1715, in Newcastle, Newcastle County, Delaware. Young Peter left home at the age of 23 and went to Lancaster, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, there met and married Margaret Cypert, daughter of Lorraine and Margaret Cypert. He loved his wife so well he even joined her church, the Society of Friends. Their first two children were born in Lancaster, Samuel (April 10, 1740), and Charles (March 27, 1742), the other five children were born in Warrington, York County, Pennsylvania.

In July or August, 1762, this family moved to Cane Creek, Orange County, North Carolina. To the Society of Friends in Cane Creek this family presented certificates of church membership from the Warrington Church in Pennsylvania. These certificates are vital in proving the identity of the family and its relationship to the Pennsylvania group.

Peter and Margaret spent the rest of their lives in Cane Creek. Samuel, their oldest son, married Rachel Chauncey the same year they moved there (December 16, 1762); she was the daughter of Daniel and Ann Chauncey. Rachel was born August 7, 1741. All ten of their children were born in Orange County and all became strong Quakers. Joseph, the fifth child, was born July 17, 1773. About the year 1790 Samuel lost his home in North Carolina and so moved into eastern Tennessee. After living there six years young Joseph returned to North Carolina to visit his grand parents. There he met his cousin, Anna Smith, and married her (1797). Shortly afterwards, this young couple went to eastern Tennessee where their first five children were born (namely, Rebecca, May 20, 1798; Sarah, October 29, 1799; Samuel, 1802; Margaret, November 23, 1804; and Mary, November 23, 1804). About the year 1805 the family moved to Madison County, Kentucky; there two more children were born (Anna, December 22, 1806; and Daniel, 1808). After Daniel's arrival the family moved on to Pleasant Hill, Mercer County, where Hosea was born, September 18, 1810. This newly born son had a great destiny. We shall see him later, first as a great defender of Mormonism, and second, the role as the "Apostle Paul" to the Chinese people. The family soon moved to Danville, where Cynthia was born, April 12, 1812.

During those bitter days in 1812 Joseph suffered from

economic and physical disasters; these left him stunned and hopelessly discouraged. He saw no other course but to put his children into the homes of others. The Shakers pressed him relentlessly to allow them to attend their private school. Joseph's resistance was finally broken down, so the children, seven of them, went off with the Shakers. Rebecca, the oldest girl, not only joined them voluntarily, but was completely converted to their faith and remained a firm member to the day of her death (1825). Sarah returned to her father in 1817, Hosea a year later, Mary, Margaret and Anna in 1822.

Meanwhile a very important event took place in the home of Joseph Stout. The hero of this narrative was born December 5, 1815. Allen Joseph was born just one day following the death of his sister Cynthia. Allen Joseph, the tenth child, was born in the midst of death and poverty and was destined to struggle against adversity and ill-health to the end of his days. But economic and physical reverses never conquered his spirit. Like Job of old, disaster stimulated his soul and strengthened his testimony in the divinity of his mission.

Danville was a very auspicious place for Allen to begin life in. It was America's frontier in 1815, and situated on the "wilderness road," one of Kentucky's pioneer settlements (1781). Danville is the home of the famous little "Center College." It was in Danville that the nine historical conventions were held that framed the state constitution and the resolutions of separation from Virginia (1784). The family did not remain long in Danville after the birth of Allen. Joseph secured employment in a saw mill near Pleasant Hill so the family lived in a rural community until the spring of 1819. During that season he moved his family to Wilmington, Clinton County, Ohio, where the two youngest children were born: Roena Lydia, January 3, 1820, and Elizabeth Mahala, March 5, 1822. The last died, July 5, 1823.

Joseph's brother Isaac lived on a farm near Wilmington, so he was the means of helping Joseph to find a farm to rent. The farm he rented was covered with trees and underbrush and necessitated a lot of work before a crop could be planted. Hosea, age 9, and Allen, age 4, was all the help that father Joseph had to assist him. These boys did their best to help their father prepare the land for cultivation. Their relations were quite primitive if we are to accept the account recorded by Hosea:

"I sometimes could prevail on my mother to let my

brother Allen go out to work with me, but never failed to set him at something he could not do, and on his failure would most unmercifully beat and whip him, and then make him promise not to tell on me, swearing if he did I would kill him the next time I got him out. The little fellow would not know what to do; if he went with me I was sure to beat him shamefully, and if he refused to go I would whip him for that the first opportunity. * * * Notwithstanding my tyranny and ill treatment, he always loved, feared and obeyed me and was kind and docile, ever ready to take my advice and instructions which made me repent of my abuse to him."

Children were even children in 1819. It is remarkable how little children have changed in their social relations with one another since that time. Little Allen was inducted into the social stream rather early in life. His rough treatment at the hands of Hosea served to prepare him for the great impediments which lay ahead.

The year 1820 saw much sickness in the home of Joseph Stout; mother, daughter, and two sons, Hosea and Allen, took their turn in bed. During the winter of 1822-23 Allen and the two younger girls suffered from a long siege of whooping cough. Later he had the measles, then the chicken pox along with the other children. His sister Elizabeth died from the chicken pox (July 5, 1823), even father Joseph came near dying with the disease. After Allen's recovery he was sent to Rebecca Stout's school (his cousin) and "graduated" twenty days later! That same year his sister Margaret was married (June 6, 1823) to a scoundrel by the name of William Stout (no relation). This union eventually went on the rocks.

After the birth of Elizabeth in 1822 mother Stout never fully recovered. She finally developed a serious case of consumption which caused her death, July 28, 1824. Her loss to the family was well described by Hosea:

"By her death I lost the only unwavering friend that I had and our family was now left like a ship without a rudder to be the sport of misfortune, and I sure felt and realized her loss, and now when deprived of her could begin to see my own ingratitude and disobedience to her."

Joseph Stout, wifeless and defeated, knew not what to do. Hosea was hired out to different neighbors and so passed from home to home. For a few months Allen also was passed around like all unwanted children. In the fall of 1824 Joseph

took Lydia, Anna, Mary and Allen and moved to Cincinnati, then to Louisville, Kentucky; there they remained until the spring of 1825. While in Louisville, Mary married a man named Nicholas Jamestown who Allen described, as an "abandoned wreck". During that winter Allen lived some of the time with his sister Mary, at other times he was hired out to different neighbors.

In the spring of 1825 Joseph took Anna and Allen down the Ohio River bound for Little Rock, Arkansas. (Lydia remained in Louisville with Mary.) They passed through New America and at Cape Girardeau Allen and Anna were left a few months before going to Caledonia, Missouri, where Ephraim, a brother of Joseph lived. Allen's grandparents, Samuel and Rachel Chauncey Stout were then living there. It was the first time Allen and Anna had ever seen them. During that winter in Caledonia, Allen and Anna were sick much of the time.

In the spring of 1826 Ephraim took Joseph and his two children to Taswell County, Illinois. That community was a real Stout center. Stout's Grove was first settled by Ephraim, hence its name. Allen had many uncles and distant relatives living within Taswell County. Allen and Anna were left with "friends" while father Joseph returned to Ohio for a four year period. Meanwhile Allen and Anna were kicked around from home to home like all unwanted children without parents. First Allen went to live with a Nathan Dillon; there he remained two years. Then he lived with Martin Myers, a very cruel guardian who sent him to school for twenty days. Allen made the following comment: "I was a very weakly child; this man used to abuse me by whipping me for things which I could not help." Allen was still under the Myers tyranny when Hosea came out from Ohio in September, 1828. It was through Hosea's influence that Allen was released from the clutches of Myers. Allen now went to live with his cousin Ephraim Stout, Jr. During that stay he was privileged to attend Jesse Stout's school for another twenty days. Allen says that Ephraim "was undoubtedly the meanest man I ever saw." Ephraim senior was at that time a county commissioner. For some reason Ephraim was prejudiced against Allen so he entered a complain against Allen in order to have him bound out. At this stage of the proceedings Hosea stepped in and took Allen away from the Ephraims (1829) and had him bound out to a

man of his own choice (James Watson) whom Hosea was working for at the time.

Allen and Hosea worked for Watson for about fifteen months. During that period the boys attended Johnson's school where they "finished" their college education. In the fall of 1830 father Joseph returned from his trip into Ohio. He brought with him Sarah and Lydia. Joseph was very angry at Ephraim for his court action against Allen so he took Allen away from Watson and with the three girls (Anna, Sarah and Lydia) moved to Little Mackinaw where he had bought land. Hosea remained behind and continued working for Watson.

Joseph and his four children lived in Little Mackinaw until June, 1831. At that time Joseph left his three daughters in charge of the farm and took Allen for a trip into Texas. This was the beginning of six years of fruitless wanderings in Missouri and Arkansas. An account of these travels is not considered worthy of attention. When Joseph and son Allen returned to Taswell County in the spring of 1837 Anna had married a man by the name of Benjamin Jones, a Mormon, and around this incident the story of Allen Joseph Stout really begins.

Before reaching Little Mackinaw Allen heard something about these strange Mormons. Before arriving in Peoria Allen records that a man by the name of Smith said "he knew me by Lydia." I asked him if he was acquainted with my folks. He said he was and that Anna had married a Mormon. I asked him what that was for I never before remembered of having heard the name of Mormon spoke. He said it was a religious denomination of folks. I asked if they believed the Bible. He said they pretended to but any man who understood the scriptures could confound them in a moment." This was Allen's first impression of Mormonism. This impression was destined to grow until it produced a revolution in his philosophy of religion.

Meanwhile Hosea's introduction to Mormonism had been quite a different story. After his father and brother Allen had left for Texas to seek their fortune, Hosea had shown better judgment by holding fast to his job and saving his money. He had divided his time between studying law, teaching school and taking part in the Black Hawk War of August, 1832. Hosea was in the Bad-Axe River battle when Black Hawk himself surrendered to the United States troops. From that battle he

went to Dillon's settlement to visit his sister Anna and Lydia. Before arrival he learned that Anna had married a Mormon widower with five children. Hosea was greatly agitated when so informed:

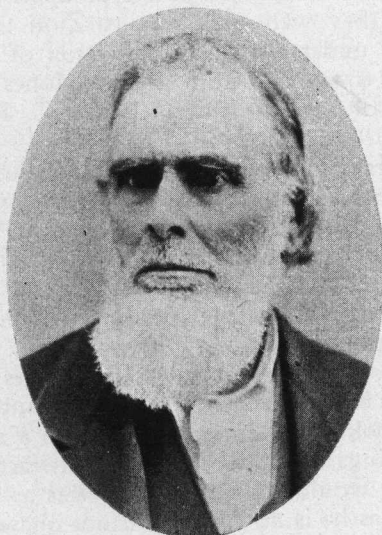
"This perfectly astonished me, and I at first felt like simply going to see her for the purpose of telling her my mind and then leaving her forever; for I considered it a disgrace beyond endurance to be in any way connected with the 'Mormons' and a widower too,—was too great a sacrifice. I had only heard the "Gold Bible" stories and the fortifying Jackson County; and, in short, the common universal slang then going about them, I did not even once think but it was true. I thought deep all that night intending tomorrow to see her for the last time. My agitation of mind was intense. On my way the next day, I came to the more sober conclusion not to unbosom my feelings, for as she was now fairly into a scrap, not to irritate her feelings but let her enjoy herself if she could. So I hastened on with this view. When I arrived there I was met by her and introduced to Mr. Jones who seemed glad to see me and in fact was a very clever and pleasant man against whom I could find no fault; and, had he not been a Mormon, should have been well enough pleased with were it not for the stigma and disgrace inevitable to the name. This bore on my mind and weighed down by feelings while I endeavored to put on a cheerful and happy countenance."

This inward struggle is the price all truth seekers must pay. Benjamin Jones played his cards well in winning the confidence of this honest investigator. Hosea remained at the Jones home several days during which time he met his old friend Charles C. Rich, who was now a Mormon Elder. Hosea and Charles had some very lively debates on religion. The result of these conversations is well expressed in Hosea's own confession:

"It is not necessary to mention our investigation which resulted in all cases in the loss of my position, while he always sustained his on the fairest possible terms. The perplexity which this threw me into can only be realized by those who have been through the same thing with the same anticipations before them that I had. I saw plainly that my position was wrong, and did also verily believe Mormonism to be correct."

Hosea's reaction to this religious revolution in his own soul is well expressed when he says that:

"All my plans and calculations both spiritually and temporally were now futile. The agitation of my mind was intense and I did not know what to do. I could not forgo the idea of joining the Church, for aside from the disgrace



HOSEA STOUT

1810-1889

Illinois School Teacher; Veteran, Crooked River Battle; Colonel, Nauvoo Legion; Attorney-General, "State of Desert," 1849; Member, first Legislative Assembly Territory of Utah, 1851.

Headed Mission to China 1852-3; Member House of Representatives, 1854; Speaker of the House, 1856; Regent, University of Utah, 1857; Pioneer, Utah's Dixie, 1861-66; Appointed Attorney-General of Utah by President Abraham Lincoln, 1862; Member, Constitutional Convention, 1862; District Attorney in Washington and Salt Lake Counties for many years; Member High Council, Salt Lake Stake.

Husband of six wives, father of 19 children, Death, March 2, 1889

Andrew Jensen says of him: "Hosea Stout was a man of sterling integrity and excellent ability. He possessed great courage, physical and moral, was firm in his convictions, steadfast and loyal as a friend and blessed with a genial, kindly humor. He became a true and staunch friend of President Brigham Young, who placed the utmost confidence in his ability and integrity." L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol. 3, P. 534.

which would follow—I was fearful lest I should not live up to its precepts as I did with the Methodists. I wanted confidence in myself."

In spite of Hosea's conversion, but lack of courage to be baptized, he returned to Stout's Grove and commenced preach-

ing the doctrine to his many astonished relatives. Two years later (1834) Hosea was still hesitating when Hyrum Smith and Lyman Wight passed through Stout's Grove on their way to join the main body of Zion's Camp. "The effect of their preaching," says Hosea, "was powerful upon us, and when I considered that they were going up to Zion to fight for their lost inheritances under the special direction of God, it was all that I could do to refrain from going. Jones and I let them have one yoke of oxen. Elder Charles C. Rich went with them."

Three years later, Hosea was still hesitating when his father and brother Allen returned from their six years of fortune seeking in Arkansas and lower Missouri (May, 1837). Allen, unlike his brother Hosea, was ready to accept the responsibilities of church membership once he was fully convinced. Upon their arrival at the Jones home, father Joseph and son Allen plunged into an investigation of Mormonism with both hands and both feet. Allen writes:

"I read the book: 'Doctrine and Covenants'. I could not get hold of a Book of Mormon. I went to a number of Sunday prayer meetings, but still the most satisfaction I could get was what Hosea would tell me, for he was as well acquainted with the Gospel as he is now, but had not obeyed it yet. Soon after we got here (Illinois) Lyman Wight and Charles C. Rich came on from Missouri and held a meeting, so we all went to hear, and I was well pleased, and so was father, but to my great astonishment, some were very mad and said they did not teach the scriptures, but I knew better for I was well acquainted with the Bible." This simple testimony shows that Allen was absorbing Mormonism rapidly.

Two months' study of Mormonism convinced Allen he should gather with the Saints. When the Jones family decided to move to Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri, Allen and his father went along too. They arrived there August 6, 1837. Allen was a sick man when he arrived there. He appealed to one George M. Hinkle for credit who first consented then refused to make the loan. This set-back so discouraged Allen he decided to return to the south and endless wanderings, but he was so completely out of money he could not even do that. "Fortunate for me," said Allen, "my money was gone," and more fortunate for his posterity that they were not born in spiritual darkness. This shows that the Lord has a hand in

what we call misfortunes. If Allen had had plenty of money and had gone south this story would have ended right here, or better, never have been told. We, his descendants, must thank our lucky stars he was broke. The Lord soon came to his rescue for Hosea arrived, bought land and provided Allen with employment and shelter while recovering from his illness. That winter Allen suffered considerably from a "breast complaint, fever sores," and other sickness which interfered with employment. Besides suffering physically he also suffered mentally for "I had become satisfied of the truth of the gospel and wished to embrace it, but still lingered back and had not courage to go forward and be baptized until the 22nd of April, 1838." His sister Lydia was baptized the previous day which may have made his decision easier. Father Joseph never joined the Church but seems to have been favorably impressed with Mormonism. Hosea continued his hesitating another four months before he was finally baptized (August 24, 1838). Allen's prior action established his heirship in the Stout family. Thousands of his ancestors have since had their temple ordinances performed with the use of his name as heir. Little did Allen realize the significance of his act in April, 1838.

Allen Joseph Stout was the humblest of all converts to the Church. He joined the Church at a time when apostacy from the organization was very popular, when membership in the Church was a stigma, when Mormons were ideal targets for persecution—these speak well for his courage. During the very month that Allen mustered courage to cast his lot with the persecuted saints the great and mighty in high Church councils were losing their faith and courage. If Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, who had seen angels, witnessed manifestations, and received divine proof that the Gospel was true could not endure persecution, then what can we expect of humble Allen Stout who accepted their testimonies? Should he, a new convert, be able to endure the persecutions in triumph? These two men proudly permitted themselves to be excommunicated from the Church during that same month of April when humble Allen was seeking admission into the persecuted church.

At the time of Allen's baptism he was a sick man. He had suffered from chest "complaint," fever sores and other chronic skin diseases. Allen writes that after Charles C. Rich baptized him "it seemed to me that I could almost rise and fly. As soon as I was immersed I felt relieved of a seemingly great

weight, and as I went home I felt as though I could almost walk and not touch the ground. I had the Elders anoint me and I was healed of both my breast complaint and fever sores after the bone had been nacked all winter on my leg." This is a simple testimony of a new convert. It was very fortunate that he received this spiritual reassurance for it strengthened him for the severe tests which soon followed.

Hosea and Allen rented land near Far West and spent the summer of 1838 as farmers. Hosea had spent the last of his savings in the purchase of land which he was soon to lose. Allen writes that the Whitmers and other apostates went to the enemies of the Church and swore to falsehoods against Joseph Smith and the Church. It was these lies which excited the gentiles to gather in mobs. Such action forced the saints to organize in self defense. This only infuriated the mob more. Allen was a member of the third fifty led by Reynolds Cahoon. These units were falsely labeled the "Danite Band." The apostates charged that these secret bands were under oath to kill all enemies of the Church. Public anger was raised to a white heat by Sidney Rigdon's "Declaration of Independence" speech (July 4, 1838) in which he threatened to resist persecution by physical force. This challenge ignited the whole country side to arms.

Allen's brother-in-law, Benjamin Jones, had signed a contract to build a warehouse near Richmond. He invited Allen to assist him in its construction. Richmond was too near Jackson County and the old mobocrats for them to work in peace there. The mobs became so threatening they had to give the contract up and return to Far West, narrowly escaping a death trap before reaching home.

In Far West the mobs were becoming more and more bold. Pinkham and others were kidnapped by the mobs and taken prisoner. David W. Patten called for volunteers to make the rescue. Hosea went but Allen had no horse nor saddle so very disappointedly remained behind. In the Crooked River battle that followed Patten was mortally wounded and was taken to the Winchester home where he was cared for by a new convert named Allen Joseph Stout.

Allen was a close observer of the great events which followed. First came the Governor's "Exterminating order," the treachery of Hinkle, General Lucas' court martial, the sentence to death of the Church leaders, General Doniphan's inter-

ference, and the Prophet's removal to Jackson County as a prisoner. These events did not intimidate Allen; they tended to strengthen his testimony in the restored gospel. October 4, 1838, John B. Clark came to Far West and ordered the arrest of sixty men. These men had been carefully selected by the apostates as persons against whom they held malice; their objectives then were pure vengeance. General Clark was determined to punish these men unmercifully that an example might be made of them. Allen's name had been placed on the list by the notorious Sampson Averd. Hosea and Benjamin Jones were also listed. These sixty men were taken to Richmond for trial. Their treatment by the mob-militia is well recorded by Allen:

"We had corn which was ground on a horse mill, and so coarse that a man could not get one bite without a whole grain, and nothing but dirty shingles to spread it on, and a piece of beef to roast, was our supper. Then we scraped away the snow and lay down to rest till morning. We then had the same kind of breakfast, and then were marched on our way. * * * This day I was so afflicted with the rheumatism in my hips that I could scarcely walk."

In due time the sixty prisoners reached Richmond, where after three weeks imprisonment the mock trial began. The infamous organizer of the "Danite Band" himself was the person who brought a charge against Allen that he was a member of the band. He, Allen, was found guilty of the "crime," but since they could find no law on the case they were forced to turn him loose. Thirty-three others were also released for lack of evidence. Benjamin Jones was released one week later. Later, Hosea and forty others escaped the mob, went north then east into Illinois.

Due to exposure and neglect, Allen's fever sores had become worse while confined in prison. He was in a serious condition when he arrived in Far West. His leg was "nearly rotten so as to render me almost helpless." In spite of these handicaps, Allen sold Hosea's crop and gave the money to Samantha to enable her to join her husband in Illinois.

It was during this period of preparations for leaving Missouri that Allen was returning from a trip to Richmond that he "saw a man walking behind me. I reined in the team to let him overtake me, and who should it be but Orson Hyde, who had apostatized in the fuss, but had seen a vision in which it

was made known to him that if he did not make immediate restitution to the Quorum of the Twelve, he would be cut off and all his posterity, and that the curse of Cain would be upon him. I invited him to ride with me, which he was very thankful for as he was very much fatigued. I also divided my morsel of bread with him, but I was not much in love with apostates, so soon after my exit from prison. But I saw that Brother Hyde was on the stool of repentance, and he did repent good, and got back to his place in the Twelve.' This note on Orson Hyde is a valuable contribution to Church History. The incident records the reaction towards apostates by one who had suffered imprisonment at the hands of apostates.

Allen, father Joseph, and the Jones family all left Missouri by team for Quincy, Illinois. On arrival there he left his father with his brother Hosea and returned to Far West, then to Clay County to assist Father Joseph Knight, a distant relative, to move to Illinois. He aided him to sell his land, then helped him to move to Quincy. Shortly, the entire Stout group moved to Nauvoo. Father Joseph, who had made a short visit to Ohio, returned with his daughter Sarah. Joseph and Sarah decided to leave Nauvoo and the saints (he was never baptized) and move to Washington County, Missouri. They hadn't gone twenty-five miles when Sarah took sick and died. Joseph went to Caledonia, Missouri, where his brother Jacob lived and shortly afterwards died (1839).

At the regular October conference held in Nauvoo, Allen was ordained an Elder by Alpheus Cutler, October 6, 1839. Shortly afterwards, he made another visit to Caldwell County to visit his sister Lydia. During the remainder of the winter (1839-40) Allen assisted his brother Hosea in Iowa, opposite Nauvoo, building houses and farming. In the spring they all moved over the river to Nauvoo.

April 20, 1840, Allen was set apart by Hyrum Smith to go on a mission. He left Nauvoo on foot going south. His intention was "to try to preach the Gospel, young (age 25) and unlearned as I was, but I had never spoke in public in my life." He walked forty miles down the river to Louisiana, Missouri, then worked his way on a boat that took him to Herculaneum, thirty miles below St. Louis. From there he walked across the country to Caledonia, Washington County, Missouri, where his uncle Jacob lived. Here his missionary labors began. In his first meeting which he held in a school

house he spoke for forty-five minutes. He felt embarrassed, "but I did call on the Lord for strength and wisdom to enable me to perform my duty with an eye single to his glory." This was an excellent beginning for one with his education and preparation. After spending some time in that region he moved south, probably in Reynolds County; there he preached in the home of his cousin, Mrs. John Bounds. From there he went to Randolph and Lawrence Counties, Arkansas. (Five years earlier, Wilford Woodruff had first brought the message of Mormonism to Arkansas). Allen was very successful in finding people to preach to in those parts. Moving on down to Batesville, Independence County, where an old doctor threatened to have him hanged then burned. But the Lord was his guardian, so nothing came from that. He continued his journey south, entered White County and preached twice, once was at Gabriel Baker's home. Mrs. Baker was Allen's relative.

At Little Rock, Arkansas, Allen had a very interesting experience. He made an appointment to preach in the City Hall. "As soon as I arose," writes Allen, "about 40 or 50 men arose on their feet and began to ask impertinent questions and then began to stamp on the floor and swear. I tried to call the house to order three times and this only made them worse. So I started down the stairs and one man said to me, 'If you are not out of town by sunrise you will ride out on a rail.' I told him that I had never yet rode in that manner, nor was I afraid of having to do it. I then returned to the hotel where I had stopped. Several of the citizens came to me and asked if I would preach if they would call out the police and keep order. I said I would, so they deliberated on the matter, but finally said that they would have to kill some of those ruffians to keep order, so they gave it up, but they were anxious to hear a Mormon preach." Such was Little Rock's reception to Mormonism in 1840.

Allen returned to the Baker home in White County and worked out of that center as a base for his missionary activities in the surrounding communities. Late in September he returned to Nauvoo for the October conference, November 20, 1840. Allen left Nauvoo for his second mission. He returned to the Baker home in White County by way of Memphis, Tennessee. Using the Baker home as a base, he spent the next seven months in White County settlements. While there he baptized one man named Lewis Kirkpatrick.

July 4, 1841, Allen received a letter from Hosea in Nauvoo reporting the bad news that the Missouri mobs were trying to kidnap the Prophet Joseph. The safety of the Prophet was Allen's first consideration. Accordingly, Allen hastened back to Nauvoo, covering the 500 miles in ten days. In Nauvoo Allen learned that the Prophet had been released on a Habeas Corpus. During the following fifteen months Allen worked at odd jobs, first fishing, then carpenter work. October 20, 1842, he received a commission as Third Lieutenant in the Nauvoo Legion. About the same time he was initiated and passed various degrees in the Masonic Lodge. That same winter (1842-43) he suffered a severe spell of sickness. After recovery he secured employment from Miles Anderson as teamster. He met and fell in love with Mr. Anderson's daughter, Elizabeth. The bride's parents opposed the marriage so they went to a friend's home and were married by Charles C. Rich, July 17, 1843.

Meanwhile in June, 1843, the Prophet was kidnapped by an angry Missouri mob. This caused a great deal of excitement in Nauvoo. Allen with eighty-two others, took the boat "Maid of Iowa," descended "the Mississippi River to the mouth of the Illinois River then up that stream" seeking diligently for the Prophet. At Peru they learned that the Prophet was safe at Nauvoo. A few days after their return Allen was promoted to captaincy, First Company, Nauvoo Legion, July 8, 1843.

Soon after the marriage of Allen and Elizabeth they left Nauvoo on board the famous "Maid of Iowa" for Black River, Wisconsin. Lyman Wight and George Miller were in charge of the company. The purpose of this expedition was to secure lumber and other building materials for the Nauvoo House and Temple. The journey up stream lasted five days. At the Falls of the River the men began cutting timber and preparing it for shipment to Nauvoo. Allen was employed in the construction of houses for the employees. By March, 1844, their provisions were so low that Allen and wife decided to return to Nauvoo. They built a flat boat which they traded for a skiff, then began their journey down the river to Nauvoo. Allen found employment as carpenter in the construction of the Seventies Hall. May 1, 1844, their first child was born, whom they named Charles Heber Stout.

Difficulties with the mob once more broke out. The

agents of the Evil One were determined to capture and kill the Prophet. Captain Allen Stout and his fellow Legionnaires were equally determined to protect his life and person. This necessitated taking up and remaining under arms day and night for many weeks. Allen writes that after Joseph and Hyrum were taken to Carthage and jailed the Prophet wrote an official order to Jonathan Dunham to bring the Legion to Carthage to save "him from being killed, but Dunham did not let a single man or mortal know that he had received such orders, and we (the Legion) were kept in the city under arms not knowing but all was well, 'till the mob came and forced the prison and slew Joseph and Hyrum Smith." If this statement of Allen is true it serves as a real contribution to Church History since even B. H. Roberts in his complete account makes no mention of Dunham's knowledge of the Prophet's request. If Jonathan really received this official order from Joseph why didn't he dispatch the entire Legion to Carthage? That action may have saved their lives. It was probably divine will that Dunham did not take the fatal step.

Allen relates that the dead bodies were brought to Nauvoo, there he "saw their beloved forms reposing in the arms of death, which gave me such feelings as I am not able to describe. But I there and then resolved in my mind that I would never let an opportunity slip unimproved of avenging their blood upon the head of the enemies of the Church of Jesus Christ. I felt as though I could not live; I knew not how to contain myself, and when I see one of the men who persuaded them to give up to be tried, I feel like cutting their throats out. And I hope to live to avenge their blood; but if I do not I will teach my children to never cease to try to avenge their blood and then teach their children and childrens' children to the fourth generation as long as there is one descendant of the murderers upon the earth." This statement of Allen's reaction to the martyrdom is interesting to us living a century later. If Allen's sentiments were representative of the feelings generally held in Nauvoo, then the Church authorities had a difficult problem holding the people's passions in check.

Soon after the martyrdom Allen joined the Nauvoo Police Department. His salary was one dollar per day in "city script." In January, 1845, when the Illinois legislature repealed the Nauvoo City Charter even this pay ended. This act also ended the existence of the Nauvoo Legion. As a consequence of this

dismemberment, Brigham Young called the police force together and frankly explained to them that the city could no longer pay them. He appealed to them to continue guarding the city and promised them that if they would the Lord would provide for their support. Many of the policemen took no stock in his promises and left the service, but Allen, a man of great faith in the Prophet's word, continued to work as a policeman without pay. He did not have to wait long for the fulfilment of the promise. Very soon he was offered a part time position that paid \$1.50 for only three hours per day. This experience proved to Allen that it paid to heed divine counsel.

December 22, 1844, Allen was ordained a Seventy and voted a member of the Eleventh Quorum. Later, February 9, 1845, he was ordained a President of the Nineteenth Quorum. The winter, 1844-45, was a busy one for Allen—except when he was sick. During the morning hours he worked as carpenter; in the afternoons he went to the "sword" school; in the evenings he lectured on masonry at the Lodge, and after midnight stood guard, suffering many times from ear and tooth ache.

In June, 1845, Allen's duties as a policeman were changed. Brigham Young asked him to be his own personal body guard. He served in that capacity until the following fall when he became Heber C. Kimball's personal guard. The leaders of the Church had been threatened with death, so President Kimball invited Allen to move into one of his rooms to aid him in case of attack. Shortly after moving in Kimball's home the latter sealed Elizabeth and Allen to each other for time and eternity which is equivalent to a modern temple marriage. Shortly afterwards, December 3, 1845, their second son arrived whom they named Allen Joseph Stout (Junior). December 20, 1845, the Nauvoo Temple being completed for endowment work, Allen was endowed.

During those fall and winter months of 1845-46 Allen writes that the saints were making every preparation for their journey west. They could not remain "in Nauvoo any longer," said he, "without fighting all the time." February 4, 1846, the first of the saints began crossing the Mississippi. Allen and family made the crossing on the tenth. The journey west was a great task for Allen. He had no team nor wagon and his health was very poor even under satisfactory physical

conditions. Exposure to the raw weather greatly weakened his resistance and caused much suffering from rheumatism. He was fortunate, however, in having a father-in-law who had a large wagon and traveling equipment. But in joining the Andersons it was necessary for the Stouts to leave all their household goods except their bedding and clothing. The weather contributed its part in making life as disagreeable as possible. Snow, rain and wind came with great violence and force. It was the wettest and coldest spring Iowa had ever experienced. Sister Stout struggled hard to protect her tiny infant from the savage weather. The severity of the weather finally forced the travelers to remain in camp at Sugar Creek for several weeks.

While lying in camp "Israel" was organized in groups of tens and hundreds. Hosea was made captain of all the guards, while Allen was a captain of ten. Before the camp was ready to move on Allen became afflicted with sore eyes, which nearly blinded him. This eye trouble was to plague him for the rest of his natural life. His eyes became so serious that when the main body moved on, he and family were forced to remain behind. In due time his eyes were cured so that he resumed his travels and by traveling long and hard they overtook the main body.

Traveling could only be done between rains. When the roads were too muddy to use the company stopped and sought employment from the old settlers through whose country they were passing. This enabled the saints to replenish their stores of provisions. At Chariton River the company was forced to lie in camp ten days. During that period Allen peddled off some books for corn and other supplies. This act indicates his food supplies were nearing exhaustion. At Garden Grove the saints who were out of provisions were advised to remain and plant a crop. Allen was in need of provisions but could not stop since he was traveling with his father-in-law and must move on when he did. At Mt. Pisgah Allen took seriously ill with a fever and was thought to be dying. While in this dangerous condition he received a letter from Brigham Young, who had reached Council Bluffs, asking him whether he should like to join the Mormon Battalion. This was one call from the Prophet Allen was unable to respond to. After miraculously recovering from his illness the family finally arrived at Council Bluffs, December 10, 1846.

The remainder of that winter (1846-47) Allen was em-

played as guard of the herd of cattle belonging to the saints. The Omaha Indians were ever on the alert to steal the cattle unless well guarded. Lacking equipment and horses, Allen was unable to leave for the west when the first company started in the early spring of 1847. Consequently Allen rented some land, planted a crop and continued guarding cattle part of the time. In this fashion they managed to keep body and soul together for some time. January 25, 1848, Elizabeth gave birth to their first daughter whom they named Martha Ann. Elizabeth never recovered from this confinement and died five days later, January 30, 1848. This left Allen "in a benighted condition without a wife, with three little helpless babies and a journey of 1100 miles to perform without an animal to help me, and what to do I did not know." So I continued to pour out my soul in prayer to God day and night for him to open up some way for me to support my little ones and get them to the Valleys of the Mountains." The Lord did hear and answer this man's prayer.

Allen sent his three children to live with his sister Anna. He hired girls to assist her in the care of these children. The last girl he hired was one Amanda Melvina Fisk. She began work April 8, 1848. She proved very satisfactory as a helper, for before the end of the month (April 30), she was Allen's wife. Brigham Young came to their home and married them for time and all eternity. Soon after the marriage the couple moved to Pigeon Creek, Iowa, there he rented land, planted a garden, taught masonry and guarded cattle at night. This program continued until the fall of 1848 when he made greater efforts to prepare for the journey west. All savings from employment were used to buy equipment for the great trip west. In October, 1848, the family set out for St. Joseph, Missouri, where he found employment during the winter. April 16, 1849, Amanda gave birth to her first child whom they named Lydia Mariah Fisk Stout. A few weeks later, Allen suffered an attack and was sick for some time. "None thought I could live, but just as they thought I was going to die I began to get better." After more sickness in the family and other financial set-backs the family moved to Camden, Clay County, Missouri, where his sister Lydia lived; there they rented land and worked for farmers for irregular periods. Allen had no trouble with these ancient enemies of the Church until they learned he was a Mormon, then he had to escape for his life. Under the

circumstances he was unable to take his family. After many "privations" she joined him in Kanesville in the spring of 1850.

In Kanesville Allen began compounding essence and peddling the products to his neighbors. He found the work paid very well, so he continued in that business until he was ready to leave for the Rockies in July, 1851. March 9, 1851, their first boy arrived, whom they named Alfred Fisk Stout. He had been blessed in his employment so that in late June, 1851, he bought a wagon and hired three yoke of oxen from the "Perpetual Emigration Fund," and was ready to make the trek to the land of religious freedom by July 4, 1851.

The journey westward was eventful. The Elkhorn River was so high the company had to go 150 miles out of their way to avoid crossing it. At the North Fork of Sweet River Allen's wagon broke down. This made it necessary for him to cache a lot of his personal property and go on without it. At the Big Sandy the Alfred Corden's company was reorganized. James Lowe replaced Miles Anderson as captain of Allen's Ten. Lowe was more considerate of Allen's poor health by relieving him of night cattle guarding. Amanda was sick during the last half of the journey. This made it necessary for Allen to care for the sick, nurse the little ones and manage the wild oxen. It was a great day of relief when the journey ended October 2, 1851, in front of Hosea's home in Salt Lake City. Amanda was so sick she had to be carried into the house.

Allen made a settlement with the Perpetual Emigration Fund. He signed a note to cover the loss of one yoke of oxen and the use of the other two. It amounted to \$67.00. He then paid \$5.00 as tithing! It is difficult to imagine how he could have made any profits on that journey! Allen now returned to the compounding of essence and peddling its products. He continued selling these products for the next eighteen months. In August, 1852, he returned to Sweet Water to secure the freight which he had cached there, but found most of the plows and other tools left there had been stolen. Shortly after his return home, his oldest son, Charles Heber, died, November 19, 1852. This loss was soon replaced by the arrival of a new son, Hosea Fisk, born December 14, 1852.

Meanwhile Allen's brother Hosea had been called and left for his mission in China. After his departure his wife, Louisa died, so Allen and family moved into his home and attempted to care for his three children. This arrangement

continued until the spring of 1853 when Brigham Young advised Allen to let Hosea's children go and live with their grandmother. No doubt Allen was more than willing to do that.

Soon after the separation with Hosea's children, Allen and family moved to what is now Centerville, Davis County. There he took possession of idle land, built a home and settled down. In that region Allen divided his time between raising a garden, selling essence, hauling wood, and manufacturing ginger beer. The stream of California immigrants who were passing through Utah created an excellent market for his beer. During those three seasons in Centerville a very important addition was made to the family. David Fisk Stout was born, February 3, 1855. David is the writer's father, whose life history is told elsewhere in this volume.

In the fall of 1855 Allen and family moved to Mill Creek. During that winter he was employed in Hyatt's saw mill making shingles. In the spring of 1856 he rented a small farm in the lower part of town where he spent the summer raising corn, wheat, potatoes and cabbage. In the fall he returned to work at Hyatt's mill; there he remained until April, 1857. Meanwhile, Rebecca Alvira, Amanda's second girl, came to bless their home, January 13, 1857. In April, 1857, Allen moved his family to a farm on Big Cottonwood Creek. There he remained until May or June, 1858, when he and all saints were obliged to pack up and move south to avoid a clash with Johnston's Army. A mile south of Pleasant Grove he halted, fenced a piece of land, built a house, and started to make malt beer for sale. This proved to be a profitable business. During the three years he spent there he prospered both materially and numerically. Allen Joseph Fisk Stout arrived February 14, 1859, and Amanda Melvina Fisk Stout came January 15, 1861. In the fall of 1861 the future looked very bright for Allen. His farm was doing well, the brewing business was paying well, and his live stock was increasing rapidly. These all fell like a house of cards when he cheerfully accepted a call from Brigham Young to go and help settle Dixie. He sold his farm and products which was worth \$1200.00 for a yoke of oxen and one heifer! He immediately began his journey southward to spend the rest of his days in poverty on the bleak deserts of Dixie. It seems the Lord was unwilling to have Allen win material wealth for that would have spiritually destroyed

—not only himself—but his children as well. As long as the family was in need of material assistance they spiritually were well nourished.

Hosea Stout was called to settle Dixie at the same time. The two families made the journey together. They arrived in Cottonwood Creek, now Harsburg, November 28, 1861. If Allen had combed very carefully the entire Dixie country he could not have found a poorer place to settle than Harsburg. The soil was thin and sandy, not even weeds would grow unless well cultivated. Among the rock piles and sand holes Allen attempted to build a home. He spent the entire winter trying to build a shelter. The weather did not contribute to this family's comfort. It rained nearly all winter. They lived in their wagon and tents, eleven strong, dashing out between showers to build their home. When the spring of 1862 arrived the family emerged from their tents like a colony of ants after an all night soaking. Exposure and malnutrition had produced continued sickness and misery. Allen and his sons attempted to clear some land for planting. Cotton, corn and cane were the principal crops planted. A starvation crop was harvested that fall which barely kept them alive until the spring of 1863. During that winter, 1862-63, the father and sons built stone fences around their land. The land was so richly supplied with rocks they did not need to carry the rocks far to build the fences since there were more rocks than soil. Allen suffered greatly from rheumatism during that winter. But his trials and suffering never affected his testimony in the gospel. From his sick bed in 1863, he appealed to his children:

"To ever keep with the Church and observe the order of the Church. In all things obey council to the best of your ability. You must attend to the ordinances of the Priesthood for our dead parents, for we have not yet done our work. And if we do not live to attend to the holy ordinances, we want you to finish our work. We have worn out our bodies in laying the foundation for you to build on; we have grappled with the powers of darkness to help to commence a work which we know will never be destroyed, but we do not expect to live to enjoy much of the fruits of our labor; but we have labored for you that we might leave a rich reward with you. Be strong in the work of the Lord, and whether in life or death, your reward will be sure, and you shall conquer at last."

May 18, 1863, another son arrived in the family, whom they named John Henry Fisk Stout.

Scarlet fever afflicted the family during the spring and summer of 1863 sparing none. Allen's rheumatism, the children all sick, and a tiny baby to care for made life for Amanda a severe burden. It is difficult for us living in this day to fully appreciate the suffering and hardships our grandparents willingly endured to ensure salvation for their children. It was August before any of the family were well enough to care for the badly neglected crops. In late August Allen had recovered sufficiently to take a load of his farm produce to Cedar City where he traded them for other necessities. The harvest in the fall of 1863 was a scanty one, but it enabled the family to exist through the winter. That winter Allen's health was poor as usual due probably to malnutrition and exposure. There were some social gains made during that period, however, four of the children were privileged to attend school; David was one of them.

In March, 1864, Allen came to the conclusion that his Harrisburg farm was too small for his rapidly growing family. Since there was no more land to be had in that region he decided to seek a new home elsewhere. Accordingly, on March 20 he and son Allen, age 19, started up the Virgin River to find a larger farm site. They passed what is known today as Mount Carmel, and traveled on up to Berryville (Glendale), arriving there the last day of March. One mile and a half above Glendale, at the forks of the creek, Allen staked out a claim and named the place "Lydia's Canyon" in honor of his oldest daughter. Here the two Allens built a cabin, cleared a piece of land, built a fence around it, and planted a crop. In the space of seventy-five days these mighty pioneers had converted a wilderness into a potential home. Son Allen remained on the new farm while father Allen returned to Harrisburg to move the family up to the new home. In Harrisburg Allen sold his small farm and house for three cows, packed his personal property in the old dilapidated wagon and started for Long Valley. Enroute the old wagon broke down; this forced them to finish the journey on two wheels. The balance of 1864 was a struggle for existence. The daily menu was corn and vegetables. They pounded the corn down into cornmeal. Corn-bread became their principal diet until harvest time in 1865. Keeping clothes on the children was indeed a serious

problem. Amanda shouldered the responsibility of making all the clothes for the family—like all true pioneers of her day, she succeeded well.

The spring of 1865 brought greater prosperity to the family. They enlarged their acreage to ten. Grain, potatoes, and vegetables constituted their principal crops, all of which did very well. It was during the growing season of 1865 that an accident to Allen's eye caused him untold grief and pain. While walking through the trees he ran a stick in his eye ball. This caused an acute inflammatory condition which finally burst open. The result was blindness in that eye.

July 14, 1865, a new son was born to brother and sister Stout. They named him Orlando Fisk Stout. This brought the number of children to nine for Amanda and eleven for Allen. It was about this time that young Allen decided to leave home and start working for himself. Father Allen expressed his keen regrets when he left for he needed his help desperately at the time.

In December, 1865, Allen senior became very sick. His faithful wife Amanda became very much alarmed, and, with the help of the boys, took him to Berryville, believing the end was near. It did not matter how sick Allen became, he always recovered promptly. It was well he did so in this case for the Indians were becoming very troublesome in those parts. Allen was not any more than well when he started to help the people of Berryville build a fort in defense against the Indians. This necessitated vacating his farm in Lydia Canyon and buying a house within the fort. By this action he lost much of his food supplies stored in the canyon home.

In March, 1866, Allen was sufficiently recovered to take some of his surplus sheep to St. George for sale. Soon after his return home in May the Indian troubles reached a new crisis. The situation became so dangerous that President Snow of the St. George Stake advised all saints in Long Valley to move to Dixie. This placed Allen in a very desperate situation. He was forced to leave home, farm, and two years of hard labor and rush to Dixie. He was seriously handicapped by not having a wagon. But the Lord came to his rescue by providing a good neighbor, Thomas Gower, who moved his family to Toquer. Enroute the company narrowly escaped being attacked by the Indians. From Toquer they went to Harrisburg. By that time the family was financially washed up. Their only

earthly possessions were what little clothing was still clinging to their backs. Allen, in great despair, walked to St. George to seek council from President Snow. He was advised to move his family to St. George, if he chose, which he did, thanks to the kindness of W. C. McMullin, who hauled the family there. They reached the city July 3, 1866.

The low altitude in St. George affected the health of the children greatly. The result was much sickness in the family. Little Orlando, one year of age, succumbed to diarrhea (July 16, 1866). Allen's left eye having gone blind, his right eye now began to give him trouble, but like Job of old, he bore testimony in the midst of his greatest adversities to the divinity of the Gospel, and prophesied:

"Obey the council of those whom God has set in His kingdom, and never turn aside from keeping the commandments of the Lord. The day will come when you will see the saints of God free from all oppression and flourishing in Zion; And you will be blessed in the midst of the people of the Lord. It is this knowledge that has helped me to bear up under sickness and death, through mobs and being driven from land to land, from state to state, being robbed and driven for the Gospel's sake. But my body is now so feeble that I cannot stand much more, unless the Lord shall strengthen me to bear it." The Lord did strengthen him for he lived twenty-three more years to accomplish a great work for his ancestors.

In the midst of this sickness and death the family moved into a house belonging to Isaiah Cox in the lower part of the city. Here Allen started his basket making and fruit drying even though he was so blind he could hardly see. July 28, 1866, his oldest daughter, Martha Ann, married Thomas Pitts and moved to Paragoonah, Utah, where they made their home.

Allen's eyes continued to harass him in ever increasing intensity. He reached a point in his physical suffering where fortitude was intolerable. He decided to go to Salt Lake City to seek medical council. Ten different physicians gave conflicting opinions on what should be done. These doctors agreed, however, the trouble was not cancer. Before returning home, his daughter Lydia married Charles E. Griffin in the Endowment House, September 22, 1866. Since the doctors could give him no satisfaction he returned to St. George to find his family in destitute circumstances. Some were sick and all were hungry. He plunged into the making and selling of baskets.

He continued at that work all winter (1866-67) even though his eyes were so bad he could hardly see. From the depths of his adversities his joy was supreme in the knowledge that "I labor and toil in pain and sickness, my afflictions are light when I contemplate the glory that will come to those who endure to the end."

His twenty-nine years of Mormonism were beginning to show results. In 1867 he discontinued the use of tobacco. This triumph of spirit over the carnal body is evidence supreme that Allen believed that religion was a force that demanded personal reformation rather than mere belief.

In March, 1867, the family left the Cox house and moved into a house Allen and his boys had built in the northwest part of the city. April 18, 1867, was a red letter day in the life of Allen Stout. On that day the first of a host of grand children was born. Martha Ann Pitts gave birth to a boy whom she named Thomas Miles Pitts. May 9, 1867, Amanda gave birth to another son who was named Milton Fisk. In August, 1867, Allen sold the home he had built and received a team and wagon and \$400.00 besides. He then rented until his removal to Rockville in the spring of 1868. Meanwhile in January, 1868, Allen was again stricken with a fever which left him helpless for weeks. After recovery, which his family never expected, he made his last move. In Rockville he bought a home where he spent the last twenty-one years of his life. In that higher altitude his health continued to improve in spite of his failing eye-sight. The small farm in Rockville was planted to corn, vegetables and fruit trees. The family also began the construction of a home. The first season's crop was successful considering the impediments which they had to meet. During the winter 1868-69 when little work could be found in Rockville, Allen went to St. George to make and sell baskets. He was there ten weeks. While there he joined the School of the Prophets and received much needed instruction on the doctrines of the Church. During the same period in Rockville, five of his children attended Henry Jennings's school.

October 28, 1870, Don Carlos Fisk Stout was born, but died five months later, March 15, 1871, of measles. The winter, 1871-72, Allen found employment in the town of Washington. In the evenings he taught classes in Masonry. Later he went to Pioche for work but found he was too feeble to do that hard work. In March he went to Salt Lake City and

secured a license to peddle fruit, but his only feeble eye became worse, so he went to see Doctor Anderson, an eye specialist, who suggested that he be permitted to cut off the lump that was causing the blindness. Allen gave his consent, so without the use of chloroform, the doctor cut it off. Allen writes the pain "was so acute that I have no language to describe it."

In June, 1872, Allen returned to Rockville three days before the arrival of Huldah Louisa (June 24, 1872). The balance of that year Allen spent in hauling his farm products to Cedar City and other towns where he made exchanges for clothing and other needed supplies. In the meantime, construction on the home had been continuing as rapidly as means and time would permit. By March 17, 1873, it had been sufficiently completed to be moved into. In April following there was such a heavy frost in Rockville that all of Allen's fruit was killed, so he went to Salt Lake City to look for employment. He worked there four months doing odd jobs. While returning home in August he suffered from a severe attack of cholera morbus "which nearly used me up." The following winter (1873-74) he worked at basket making in Rockville.

In the spring of 1874 President Brigham Young came to Rockville and organized the United Order. Sons: Allen, Alfred and Hosea enthusiastically joined the order. David, however, left Rockville that spring and went to St. George to work on the new temple being constructed there. The Order was fairly successful the first season considering its inexperience and handicaps. The following year (1875) the members of the Order decided to let every man be a steward over his own property and pay a portion of his income into the Order as a revenue. 1875 saw the end of the social experiment.

April 8, 1875, Amanda gave birth to her last daughter, Anna Smith Fisk Stout, but the child died fifty days later, May 28, 1875.

Amanda suffered a great deal from rheumatism and dropsy early in 1875. In the fall of that year she began to improve. In December of that year she was well enough to accompany her husband to St. George to view the new temple being constructed there. While returning to Rockville Allen succumbed to a violent cough which put him on the sick list until the spring of 1876. November 20, 1876, Marion Fisk, the last child in a family of fourteen, was born. (At the time of this writing, April, 1941, he is the only child still alive). This

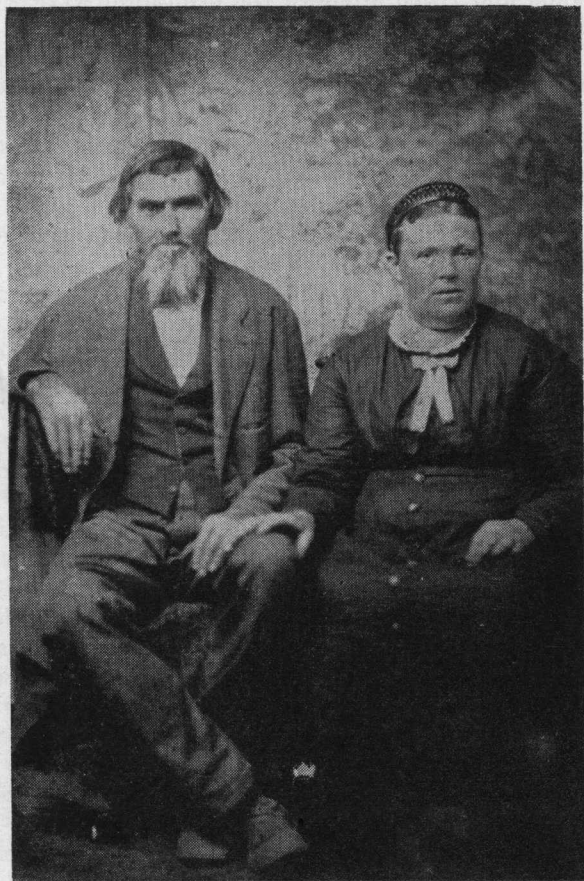
last confinement case was more than mother Amanda was physically able to take. The result was she suffered an attack of dropsy which kept her in bed for twelve weeks.

Amanda and Allen attended the dedication services of the St. George Temple, April 6, 1877. This was the second temple Allen had witnessed dedicated. (The Nauvoo Temple was the first.) Amanda may have witnessed the dedication of the Nauvoo Temple too. Allen made a second trip to St. George in June when he commenced working for his dead ancestors—a life long ambition. He worked in the temple about a week at that time. Returning to Rockville, he took sick. This disabled him for weeks. In late July he made another trip to St. George and did more temple work.

It was in this period that he corresponded with some of his eastern relatives who aided in furnishing names for temple work. January, 1878, Allen went to St. George where his health permitted him to remain two months. He did considerable work for his dead at that time. In April, 1878, he made still another trip to St. George and continued the work when his health would permit. September, 1878, he took sick and remained disabled till March, 1879. Returning to his temple work at that time he remained until June, when he broke down again. His son David took him home to Rockville. His health did not permit him to return until November, 1879, when he started for St. George again, determined to do that temple work for his ancestors. If all his descendants were equally determined to do their duty what a great and a marvelous work could have been done! Allen was so feeble and weak that winter that temple work was next to impossible. In late February, 1880, he had to give up and returned to Rockville where he testified he had been endowed by the spirit of Elijah to seek after his fathers.

The spring and summer of 1880 he spent in Rockville working in his garden, drying fruit and doing other work when his health would permit. By the end of October, 1880, his passion for temple work became too strong to resist so back to St. George he went. His health was even poorer that winter than the previous one, but he held on and worked every single day that his weak body could carry him to the temple. Finally in February, 1881, his fever became so high he could work no longer so he retired to Rockville where poor health kept him for over two years.

May 1, 1883, he returned to St. George where he spent a busy seven weeks in the temple. Late in June he returned to Rockville and spent the next four months gardening, drying



Allen Joseph and Amanda M. Fisk Stout, our great pioneer Ancestors.

fruit and assisting his sick wife with the housework. In November he headed for St. George again, but after two weeks he fell seriously sick and had to be returned to Rockville by his son David. He did not attempt to make another trip down to the temple until March, 1884. While there Allen was recommended by his bishop to be ordained a High Priest. This

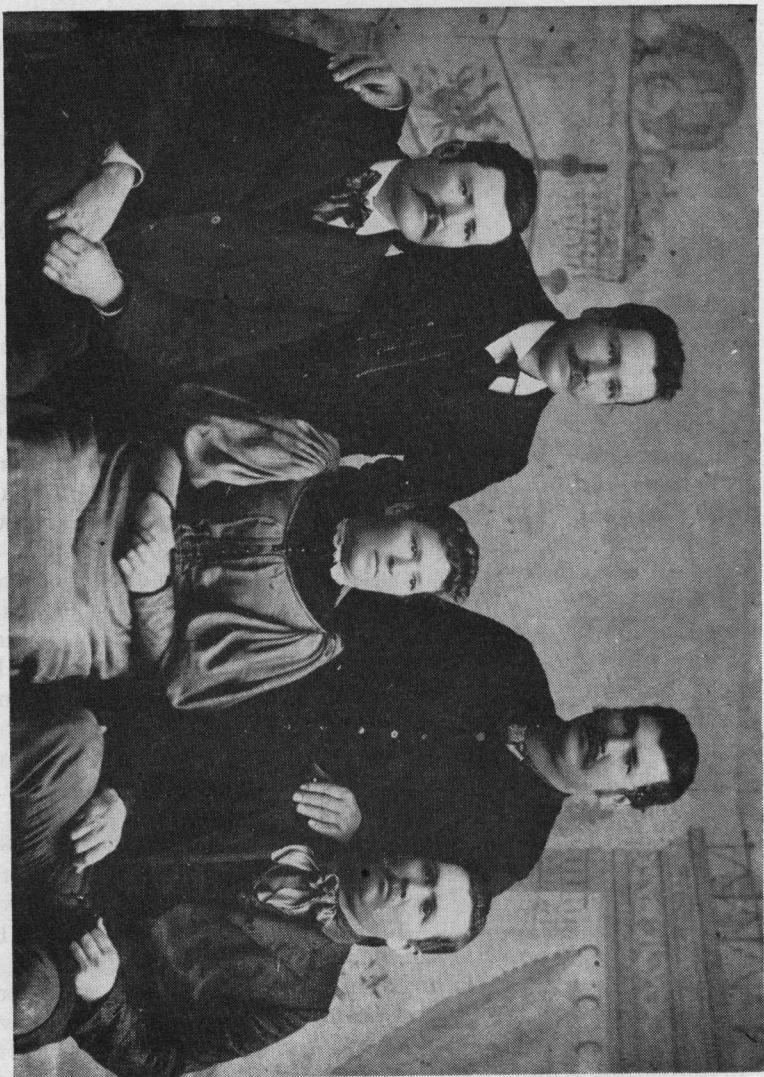
ordination took place May 1, 1884, William Faucett officiated. He was President of the High Priests Quorum in St. George stake. Allen was still in St. George in June when his son David married a second and a third wife. He returned home in late June, 1884, where he remained until March, 1885. At that time he spent another four weeks in the temple. In May he made another temple excursion, but dashed back to Rockville when he learned that Amanda had fallen and broken her leg. His wife's disability kept him in Rockville until June, 1886. At that time he worked another two weeks for his dead. His health prevented him from doing more that year.

March 13, 1887, Allen wrote in his journal that he wanted himself and all his brothers and sisters adopted (sealed) to the Prophet's father, Joseph Smith, Senior. He made a plea to his children, in case he failed to do it himself, that they do it.

Allen was not able to go to the temple in 1887 nor 1888. He was too feeble and sick to stand the strain. Amanda never fully recovered after her fall. She suffered several strokes and was paralyzed in her left side which left her speechless and quite helpless. She suffered a final shock in September and was unconscious until the end, September 21, 1888.

Allen and his two youngest children continued to struggle on. He continued making his baskets, drying fruit, and caring for his home. March 2, 1889, his only brother, Hosea, died. This left Allen the sole survivor of his father's family. He felt this was a great responsibility. The adoptions had not been taken care of, so Allen gathered all his strength for one last trip to St. George to do a few more endowments and have those adoptions attended to.

In March, after the death of Hosea, he found strength to travel to St. George. That was his last trip. April 9, 1889, he had himself and his brothers and sisters all sealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith. He also had all the brothers and sisters of his father sealed to the same person; and he also had his mother (Anna Smith) and her brothers and sisters sealed to the Prophet. He explained that that was all "we were permitted to do for the present." Five years later the ruling was changed by President Wilford Woodruff. (The writer, after investigation, found that these sealings had never been corrected, so is making arrangements to have them annulled and the children in each of the three families sealed to their true parents.) June 5, 1889, was the last day that Allen went



THE BIG FIVE - 1897
Left to right: Alfred, David, Rebecca, Allen and Hosea. These fine products are the fruits of Mormonism.

through the temple. He returned to Rockville to spend his last six months, keeping house, drying fruit, and making baskets. The end came December 18, 1889.

At the time of his death, Allen had twelve children living, about sixty-five grand children, and a few great grand children.

Allen's greatest contribution to humanity was his work for the dead; the last twelve years of his life he put the last pound of surplus energy into that work. Considering the state of his health he has done more for his dead than all his descendants combined. There is no justification for the indifference displayed by his grandchildren toward temple work. It shows a lack of appreciation for the great sacrifices which Allen made to bring supreme happiness to his posterity. Unless we repent the glory will be his, not ours.

A post-script on the life of Allen Joseph Stout should be included here. Martha Cox is authority for the statement that Allen saw John the Revealer. She says on page 78 of her journal that Allen himself related the following story to her personally: While Allen was serving as a body-guard to the Prophet they (Allen and the Prophet) saw a man coming toward them. When he was near, the Prophet said to Allen: "Wait here while I speak with this man." Allen waited for sometime a short distance away while Joseph Smith spoke with the stranger. When the Prophet returned to where Allen was the latter apologized for being so negligent as his body-guard. The Prophet said: "That man wouldn't hurt me, he was John the Revealer."

DESCENDANTS OF ALLEN JOSEPH STOUT

The descendants of Allen Joseph Stout should be recorded as fully as possible. Where these records are incomplete the reader will know that the writer had difficulty in securing what little information is recorded. The writer cannot be responsible for the errors which these pages may have since he was forced to take the data from others.

In this descriptive history of Allen's children the biographies will be recorded chronologically according to age. The three children by his first wife, Elizabeth Anderson, will be given first.

CHARLES HEBER STOUT
1844-1852

Charles was born May 1, 1844, in Nauvoo, Illinois, and

died at the age of eight, November 19, 1852, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

ALLEN JOSEPH STOUT. JR.

1845-1917

Allen was born December 3, 1845 in Nauvoo, Illinois, and lived with his father during all his travels until 1865 when he went north to seek a home for himself. At Sandy, Utah he met and married Lucy Elizabeth Cole, July 6, 1872. Lucy was the daughter of James Barnet and Lucy Ward Cole, born January 31, 1858 in Sanfete County, Utah.

The children of Allen and Lucy are as follows: Lucy Melvina, born July 16, 1873 in Sandy, Utah; married Richard Waring, March 27, 1889—they now live at Ridgefield, Washington. Elizabeth Ann, born March 31, 1875, Ogden, Utah; married William H. Jones, March 24, 1897; died in February, 1903 at Albion, Idaho. Artemesia Amanda, born February 18, 1877 in Ogden, Utah; married Samuel Glenn, November 13, 1895. She lives with her daughter, Mrs. Stedfelt, at Pocatello, Idaho. Samuel Glen died in Burley, April 17, 1928. Joseph William, born March 8, 1879 in Ogden, married Inez E. Robinson, September 5, 1906. Joseph's home is in California, but he is now serving as a government engineer at Prosser, Washington.

Maud, born October 28, 1881, in Ogden, Utah, married George H. Doran, April 23, 1905. Five children were born to this couple; George died May 25, 1917; July 9, 1917 Maud married William Donald Walters. Maud and William were divorced January 16, 1942.

David Allen, born July 10, 1883 at Ogden; married Lucy Eames, August 15, 1906—eight children were born to them. Due to habitual drunkenness Lucy was forced to divorce David December 29, 1937. Edwin Josiah, born July 15, 1885, at Ogden; married Zoilia Kroll June 22, 1911. Lawrence, born June 12, 1887 in Ogden, died August 9, 1910 at Burley, Idaho. Grace Isabell, born December 23, 1889 in Ogden, died June 3, 1891. Richard Hosea, born June 17, 1891 in Ogden, married May Nesbit August 31, 1911 at Caldwell, Idaho. Richard and May were musicians and followed the stage until divorced June 28, 1932. Richard remarried January 5, 1933, to a lady named Clara Doyley, who bore him a boy and a girl. July 13, 1937 Richard and Clara were divorced. Two years

later, November 4, 1939, Richard married a widow, Mrs. Cleo Anderson Black, who, on December 28, 1941, gave birth to a son. Birtha, born May 24, 1893 in Ogden, died September 26, 1893. Lorenzo, born December 30, 1894 at Albion, Idaho, died two weeks later, January 15, 1895.

"Vilate was born January 1, 1896 in Albion, Idaho; married Earnest LeRoy Clemens August 15, 1910. Three children were born to them: Elmer LeRoy, born July 7, 1911. Elmer LeRoy married Leota Wallace, April, 1932 and was divorced from her in 1940. Later Elmer married Thelma Van Hook, April 4, 1943. Vilate's second child, Earl Lavaughn, was born December 19, 1915, but never married. Vilate's last child, Eva Vilate was born April 3, 1918; married William Ward Buttolph July 2, 1939. They have one child, Phillip Earl, born November 7, 1943.

"Vilate and LeRoy Clemens were divorced July 24, 1919. LeRoy died in 1941.

"Vilate's second marriage was with Charles A. Thompson, August 1, 1919. Vilate and Charles were divorced February 15, 1931. Vilate's third marriage was with Clellan Kenneth Carlile, July 7, 1939. The Carliles live in Marysville, California. Vilate's two sons are now serving their country in the Army. Wesley, born July 17, 1898, in Albion died July 30, 1898.

In 1905 the family moved from Albion to Burley, Idaho. Allen Joseph Stout, Jr., was sent to Ogden, Utah for special treatment, where he soon died, December 11, 1917. He was buried in Burley, Idaho five days later. In 1922 his widow, Lucy, married Martin Thompson. Lucy died in Burley, Idaho, November 22, 1926.

MARTHA ANN STOUT PITTS

1848-1889

Martha was born January 25, 1848 at Winter Quarters, Nebraska. She married Thomas Pitts July 28, 1866. Martha and Thomas went to Paragonah to make their home. Thomas Pitts was the son of Peter and Mary Pitts, born in December, 1826 in Leeds, England. Thomas died November 16, 1890 in Utah.

Martha was the mother of our sons: Thomas Miles, born April 18, 1867, at Paragonah, Utah; married Mary Selina Robinson June 14, 1893 at Richfield, Utah. They

had five children. Thomas Miles Pitts died October 22, 1936 at Price, Utah. James Alfred, born December 9, 1869 at Beaver, Utah; married Eva Robinson June 24, 1895. Six children were born to them. James died October 13, 1911 at Vernal, Utah and was buried in Myton. Eva later married Scott Hickey and moved to Bishop, California. Charles Allen, born February 27, 1872 at Paragonah, Utah; married a widow named Adair, who had two sons (James and George); her maiden name was Adelia Francesca Sawyer, born March 25, 1878 at New Harmony, Utah. Charles Allen Pitts and Mrs. Adair were married April 24, 1904. Their only son, Charles Edward Pitts, was born September 11, 1906. Charles Allen Pitts died October 7, 1909 at Joseph City, Utah, and was buried three days later at Myton. Jonathan Edward Pitts, born October 11, 1874 at Paragona, Utah, married the widow of his brother, Charles Allen, Mrs. Adelia F. Adair Pitts, December 5, 1910. They had no children. Jonathan died October 21, 1918 at Alunite, Pinte County, Utah and was buried at Thompsonville a few miles distance. Adelia later married a Mr. Seely and moved to California.

After 1874 Martha and Thomas moved to Joseph City, Seviere County, then to Ogden where Martha's brother Allen Joseph then lived. She died in Ogden July 8, 1889, buried three days later.

LYDIA MARIAH FISK STOUT JENNINGS
1849-1888

Lydia was born April 16, 1849 at St. Joseph, Missouri. Married Charles E. Griffin September 22, 1866 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. This was Lydia's first experience living in polygamy but not her last. One son, Allen Joseph Griffin, was born January 15, 1868. Charles proved to be an unworthy husband so she was divorced from him, Hosea Stout acting as her lawyer. Several years later, October 24, 1871, she married Norman I. Bliss, son of Jesse and Fanny Tuttle Bliss, born August 19, 1819, in New York. This couple moved to Toquerville, where five children were born: Fanny Melvina, born June 15, 1872; married John R. Terry March 20, 1889. Norman Ingles, born January 24, 1875; married Mary E. Morris October 31, 1895. He died August 12, 1919. Lillie Cecelia, born August 26, 1877; married Ozro DeMille, December 26, 1893. She died July 10, 1914.

Sanford, born November 10, 1879; died May 29, 1882. Alfred Fisk, born December 15, 1882; married Mattie Cropper January 12, 1905. Thirteen children have been born to them.

Norman Ingles Bliss, who was Brigham Young's teamster crossing the plains and had been a member of the Nauvoo Legion, was killed in an accident at Toquerville December 12, 1882. This death was a crushing loss for Lydia, who, three days later, gave birth to a son. In 1884 she and family were moved to Rockville by her brother David. About this time (early in 1884) she married Cyrus M. Jennings, another polygamist. Her last child was born January 1, 1885 and was named David Stout Jennings, who later married Henrietta Webb, October 12, 1908 in Brigham City, Utah. There were six children born to them.

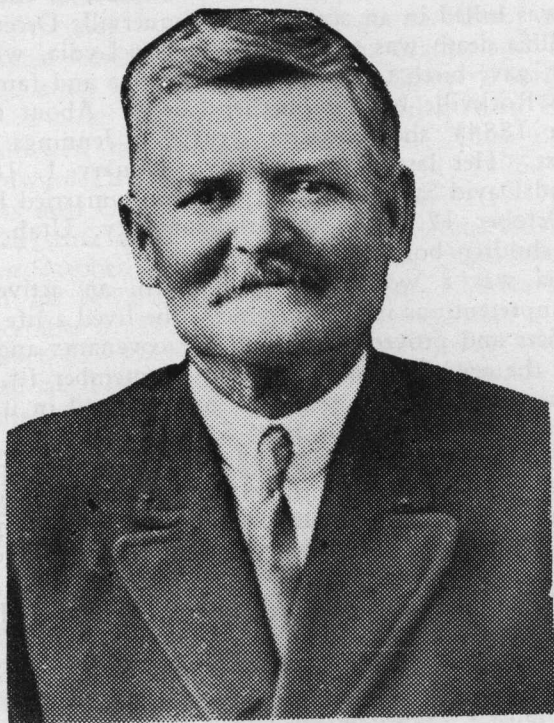
Lydia was a woman of great faith, an active church worker, unpretentious in the extreme. She lived a life of trials and sacrifices and proved true to all her covenants and obligations. At the age of 39 she passed on (September 14, 1888), leaving the world a better place for having lived in it.

ALFRED FISK STOUT
1851-1925

Alfred was born March 9, 1851 at Kanesville, Pottawattamie County, Iowa, near Council Bluffs; married Mary Emma Langston March 7, 1872. Mary was the daughter of John and Clarinda Phillips Langston, born February 15, 1859 at Alpine, Utah. Clarinda died February 2, 1938 at Hurricane and was buried in Rockville.

Fifteen children came from this union: Mary Clarinda, born September 12, 1873 in Rockville, (where all the children were born.) Mary married Henry Hirschi February 20, 1890. Henry Hirschi was killed in an auto accident January 9, 1944. Martha, born November 21, 1875; died November 29, 1875. Alfred Fisk, born November 1, 1876; married Dora M. Hall March 24, 1898. Dora died July 1, 1940. Alfred married Annie Webb Wilkinson March 19, 1942. Louisa Melvina, born August 28, 1879; died October 15, 1879. Annie Laura, born April 14, 1881; married Philetus Jones December 23, 1898. Philetus was the Bishop of Rockville for about fourteen years. Annie is now serving as a Missionary in the Southern States (1944). Minerva, born March 16, 1884; died October 22, 1886. Lionel Langston, born June 22, 1886;

killed July 28, 1908. Elmer, born March 27, 1889; married Carrie Johnson January 25, 1917. Carrie died February 5, 1920. Elmer married Abigail Walker McAllister (born May 16, 1898 in St. George) November 30, 1922. Four children were born to this couple. Sylvia, born January 11, 1892;



Courtesy, The Deseret News.

ALFRED FISK STOUT

1851-1925

A great frontiersman, empire builder.

married Richard R. Carey August 15, 1912. Six children were born to them. Ernest Franklin, born July 24, 1894; married Clothiel Free June 2, 1912. One girl was born before they were divorced in 1919. Ernest married Ida English April 5, 1925. They had one son, Victor, born December 27, 1896; died January 13, 1899. Clinton Tracy, born February 27, 1898; married Leah Jones January 12, 1918. They had six children. Homer Bryon, born January 29, 1901;

married Ada Baker July 19, 1922. Hosea Afton, born November 7, 1903; married Druzella Madsen September 26, 1923.

Alfred was a fine product of Mormonism. Born in times of adversity, Alfred's life illustrates how character is purified by adversities. He was a farmer, lumberman and expert frontiersman. He could be called "Utah's Daniel Boone." He died as he had lived, a genuine Mormon, who knew how to live his religion. The end came November 20, 1925, in Hurricane; he was buried in Rockville.

HOSEA FISK STOUT

1852-1931

Hosea was born December 14, 1852 in Salt Lake City; married Clarinda Jane Langston March 25, 1872. Clarinda was the daughter of John and Clarinda Phillips Langston, born February 2, 1857 at Alpine, Utah; died August 11, 1906 in Hinckley, Utah.

Their eleven children are: Clerinda Melvina, born June 17, 1873 at Rockville, Utah; married David A. Flanigan June 8, 1893. There were ten children born to them. Clerinda died February 11, 1939. Her son, Alma E., is now Bishop of the Virgin Ward, Zion Park Stake. Mary Mariah, born October 13, 1875, in Rockville; married James H. Hepworth July 11, 1894. There were three children. James died June 10, 1901. January 14, 1911, Mary married George Bishop; They had one son. Mary and George were divorced November 3, 1926. Mary later married John W. Gardner June 22, 1927 and moved to Monroe, Utah. Mary died October 27, 1943. Hosea Fisk, Jr., born February 10, 1878 in Rockville; married Edith Jacaway October 16, 1901. They had five children. Hosea died February 1, 1941 in Salt Lake City. His wife, Edith, later married a Mr. Hansen. Alice Louisa, born September 18, 1880; married George H. Walker November 30, 1898. There were eleven children born to them. George Walker died August 21, 1927. Laura, born April 19, 1883 in Rockville; married Samuel T. Webb September 4, 1900. They had nine children. Samuel died February 19, 1920. Later, January 10, 1922, Laura married William Hoppie, with whom she had one son. This boy is now serving his country in the army. Laura's marriage with Hoppie was later annulled. Several years later, September 7, 1927, Laura married Alma W. Haycock. After living together a few years they separated. Mabel, born December 10, 1885, in



HOSEA FISK STOUT

1852-1931

Choir Leader, missionary blacksmith - 1923.



HOSEA FISK STOUT AND FAMILY - 1892

Top: Clearinda, Mary Maria and Hosea F. Jr. Middle: Hosea F. Stout, Sr., Alice, Laura and Clearinda Jane Longston Stout. Front: Eliza, Mabel and Amanda.

Rockville; married Heber E. Sorenson February 2, 1910. They had nine children. Eliza, born June 5, 1888 in Rockville; died October 6, 1909. Amanda, born December 14, 1890 in Rockville; married Lynan T. Richards June 3, 1908. They had three children. Abbie, born March 13, 1894 in Rockville; married Carl Peter Ranck March 1, 1919; two children were born to this couple. Francis Allen, born June 25, 1896 in Rockville; married Clara Walker July 9, 1919; Six children were born to them. Ruby, born February 2, 1899 in Hinckley, Utah; married Thomas Elias Sandall November 23, 1921. They had three children. The Sandalls live in Tremonton, Utah.

Hosea was always a faithful Church worker. For many years he was the choir leader in Rockville before and after his mission. Later in Hinckley he led the choir for many years. Between 1890 and 1893 he served as a missionary in Tennessee. At Smithville in that state he made friends with a family named Sherrell, who had a two or three year old daughter named Martha. Within three years after his first wife died, he married Martha (May 5, 1909), then a beautiful young woman of nineteen. Martha is the daughter of William J. and Polly Anna Parsley Sherrell, born January 12, 1890 in Smithville, Tennessee. To this union five children were born: Delbert Sherrell, born March 18, 1910 in Hinckley; married Goldie Jensen June 22, 1932. Delbert, like his father, is a natural-born choir leader. Wilford Edwin, born October 8, 1911 in Hinckley; married Leslie Leona Erickson March 6, 1940. Nelda, born June 22, 1914, in Hinckley; died October 3, 1914. Marcella, born May 9, 1917, in Hinckley; married Horace Workman January 14, 1938. They have two children. Clyde Fisk, born September 4, 1923 in Salt Lake City; is now serving his country in the great war.

His last ten years were spent in Salt Lake City, where he was unable to find employment at his old trade—a blacksmith, but he did other work and maintained a son on a mission. His useful life came to an end January 22, 1931 in Salt Lake City. The world was made happier because of his great contributions.

REBECCA ALVIRA FISK STOUT DENNETT
1857-1934

Rebecca was born January 13, 1857 in Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah; married John Fabin Dennett April 18,

1872. John was the son of Daniel Q. and Lucy A. Very Dennett, born October 10, 1853 in Salt Lake City, Utah. John died in Rockville February 5, 1933.

Rebecca was the mother of twelve children, all of whom have made excellent citizens in their respective communities. Isabell, born January 20, 1873 at Rockville, Washington County, Utah; married George Dalton January 21, 1891. Two children were born to them. George was killed, so after several years Isabell married Henry Baker, with whom she had two more children. She died December 26, 1903 at Mesa, Arizona. Maggie, born August 13, 1875 at Rockville; married Hyrum Hastings December 26, 1893; nine children were born to this couple. Clara, born December 5, 1877 at Rockville; married Ira DeMille, July 30, 1896; eight children were born to them. Clara died January 5, 1932. Daniel Quimby, born January 13, 1880, in Rockville; married Adelia Gifford May 5, 1903; ten children were born in that family. Daniel died March 23, 1922. John Fabin, Jr. was born November 21, 1882, in Rockville; married Malinda Hepworth May 11, 1905. They had ten children. Lucy Ann, born December 22, 1884; died April 6, 1885. David Alma, born December 29, 1886 in Rockville; married Rosina Ruby December 20, 1909. One child was born to this couple. David and Rosina were divorced April 8, 1914. Nineteen months later, November 1, 1915, David married Adria Rosalie Benfell with whom he had nine children. David died June 23, 1930. Gertrude, born February 11, 1889 at Rockville; married Ira Millet May 26, 1908. They had four children. Boyd, born February 27, 1891 at Rockville; married Edna Cragon June 8, 1915. They had three children. Eva, born March 15, 1894 in Rockville; married Oscar Stevens December 2, 1914; six children were born to this union. Oscar Stevens was killed about fifteen years after his marriage so Eva married Israel Neilson, with whom she had two children. Thora, born March 27, 1896, in Rockville; married Artimis DeMille November 10, 1914; no children. Vera, born July 11, 1898 at Rockville; married Vinal Millet but later separated. On January 1, 1922 she married John A. Allred, with whom she had four children.

Rebecca possessed a strong personality and ruled her home with an iron hand. Her lack of educational opportunities did not prevent her from gaining a valuable practical education.

She acquired a practical skill in obstetrics and for forty years served as Rockville's medical advisor. She was Rockville's most popular hostess and leading citizen. Her interesting life came to an end November 16, 1934, a life well spent in serving humanity.

ALLEN JOSEPH FISK STOUT
1859-1933

Allen was born February 14, 1859 in Pleasant Grove, Utah. November 28, 1884, he married Sarah Ann Sullivan Empey in the St. George Temple. Sarah was the daughter of William and Martha Fielding Empey, born September 16, 1859 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She died November 24, 1941 at her home in LaVerkin, Utah.

To Allen and Sarah were born the following children: LaMar, born May 22, 1885, in Rockville, Utah; married Grace Ulrich February 1, 1910; died December 4, 1926. Allen William, born November 4, 1886, at Panaca, Nevada; married Ellen I. Thurston September 30, 1909. He died February 5, 1918. Gretchen, born February 29, 1888 in Rockville, Utah; married Powell Stratton October 1, 1907. Martha, born January 3, 1890 in Rockville, Utah; married Hyrum S. Thompson June 18, 1914. Allen Joseph, born November 12, 1892 in Rockville, Utah; married Mina Morrell June 26, 1917. Mina died May 26, 1941. Allen Joseph married a second time to Kate Isom October 13, 1942. Allen is Bishop of the Hurricane North Ward. Heber, born September 7, 1893 in Rockville, Utah; died May 16, 1895. Nelson, born January 1, 1897, in Rockville, Utah; died February 16, 1897. Sarah Ann, born June 20, 1898 in St. George, Utah; died in July, 1899. David, born September 25, 1901, in Toquerville, Utah; married Margaret E. Brown June 21, 1927. Margaret died a few years later. David married Marguerite Bergan November 25, 1935. From this union there are two children.

Allen Joseph Fisk Stout died April 24, 1933 in LaVerkin, Utah.

AMANDA MELVINA FISK STOUT
1861-1916

Amanda was born January 15, 1861 at Pleasant Grove, Utah County, Utah and married her first cousin, Lewis Wilson Stout September 18, 1879 in the St. George Temple. Lewis was the son of Hosea and Alvira Wilson Stout, born April 27.

1856 in Salt Lake City, Utah, and died March 31, 1889 at Mammoth, Utah, and buried in Leamington, Utah, three days later.

The children from this union are: Amanda, born September 7, 1880, in Rockville, Utah; married Arthur Cody Smith August 22, 1898; 13 children were born to her. She now lives in Mesa, Arizona. Lewis Wilson, Jr., born October 16, 1882 at Holladay, Utah; served as a missionary (1911-1913); married Charlotte Hansen June 18, 1913; ten children were born to them. Alvira, born October 8, 1884 in Leamington, Millard County, Utah; married Samuel B. Fullerton March 26, 1913; they had five children. Walter Milton, born November 28, 1886 in Leamington, Utah; married Martha Elizabeth Hansen June 12, 1913. Martha was born October 18, 1894 in Riverton, Utah. She was the mother of three children before she died June 15, 1917. Martha's children are as follows: Walter Douglas, born May 4, 1914; died May 26, 1917. Archie Leon, born September 6, 1915. Agnes, born March 17, 1917; married Morrell E. Dastrup. Walter M. Stout married a second time to Dency Cardon May 8, 1919. Dency was born February 25, 1899 in Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico. The Cardons were a very prominent family in civil and church affairs in Old Mexico. To this couple were born eleven children; Marwood Milton, born June 25, 1920; married Lillie Jackson August 20, 1941. Alden Cardon, born May 18, 1922. Melvina, born March 23, 1923; married Thomas R. Mohler November 10, 1941. Rosina, born March 23, 1923; married Willie Eaton August 31, 1940. Given, born February 18, 1926; married Roland H. Forbo August 31, 1942. Glen Allen, born February 18, 1926. Nathan Lewis, born January 25, 1927. Belva Ann, born January 31, 1929. Lawrence Kenyon, born January 15, 1931. Phillip Darryl, born September 24, 1932. Dency Lee, born October 12, 1939. Walter has been very active in Church affairs in Boulder City, Nevada, where he has served in the Bishopric and as ward clerk. Lydia, Amanda's last child, was born September 12, 1888, in Leamington; married John Bradshaw May 1, 1913; seven children were born to this couple.

After her husband's death in 1889 Amanda remained on her homestead in Leamington. Her oldest son was eight years old so it was necessary to hire help. In 1892 she was

sent to Salt Lake to study obstetrics so for the rest of her life she was Leamington's practical nurse. One of the men she employed to work on her farm was a man named Andrew Johnson. She later married him, but he proved unworthy so they were separated. She passed away June 28, 1916 and was buried beside her husband, Lewis.

JOHN HENRY FISK STOUT
1863-1933

John was born May 18, 1863 in Harrisburg, Washington County, Utah; married Annie Selina Hall March 5, 1886 in the St. George Temple. Annie was the daughter of John T. and Keziah DeGray Hall, born April 2, 1866 in Rockville, Utah; died October 8, 1931 at St. George; buried in Hurricane.

The ten children from this marriage are as follows: Walter Henry, born January 15, 1887 in Rockville; married Mary Workman September 11, 1911. Stella, born August 27, 1888 in Rockville; married Philo E. Allen September 3, 1910. Philo E. Allen died January 12, 1944. Ivie Anna, born July 13, 1890 in Rockville; married William Wilson December 16, 1913; died November 24, 1940. Elsie, born July 13, 1892 at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona; married Erwin Wood, May 20, 1914. Edna, born September 22, 1894 in Rockville; married Rodney Elmer Gibson October 3, 1917 in the Salt Lake Temple. They had nine children. Lila Cardon, born June 12, 1898 at Stout's Ranch (near Orderville), Kane County, Utah; died March 20, 1921. Verda, born March 3, 1900 in Orderville; married Samuel O. Wright April 14, 1921—a temple marriage. Leland, born September 26, 1903 at Stout's Ranch; married Lydia Knight Young June 19, 1929. Lydia is a descendant of both Brigham Young and Lydia Knight. Emerald Erwin, born July 15, 1905, at Stout's Ranch; married Roma Wallace April 18, 1930. Chester LeVon, born January 5, 1908 in Orderville, Utah; married Pearl Brown May 25, 1932.

John was a worthy product of Mormonism and a leader in his community. He and his brother Alfred were famous bear hunters. (Their great battle with a bear on the mountain is related elsewhere in this history.) He (John) was a successful farmer and manufacturer of molasses. His end came September 15, 1933. He was buried in Hurricane.



THE ROCKVILLE CHOIR - 1887. Front row, left to right: Hosea F. Stout, Choirster; Alice Hall Langston, organist; Myra Hall (Leamon), Mary Stout (Hirschi). Second row: Phoebe Farnes (Langston); Mary Petty (Hirschi); Clarinda Stout (Flanigan); Sarah Ann Smith (Tuft); Clarinda Langston Stout; Fanny Slaughter Terry; Delia Hall (Dalton); and Rose Cox (Bunker). Third row: Laura Langston Dalton; Tillie Campbell; Sella Duzette Smith; Fanny Bliss (Terry); Dencie Terry; Alice Langston Dalton. Back row: Jacob H. Langston; John H. F. Stout; Frank Slaughter; Sarah Farnes Slaughter; Mary Empey Thomas; Huldah F. Stout (Terry).

ORLANDO FISK STOUT
1865-1866

Orlando was born July 14, 1865 at Lydia's Canyon, one mile from Glendale, Kane County, Utah; died in St. George July 16, 1866; cause of death, diarrhea.

MILTON FISK STOUT
1867-1900

Milton was born May 9, 1867, in St. George, Utah; married Adelaide Smith December 22, 1897 in the St. George Temple. Adelaide Smith was born May 27, 1880, in Paradise, Cashe County, Utah. Milton died April 7, 1900, in Hinckley, Utah, leaving no children. The writer has no information about his wife.

DON CARLOS FISK STOUT
1870-1871

Don was born October 28, 1870, in Rockville, Utah; died March 15, 1871 of measles.

HULDAH LOUISA FISK STOUT TERRY RAWLINSON
1872-1923

Huldah was born June 24, 1872 in Rockville, Utah; married Nathan Harrison Terry July 28, 1890 in the St. George Temple. Nathan was the son of Jacob and Mary M. Rilley Terry, born February 23, 1843 in Carterville, Iowa.

After their marriage the couple moved to Oaxaca, Sanora, Mexico, where their first three children were born. George Calvin arrived June 22, 1896. The first marriage of George was a failure. His second marriage was to Anola Welker, August 12, 1930. He now lives in Porterville, California. Marion Stout Terry was born October 21, 1897; married Ann Readington, October 16, 1919. They have two children. Marion and Ann were divorced October 16, 1936. Four years later Marion married Ebbo Dorothy Gardelius, March 16, 1940. Marion adopted her three children. They live at Almaden, California. Alveretta was born November 8, 1899; died December 30, 1899. Amanda was born March 10, 1901 in Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico; she died at Oak City, Utah, April 25, 1910. Nathan Harrison Terry died November 4, 1902, at Colonia Dublin, Mexico. Huldah later moved to Utah.

November 22, 1905 Huldah married Charles William James Rawlinson at Manti, Utah. Charles was the son of

Charles and Hannah Lawrence Rawlinson, born October 30, 1848 at Capetown, South Africa. Charles died April 7, 1933 at Oak City, Utah.

Huldah and Charles were the parents of four boys: Frank Lawrence, born November 26, 1906 at Oak City, Utah; married Nelda Steele, October 12, 1928. Claude Fisk, born September 2, 1908 at Oak City; married Irene Steele, May 31, 1929. Ralph Allen, born February 24, 1912 at Oak City; died October 17, 1912. Dell F., born May 2, 1914 at Oak City; married Alice Bunker July 20, 1938.

Huldah died in Oak City, Utah, September 27, 1923.

ANNA SMITH FISK STOUT

1875

Anna was born April 8, 1875 in Rockville, Utah; died May 28, 1875.

MARION FISK STOUT

Marion was born November 20, 1876 in Rockville, Utah; married Caroline Christensen November 23, 1900. Caroline was the daughter of Christopher and Lora Ann Gifford Christensen, born December 27, 1881. One child was born to them: Cora, born May 30, 1902; died June 21, 1902. Caroline died December 2, 1902.

May 2, 1905, Marion married a second time to Mary Crawford, daughter of William Robinson and Cornelia Gifford Crawford. Mary was born April 19, 1887 in Springdale, Utah.

The children born to them are as follows: Lulu, born May 24, 1906 in Springdale, Utah; married Thomas C. Thorley June 25, 1928. Lulu's children are: Peggie, born September 30, 1931; Yolon, born June 12, 1933, and Jerry, born July 10, 1936. Lulu and Thomas live in Cedar City. Edwin Harvey, born October 11, 1907; married Nell Sylvester January 30, 1930; their children are: Vern, born January 31, 1931; LaNela, born October 15, 1934, and Maida, date of birth not known. Venona, born June 24, 1909; married Zealot Millet June 21, 1927; seven children have been born to this couple: Dorothy, born March 12, 1928; De Vola, born September 6, 1929; Keith born June 7, 1931; Veryl, born July 29, 1933; Allen J., born December 4, 1935; Carol, born October 4, 1938; and Richard (date of birth unknown). The Millets live in Cedar

City, Utah. Willard Fisk, born November 18, 1910; died February 6, 1916. Leah, born August 12, 1913 at Kolob (Mountain); married Rufus A. Pearce September 18, 1931; they have two children: Marily, born July 20, 1935 and Diana, born September 6, 1936. Leah and Rufus live in Los Angeles. Lawrence Fisk, born October 24, 1915 in Hurricane, Utah; married Margaret Heward August 21, 1939; at present they have one child, Hazel, born October 12, 1940. Deward Fisk, born April 10, 1917, in Hurricane; died October 27, 1941. Elton Fisk, born January 28, 1919; married Verlyn Wood September 13, 1941; they have one child: John Marion, born June 13, 1942. Maida, born July 22, 1920, in Hurricane; died February 14, 1924. Orvil Fisk, born January 25, 1922. Vaun, born September 26, 1923, in Hurricane; married Clyde Klingansmith October 17, 1941; one child, Sandra, born October 6, 1943. Alta, born April 3, 1927 in Hurricane. Rae, born July 24, 1928 in Hurricane. Boyd, born February 17, 1930 in Hurricane. Dell, born September 20, 1933.

Marion is the only living child of Allen Joseph Stout, a man whose sixty-seven years has been well spent in service to humanity. A farmer and cattleman by occupation he is now the grandfather of eighteen children.

AMANDA MELVINA FISK STOUT

Amanda Melvina Fisk, daughter of Alfred and Mariah Sager Fisk, was born in Silver Creek, Chautauqua County, New York, June 12, 1832. Silver Creek lies on the shores of Lake Erie in western New York.

Both the parents, Alfred Fisk and Mariah Sager, joined the Latter-day Saints soon after the Church was organized. It is very unfortunate that so little is known about the life of Alfred Fisk. Alfred Fisk is the tenth generation from Symond Fiske, an English Noble (1390-1464), and is the son of Hezekiah and Rhoda Walker Fisk, born January 8, 1806, in New York State. He married Mariah Sager about the year 1831. Mariah was the daughter of John and Amy Sweet Sager, born January 2, 1810. It is not known when and by whom the Sager and Fisk families were converted to Mormonism. It is known, however, that Parley P. Pratt and his companions passed through Chautauqua County in late 1830 on their first mission to the Indians. The journal of Pratt does not mention a stop in that region, however.

Soon after the birth of Amanda, June 12, 1832, the Fisks and Sagers all moved to Kirtland, Ohio, that they might be with the Saints. When Amanda was two years old (1834) she was blessed by the Prophet Joseph Smith, a great honor indeed. Early in 1834 the Prophet called for volunteers to go to Jackson County, Missouri, to redeem that land for the Saints. Alfred Fisk cheerfully offered his services. He made the long historical march in Zion's Camp to the banks of the Missouri River. Arriving there, cholera took the lives of fourteen members of the Camp. Alfred Fisk was one of them. For this reason he has the distinction of being the only person in this work of biography to have his name mentioned in the official church history. The exact date of his death is unknown, but the Prophet records that he was buried June 29, 1834.

This untimely death left Mariah and her daughter Amanda nearly alone in the world. The grand parents (Fisks and Sagers) were still with them, but what assistance they gave them is not known. These good people had one supreme objective in life, and that was to remain with the main body of the Saints. In the summer of 1835 they started for the new gathering place of the Saints in Missouri. The Fisk grand

parents probably accompanied them. (It cannot be determined whether the Sagers went west or not). When they arrived on the banks of the Missouri, at the exact spot where Alfred had died the previous year, Mariah took sick and died. She was buried beside her husband.

Amanda was now left alone in the world. This three-year old child probably went to live with her grand parents, Hezekiah and Rhodah Fisk, who were traveling west in the same company. This is only a supposition on the writer's part, since they were her only relatives left. Assuming this to be true, the Fisks went through the persecutions at Far West in 1838 and were finally driven from the state during the early months of 1839. The exposure and suffering incident to these drivings and lawlessness caused the death of Amanda's grand parents, Hezekiah and Rhodah Fisk, and five of their children. There were only three days separating the deaths of the elder Fisks (November 6 and 9, 1839), not long after they had arrived in Nauvoo. Amanda was then seven years old. It is impossible to figure out who took charge of the child from this time hence. The record shows that her mother's father, John Sager, was still alive, but whether he lived in Nauvoo is unknown. He died in 1843. If she lived with him then she was eleven years old when he passed away. The next five years of her life is a complete blank to this writer. She probably went west with the Saints in 1846. The blank history ends April 8, 1848, when she was hired by a widower, named Allen Joseph Stout, to care for his three children. This was the beginning of a new chapter in her life.

This beautiful young woman of 16 years did her work so well that she received a proposal of marriage from her employer. The marriage took place before the end of the same month, April 30, 1848. Brigham Young performed the ceremony—sealing them for time and all eternity. At the time of her marriage, Amanda had developed into a beautiful specimen of womanhood. She was a model of physical perfection. It was truly fortunate for her that her physical foundation was firm for the road of life just ahead was very rough.

During the next twenty-eight years this good woman gave birth to a child every two years. Two arrived before the journey west could begin. Her first physical break-down came at Independence Rock. There she became ill with inflammatory rheumatism, which seriously disabled her for the

rest of the journey. When the trip ended in Salt Lake she had to be lifted and carried gently into the house.

Those first years in Salt Lake were a great strain on Amanda. Only nineteen years of age, she was expected to show the judgment of a matured mother of forty-five. Either the children were sick or her frequent pregnancies sapped her strength to the breaking point. She managed, however, to go to the Endowment House, July 23, 1852, and receive her endowments.

In 1853 she followed her husband to Centerville, then in 1855 to Mill Creek. In the general exodus from Salt Lake Valley in June, 1858, the family settled in Pleasant Grove. When the call came to settle Dixie in 1861 she dreaded moving to a warm climate lest the heat unduly affect her fleshy body. She then weighed 250 pounds. She soon reconciled herself to the task when she realized it was a mission call from the Prophet.

The first winter in Harrisburg was a tough one for Amanda. Living in a tent and the old covered wagon caused Amanda to break down and suffer from rheumatism. These attacks were frequent when exposure to the wet weather was unavoidable. The two years in Glendale worked a great hardship on Amanda. Allen's sickness, the Indian troubles, and the poverty and lack of clothes placed a great responsibility on her. But she was equal to the task and played her part heroically like all great pioneers of her day. After the family was forced out of Long Valley in 1866 and went to St. George, they experienced a new low in poverty and want. This must have been a trying time for Amanda. These trials affect the women folk more than the men. On top of the poverty came the death of Orlando, (her first loss), then all the children were sick due to a change in altitude and water.

Amanda's health did not begin to break until May, 1875, when she suffered a serious attack of rheumatism and dropsy, which kept her on the sick list for several weeks. After the birth of her last son, Marion, November 20, 1876, she suffered another severe attack of dropsy. This kept her bed fast for a much longer period. She was well in April, 1877, when she attended the General Conference of the Church in St. George. The occasion being the dedication of the Temple. During the next eight years she was privileged to go to the temple and do a lot of temple work for her dead. May 16,

1885, while in Rockville, she fell and broke her leg. This injury never entirely healed. She was taken to her son David's home where she remained until July 24. By that time she could walk a few steps by the aid of crutches. Her leg caused much pain and suffering.

June 9, 1887, Amanda went to St. George to attend the State Conference, but was sick the entire time, so never received much satisfaction from the trip. She developed dyspepsia and dropsy which kept her from completely regaining her health. She suffered another fall December 1, 1887, which caused her much trouble. January 9, 1888, Amanda had paralysis in her left side which made her speechless and muscle bound on the same side. It was February before she could speak, and late March before she could sit up in a chair. In June she was much improved. A falling tree injured the house so Allen took his wife to David's home for better care. September 18 Amanda suffered a severe stroke which paralyzed every part of her body. She was speechless and unconscious until the end, September 21. She had fought a great fight and won triumphantly.

ISAIAH COX

ST. GEORGE'S TEMPLE BUILDER

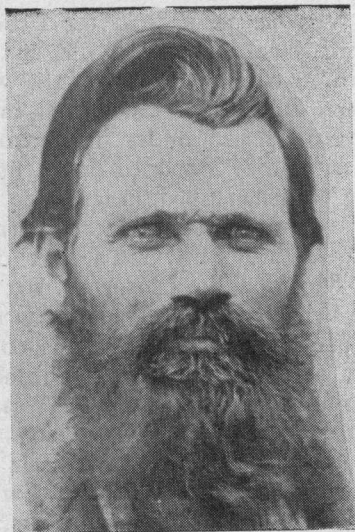
The Ozark mountains in Missouri might have been the permanent home of the Cox family today had it not been for the faithful missionary labors of Benjamin L. Clapp, a young Mormon elder, who came to that country to preach the gospel to those who were seeking light. The descendants of that Cox family might still have been living in spiritual darkness and ignorance among those rugged hills had not God sent His messenger to seek out the honest in heart. Jehu and Sarah Cox, the parents of Isaiah, had heard this message, believed it was true, and had accepted it unconditionally. This conversion took place in 1838, somewhere in Crawford County, Missouri. Isaiah, the principal in this narrative, was not born until over a year later, May 18, 1839.

Isaiah, the tenth child in a family of sixteen, was born in a pioneer environment so antique he never out lived its fascination. His fifty-seven years were spent in building up the waste places of Zion. This mission began when he was only six months old. His father, inspired by the gospel's urge to gather with the saints, moved to Adams County (south of Quincy), Illinois. There he rented land and worked on a farm for two seasons. In the spring of 1842 the spirit urged him (Isaiah's father) to be nearer the saints so they moved to Hancock County and settled on a farm only three miles from Nauvoo. It was on this farm that Isaiah spent four very important years of his life. Whether he ever remembers seeing the prophet Joseph Smith is unknown. Isaiah was five years old when the Prophet was killed so he couldn't have comprehended its significance.

Two days after Isaiah's seventh birthday, May 20, 1846, he crossed the Mississippi river with his parents and then began the long ride across the state of Iowa. In Council Bluffs he saw his older brother, Henderson, march off with the Mormon Battalion, never to be seen alive again. His parents lived in and around Winter Quarters two years before the trek to the Rockies began. The journey began on Isaiah's ninth birthday, May 18, 1848, and ended one hundred and twenty-nine days later, September 24, 1848.

After the family's arrival in the valley they spent the first six months in the city, then moved to Cottonwood, known

today as Union. His father was the first settler there. Five days before Isaiah reached his tenth birthday, May 13, 1849, he was baptized and confirmed a member of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by John Lowry. This sacred ordinance inspired him to be faithful in his church duties. He was ordained a deacon at the aged of twelve and magnified



ISAIAH COX
1839-1896

The husband of four women, Father
of 29 children, Grand-father of 145
children.

that calling with ever increasing diligence. At the age of sixteen he was ordained a teacher by his bishop, Silas Richards, his own father assisting in the ordinance, December 6, 1855.

Meanwhile in 1854 the saints in Union were troubled by the Indians. The pioneers of Union, in self-defense, built a twelve-foot wall around a ten-acre lot which was given to the town by Isaiah's father, and then the entire population moved into the enclosure where they were secure against the Indians. Isaiah did his share in both the construction of the wall and night guarding.

Living within this ten-acre fort was a widow named Asenath Slafter Janes, and her seventeen-year old daughter,

Henrietta. Isaiah and Henrietta were forced to meet and become acquainted, living so closely together. Isaiah's sixteen and one-half years did not stop him from marrying Henrietta who was four years his senior. The marriage took place January 1, 1856—Silas Richards, their bishop, performed the ceremony. Their first daughter, Henrietta, arrived November 25, 1856.

Isaiah took a very active part in the Echo Canyon war. He joined Lot Smith's company and did his part to harass Johnston's Army in its attempt to reach the valley. He was one of the forty-three rough-riders who left camp October 3, 1857, without provisions and under instructions to board at Uncle Sam's expense. They swooped down upon two unsuspecting government trains camped near Little Sandy and set fire to all fifty-two wagons filled with army supplies. When the trainmaster protested: "For God's sake don't burn the trains," one of the Mormon boys retorted that it was for His sake that they were being burned." Isaiah saw real action during the remainder of the war. He and his companions took to cattle rustling on a large scale. At Mountaineer Fort they appropriated one hundred and fifty head of cattle which was sent to the Saints in the valley. A few days later his group spotted a herd of 1,400 head of cattle at Ham's Fork. Swooping down upon them with wild yells the cowboys soon had the terrified animals on the run. Their keepers, equal in number, stood as in a stupor strangely inactive. The Mormon cowboys drove this herd to Utah but later returned them to the army at camp Floyd. After the army was forced into winter quarters at Fort Bridger, Isaiah returned to the valley. Early in February, 1858, it looked like the army would be permitted to enter the valley as a compromise. Brigham Young had counseled the saints to pack up and move south, probably to Sonora. Isaiah and Henrietta saw the need for completing their marriage ties before another long journey might prevent them entirely from being sealed to each other for all eternity. Consequently they went to the Endowment House February 10, 1858, and were sealed by President Heber C. Kimball. In May they moved to Utah county where they remained until the "pardon" had been accepted, and the "return exodus" began.

The town of Union had become quite a settlement by 1858. It was too well settled for the Cox family. Jehu and sons were frontiersmen by nature as well as by trade. When the town became too populous that was a gentle reminder to move on. Isaiah, true to Cox tradition, moved on. The entire Cox tribe journeyed to Mt. Pleasant in search of new and fresh countries to conquer. The land in and around Mt. Pleasant was already claimed. Before they could look elsewhere for unclaimed land, Henrietta gave birth to their first son. They named him Isaiah, Junior. He was the first white child to be born in Mt. Pleasant. (June 5, 1859.)

Thirty miles north of Mt. Pleasant was a beautiful meadow land ideal for sheep and cattle. It was situated at the great bend of the river. For this reason it became known as North Bend. Cox and sons moved in a body to these free lands. Isaiah the carpenter, Jehu the farmer and Elias the scholar, furnished the future town of Fairview with human material that any pioneer community might well be proud of. A town site was laid out and each head of a family built a home so that within a year a wilderness was converted into a live community. June 30, 1861, a third edition was made to Isaiah's home. Julia, the second daughter, and the writer's mother, came to bless and comfort their home. Very shortly after her birth, Isaiah received a very important call from Brigham Young. He called him on a mission to go and settle Dixie. Isaiah was the only son of Jehu who was called to make this settlement. Leaving friends and loved ones and going into a new rough country where everybody was strangers tested his faith and character to the limit. Arriving in St. George the following October, he found himself a part of a large company of colonists, some three hundred strong, who had arrived there simultaneously. Other parts of Washington County had been settled as early as 1852, but Isaiah and family were in the group that first settled St. George.

Washington County was one of the most difficult regions in the west to pioneer and develop. Brigham Young had been informed that in the south a warm climate existed which would support the growth of cotton. Anxious to make Utah independent in the manufacture of clothing he called many families as missionaries to build up Dixie as a cotton center. Isaiah, the practical builder, was the logical man to call for such a great mission.



ISAIAH COX AND FAMILY, 1877 - Back row: Sarah, Julia, Isaiah Jr., David. Front row: (adults only) Martha, Henrietta, Isaiah and Elizabeth.

The thirty years following 1861 were critical in the domestic affairs of the Cox family. Some very violent waters flowed under the bridge during those strenuous years. Isaiah's work was always connected with the building industry. Being an expert carpenter, in terms of that day, he could be found wherever there was construction. He did the skilled workmanship on the old St. George tabernacle which was built in the sixties. He assembled the first reaper that was brought into Dixie. He brought the first horse-power thrashing machine into Washington County and operated it for many years. He was also the first to bring a hay mower into St. George. These were peaceful waters that flowed under the bridge. The violent waters began to flow in 1865 when polygamy was brought home to the family.

October 28, 1865, Isaiah, with the full consent of Henrietta, his first wife, married Elizabeth Ann Stout, daughter of Hosea Stout. Their honeymoon was quite different from 1941 style. They left St. George in an old wagon and traveled all the way to Salt Lake over rough roads—all for divine reasons. How many brides in 1941 would be willing to take so cheerfully such punishment, all for the sake of religion? In the Endowment House they took their vows, then they were married for all eternity by George Q. Cannon. The distance back to St. George was cut in half once the two were made into one. Elizabeth dreaded the arrival in St. George. How could she face Henrietta? Much depended upon that reception. Henrietta's reaction to the new situation might make or destroy Isaiah's future home. Elizabeth related her experience on arrival in St. George. The reception was everything it should be. Henrietta ran out to meet them with open arms, gave them each a very affectionate hug and a kiss. A more hearty welcome could not have been given. Only a noble-hearted brave woman could have done what Henrietta did. Weak characters would have reacted quite differently. The reception made a very profound impression upon Elizabeth. She resolved if another woman came into the family that she would receive her in open arms. Four years later she was given an opportunity to put this resolution to a test. (She made good on her resolution.) December 6, 1869, Isaiah married Martha Cragun, daughter of James and Eleanor Lane Cragun. This young lady proved to be the brains of the family. Her life was spent in the school room. Sixty years of teaching expe-

rience gave her an education few in Utah possessed. The writer who was once her pupil can truthfully testify he never saw a more brilliant teacher in action. A few quotations from her writings are fitting at this point to give us a picture of her reaction to the doctrine of plural marriage. Her writings also give us a clear picture of Mormon opinion in general on polygamy, the mental sufferings of those who entered into this order, and the sacrifices which they made to live that principle.

"My decision to marry into a plural family tried my family, all of them. In giving them this trial, it sorely tried myself. I had studied out the matter. I knew the principle of plural marriage to be correct, to be the highest, holiest order of marriage. I knew too that I might fail to live the holy life required and lose the blessings offered. If I had not learned before to go to the Lord with my burdens, I surely learned to go to Him now. Having decided to enter this order it seemed I had passed the Rubicon. I could not go back, tho I fain would have done so rather than incur the hatred of my family. If the Lord would have manifested an answer to my sleepless nights of prayer that the principle of plural marriage was wrong and it was not the will of heaven that I should enter it, I felt I should be happy. But it only made me miserable beyond endurance when I tried to recede from the decision I had made to enter it. My only relief was in prayer and prayer only strengthened my resolve to leave father, mother and all for, I scarcely knew what. I was sorry sometimes that I had taken up the question at all, but having assumed it I could not recede and I found relief only in prayer when the holy spirit gave me inspiration and made it plain to me that it was the only source thru which I could attain salvation."

What a beautiful testimony this is. The young people of 1941 believe they have killing decisions to make, but first listen to this seventeen-year old product of Mormonism relate the consequences of her decision:

"When the final decision was made known to my family that I could not recede from my purpose, the storm broke upon my head. It was not a marriage of love they claimed, and in saying so they struck me a blow, for I could not say that I had really loved the man as lovers love, though I loved his wives and the spirit of their home. I could not assure my family that my marriage was gotten up solely on the foundation of love for the man. The fact was, I had asked the Lord



Henrietta
1835-1917

THE WIVES OF ISAIAH COX
Elizabeth
1848-1935

No finer women ever lived.

Martha
1852-1932

to lead me in the right way for my best good and the way to fit me for a place in His kingdom. He had told me how to go and I must follow in the path He dictated and that was all there was to it."

We monogamists may think our cross is heavy, but not after reading this brave woman's testimony.

"It has always seemed to me that plural marriage was the leading principle among the Latter-day Saints, and when I came to know how generally my action in going into it was denounced, especially the fact that I had married into poverty, I was saddened and well nigh surprised. When in my mind I took a survey of our little town (St. George) I could locate but a very few men, not one in fifty of the whole city, who had entered into it at all. One who had been my admiring friend said: 'It is all very well for those girls who cannot very well get good young men for husbands to take married men, but she (meaning me) had no need to lower herself for there were young men she could have gotten.' He and other friends 'cold shouldered' me and made uncomplimentary remarks. The good kind women whom I had chosen to share the burden of life with gave me strength and comfort with their sympathy and love, and I retired within the home and like the porcupine rolled myself into a ball when my enemies approached and showed them only my quills. But when thinking it over soberly, I would come to the conclusion that the public dealt with me as charitably as I could expect it to do; and I blamed no one not even my own family for their coolness toward me.

"I began to realize my own imperfections now, and I am grateful to my Father that I had wisdom from Him to see and know them. Adopting the rules and regulations of my husband's family order already established, I had to submit to an almost entire reversal of my nature and habits. The greatest foe I had to meet was my hot Irish temper that had always swayed me when occasion aroused it. Many times the words of McCarty would be brought to my mind: 'Remember in your home to speak no words when angry.' When I disobeyed that injunction it always brought me sorrow."

These writings describe the conditions as they were in the home of Isaiah Cox. His home was the United Order in miniature. It was founded on character, integrity, virtue and charity. These are the four pillars on which a plural family is builded. If the institution is to succeed, the human



ELIZABETH ANN STOUT COX AND HER FAMILY.

Left to right: Mary E. Lee, Ruth W. Ferree, Jedidiah, Marion, Elizabeth Cox, Warren, Louisa Jepson, and Henderson Elias.

factor must be noble, the mind broad, and the heart richly endowed with a strong sense of justice. The women as well as the man must live in harmony with God's teachings, possess a strong testimony that their relationships are divine, and live the gospel in word as well as in deed. The plural home of Isaiah Cox lived up to these standards. His own children testify that these standards were lived up to in every deed. Note the words of his daughter Mary: "It is a joy to know that we layed the foundation of a life to come while we lived in that plural marriage." Sarah another daughter says: "He raised a good family—no smokers or drinkers among them. His wives lived together peaceably and loved each other."

Brigham Young came to St. George in 1871 and proposed to the saints that they build a temple. This met the overwhelming approval of the people in Dixie. Isaiah Cox was overjoyed at the prospect for it gave promise of employment. Work was soon begun, all members making a liberal contribution both in time and money. Isaiah made a very generous contribution by furnishing skilled labor which otherwise would have had to be imported. He worked continuously on the temple until all the skilled labor was completed.

If a tree is to be judged by its fruits and a man by his word, then on that supposition Isaiah Cox can be acknowledged to be an honest man. Early in 1876 Isaiah signed a note for a loan of seven hundred dollars. He used this money to buy stock in the famous Grand Gulch mine. The investment was reputed to be absolutely safe. The mine possessed every ear-mark of a fabulous fortune for its owners. Isaiah unfortunately succumbed under high pressure. Mr. Blackburn, the promoter, after selling as much stock as possible, skipped the country, leaving Isaiah and others holding the bag. The holders of the notes naturally demanded their money. Seven hundred dollars was a lot of money for a man of Isaiah's means to pay while supporting three wives and thirteen children, but Isaiah repayed the note in full.

In 1884 Isaiah was called on a mission to help colonize the Lower Muddy (Nevada). Taking one of his wives, he located at Overton, Nevada. There he secured land and built a home. Soon there were enough church members to justify the organization of a ward. Isaiah was chosen Bishop December 29, 1884, and held that position one year. His mission

completed, he returned to St. George arriving there in the midst of the great raid.

1887 in Dixie was epochal. It was a year of crisis for the Cox family. The passage of the Edmonds-Tucker act caused the scattering of a united family. Henrietta went to live with her daughter Henrietta Stout in Rockville, Martha went to teach in small mining towns of Nevada, and Elizabeth



MARY JANE MILLET COX AND HER FAMILY - 1900

Left to right: Mary Effie, Charles Chester, Mary Jane Millet Cox, Isaiah Joseph and Luther Orson Cox.

"escaped" into nowhere. Isaiah did not fear the Marshalls nor was he intimidated by the congressional act. With the full approval of his three wives, he married a fourth, Mary Jane Millet, September 22, 1888. The marriage took place in the St. George temple. To avoid complications with the law, he took his young wife to Colonia Juarez, Mexico where he remained until 1892.

Isaiah married a fifth wife. November 29, 1888, Isaiah married Sophie Annie Morris in the St. George Temple. Annie was born April 27, 1869 in Grafton. This marriage was a failure so after Isaiah returned from Mexico the St. George Stake President recommended to President Wilford Woodruff that the marriage be annulled, which was done,

January 10, 1892. This unfortunate incident did not cause Isaiah's first three wives to ask for an annulment as some people believe.

The last four years of Isaiah's life were spent in his old home in St. George. He lived to see Utah enter the union as a fully sovereign state, thus ending a forty year struggle. At the time of his death, April 11, 1896, he had twenty-nine children, twenty-two of whom were living when the end came. These twenty-two grew to adulthood, married and raised families.

DESCENDANTS OF ISAAH COX

Isaiah was a busy man during his fifty-seven years. He was the father of twenty-nine children and the grandfather of one hundred and forty-five. Thirteen of his children are alive in October, 1943, one hundred and twenty-three of his grandchildren are living today. The writer experienced much difficulty in securing the data found in the following pages. Some of Isaiah's descendants have no appreciation for the values of genealogy. If the greatest mission of the Church is to seek after our dead, then many a Cox will need to be converted to the Gospel.

In presenting this material the descendants of Isaiah's first wife (outside the Stout families) will be given first, in the order of their age. The children of the second wife, next, the third and fourth wives follow:

ISAAH COX, JUN.

1859-

Isaiah was the first white child born in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah, June 5, 1859. Isaiah married Abigail McMullen, November 15, 1882, in the St. George Temple. Eight children were born to them: Walter M., born August 11, 1883, in Leeds, Washington County, Utah; married Lottie McNeil, February 24, 1904, in the St. George Temple. Later this couple was divorced. Walter then married Mrs. Helen Hasliffe. Mary Ann, born January 23, 1885, in Harrisburg; married William Worthen November 16, 1904; they had two children. Willard Glover, born February 13, 1887; died August 7, 1887. Abbie, born June 1, 1888, in Harrisburg; married Theodore Nebeker about the year 1909; they had two children. This couple was divorced a few years later so Abbie then married C. E. Moore about the year 1919. They live in Los Angeles. Wilford Fenton, born

August 20, 1890; never married. Lawrence James, born March 4, 1893 in Harrisburg; married Frances Huntsman June 3, 1920; ten children were born to this couple. Elson Holmes, born October 15, 1896, in St. George; married Sybil Swapp October 16, 1916; they have four children. Henrietta, born April 12, 1900, in St. George; married Lawrence Alvin Trinkaas January 29, 1919. Their one child, Thelma, was born February 13, 1920, at St. George. Thelma married Erwin James Pastor October 12, 1940. She has one child, Edwin James Pastor, born May 12, 1942. Henrietta and Lawrence Trinkaas were divorced in 1920 so on May 28, 1928, Henrietta married Wesley Fenton Knee at San Francisco. One child, Doris Mamie, was born October 21, 1930 at Alameda, California.

Isaiah's wife, Abigail, died March 28, 1904 in St. George. Eight years later Isaiah married Ann Elizabeth Middleton February 8, 1912 in the St. George Temple. Ann was born January 21, 1869 in Cedar City, Utah. No children were born to this union. For many years after this marriage Isaiah lived in Moapa, Nevada. At present he and wife live in St. George.

DAVID JEHU COX

1864-

David was born June 18, 1864 in St. George, Utah; married LuEmma Elizabeth Perkins January 1, 1888 in the St. George Temple. LuEmma is the daughter of Warren and Sarah Lamb Perkins, born May 2, 1872 in St. George, Utah. Twelve children came from this union: LuEmma, born March 25, 1889 in St. George, Utah; married Hyrum T. Clark October 6, 1907. Eunice Virginia, born February 18, 1891 in Overton, Clark County, Nevada; married Charles W. Raymond in 1925. Hazel Martha, born February 11, 1893 in Overton, Nevada; died September 4, 1898. David Jehu, born June 27, 1895 in Overton; married Leone Calderwood August 11, 1919. Teaches school in Berkeley, California. Grant, born March 27, 1897, in Overton; married Florence Barlow June 21, 1921. One son was born to this couple before they separated about the year 1928. Grant never married again, lives in Del Ray, California. June, born December 18, 1898, in Overton; married Bertha M. Barlow April 7, 1921. Bertha was born December 16, 1903 in Salinas, California. One son, Gerald, was born June 17, 1922 and is

now (1943) serving his country in the great war. June and Bertha separated in 1929. June married a second time to Alberta Lucille Green March 2, 1936 in the Salt Lake Temple. Alberta was born January 5, 1909 in Provo, Utah. Three children have been born: David R., born November 21, 1936; Raymond L., born October 9, 1938, and Joyce Ann, born May 20, 1942. Verna, born February 8, 1901 in Overton; died November 14, 1916. William Snow, born March 30, 1903 in Overton; married Lucille Miller June 22, 1931. William, or "Bill" as he was known at the University of Utah, was Utah's greatest discus and shotput thrower. Jay Ross, born April 24, 1906 in Overton; married Eva Helen Tulla January 2, 1932. Eva was born December 24, 1913. Ross is now serving his country in the army. Iola, born October 12, 1909 in Logan, Cache County, Utah; married Harold H. Parker February 21, 1936. Harold Parker was born November 18, 1908 in Foresman, Indiana. The Parkers live in Los Angeles. Leah, born May 7, 1911 in Logan; married LeRoy A. Farrin January 15, 1930. Margaret Louise, born September 2, 1913 in Logan; married Earley A. Stewart September 25, 1939. Earley was born April 24, 1915, in La Junta, Colorado.

David and family moved from Logan to Ogden late in 1916. David, greatly misunderstood, lived a very unhappy life. His wife, LuEmma, divorced him and married a man named Barlow and moved to Los Angeles.

David married a second time to Annie Elizabeth Jones, April 3, 1888. Annie is the daughter of Thomas J. and Emily Miller Jones, born March 26, 1867 at Panaca, Lincoln County, Nevada.

Five children were born to them: Ivie Jones, born July 5, 1890 in Bunkerville, Lincoln County, Nevada; married Alma Leavitt October 22, 1907. Ten children were born to this couple. They reside in Las Vegas, Nevada. Annie Irene, born June 17, 1893, in Bunkerville; married John M. Whiting November 29, 1912; they have five children. Thelma Lucille, born December 20, 1895; died October 26, 1936. Before her death she was engaged to marry Elmer J. Hobbs, so on May 26, 1937, she was sealed to him in the Temple. Kathleen, born February 17, 1899, in Bunkerville; married George H. Owen March 17, 1920. They have four children. George H. Owen died June 16, 1938 in Salt Lake City. Kath-

leen lives in Salt Lake City; her oldest son is married. David Marriner, born August 28, 1901 in Bunkerville; married Verda Belle Leavitt December 20, 1922; five children were born to them.

When David returned from his mission in 1908 he went to Logan where his first wife had moved during his absence. He never returned to Bunkerville again. His neglect of his second wife, Annie, was the greatest mistake of his life. A better woman never lived nor a more faithful and devoted wife could David have found than was Annie. The bitter experience which David suffered in later years is probably the Lord's method of punishing him for breaking his marriage promises to her. Annie is now living in Bunkerville and is well provided for while David lives in Ogden in an old shack, friendless and alone. His children visit him rarely so his case is a very pitiful one.

ARTEMESIA COX BLACK

Artemesia was born July 1, 1877 in St. George, Utah; married George Ayers Black November 30, 1900 in the St. George Temple. George was the son of William V. and Victoria Ayers Black, born March 3, 1861 at Spring City, Utah. George had previously married Emily Partridge, with whom he had six children, namely: Edward, Shirley, Donald, Geneva, Karl and Victor. Emily died November 25, 1899, a short time after Victor was born. Artemesia assumed a great responsibility in raising these children to maturity but she accomplished the task well.

A description of Artemesia's children follows: Golda, born October 31, 1901, at Hinckley, Utah; married Frank G. Lewis December 21, 1926. June W., born December 3, 1903 in Ibapah, Tooele County, Utah; married Thelma Reid April 12, 1927 in one of the Temples. June is now the post-master at Delta, Utah. Alma C., born January 15, 1907, at Guadalupe, Chihuahua, Mexico; married Marion Ross March 6, 1933. Alma is an expert in the production of honey. Georgia, born October 19, 1908, in Guadalupe, Mexico; married Edgar H. Foutz February 6, 1943. Georgia was born four and a half months after her father was killed (May 30, 1908) by the Mexicans. This incident is described elsewhere in this history, but it put "Aunt Micha", as she is better known, in a very precarious position. She had the responsibility of a farm and the care of a large family on her hands.

She was fortunate in having some dependable and hard-working step-sons who did the farm work equally as well as their father could have done. She lost her property as a result of the 1912 exodus from Mexico so she made her home in Hinckley, Utah, until about the year 1937, when she moved to Salt Lake City.

The children of Isaiah Cox by Elizabeth Ann Stout Cox are as follows:

HOSEA ISAIAH COX
1866-1868

Hosea was born June 11, 1866, at St. George, Utah, and died March 21, 1868.

MARY ELIZABETH COX LEE

Mary was born December 7, 1867, in St. George, Utah; married Milton Lafayette Lee June 14, 1885. Milton was the son of Francis and Jane Vail Johnson Lee, born February 4, 1853 at Tooele, Utah. Their three children are: Wallace Cox, born May 22, 1888 at St. George and died March 20, 1896. Rose Edith, born November 7, 1889 at St. George, Utah, married John T. Jarvis September 14, 1909. Three girls and one boy were born to this couple. Rose's husband, John T. Jarvis, who served in the Bishopric at Hinckley for several years, died August 17, 1923. Rose married Joseph S. Nielson February 4, 1925. They have one girl. Lafayette Cox, born July 31, 1894 at St. George, Utah; married Pearl Mortensen, daughter of James Mortensen who lived near Guadalupe, Mexico, for many years. Immediately after Lafayette's marriage he and his wife were called on a mission to Japan, where they spent four years. Two of their six children were born while serving on that mission. Lafayette later served in the Deseret Stake Presidency.

Mary's husband, Milton, died April 13, 1894. Later Mary moved to Hinckley, Utah, where she spent most of her life.

HENDERSON ELIAS COX
1870-1941

Henderson was born April 20, 1870 in St. George, Utah; married Emma Rosetta Hunt May 24, 1894 in the St. George Temple. Emma is the daughter of Isaac and Parthy Ann Barney Hunt, born November 2, 1873, in St. George, Utah.

To this couple eleven children were born: LeRoy Hen-

derson, born March 11, 1895 in St. George; married Lillian Orton July 11, 1921. Four children resulted. For eight years LeRoy served as District Judge in the Fifth Judicial District in Utah. Partha Ann, born September 8, 1896 in St. George; died February 17, 1897. Elizabeth, born March 27, 1898 in St. George; married Robert E. Murphy June 16, 1919 in San Diego, California. Her only child, Helen Elizabeth was born February 5, 1921 in San Bernardino, California. Helen was married February 13, 1942 to Denner Franklin Cook, who is now serving his country in the Army. Elizabeth's husband, Dr. Murphy, is a chiropodist in Los Angeles, California. Pearl, born December 12, 1899, in St. George; died April 10, 1900. Elden Wayne, born April 2, 1901 in St. George; never married. Marion Edwin, born July 8, 1903 in St. George; married Lucile Schiss July 28, 1926 in the Logan Temple. They had two children. Their home is in Providence, Utah. Hyrum Hunt, born November 27, 1905 in St. George; married Nellie Iverson November 9, 1935. Emma, born May 21, 1908 in St. George; married Floyd B. Burton February 10, 1926. Four children have been born to them. Nellie, born March 30, 1911 in St. George; married Horace Edward Slade February 12, 1937. They had three children Rulon Barney, born February 11, 1913 in St. George; married Ida May Iverson July 14, 1934. They have two children. Robert Edgar, born October 9, 1919 in St. George; married Rena Neilson December 26, 1941.

Henderson was a blacksmith. His character, sturdy as the anvil on which he shaped his metals, left this world a better place for having lived in it. The end came February 8, 1941 in St. George.

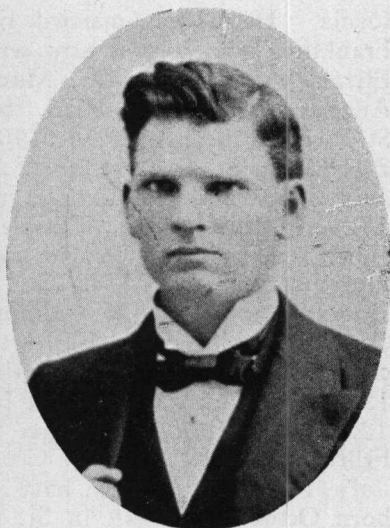
WARREN COX

Warren was born Independence Day, 1872 in St. George, Utah; married Mary Etta Lee September 5, 1894 in the St. George Temple. Mary is the daughter of John Nelson and Melissa Keziah Rollins Lee, born April 6, 1875 at Minersville, Utah. Their eleven children are: Paul Raymond, born June 17, 1895 at St. George, and died the same day. Warren Lee, born June 17, 1896 at Shivits Indian Reservation in Washington County, Utah; married Golda M. Prince June 12, 1919. Warren Lee, died October 8, 1932. Areta, born July 9, 1898 at De La Mar, Lincoln County,

Nevada; married Vernon Church June 14, 1917. Melvin Eugene, born December 18, 1900, in St. George, Utah; married Harriet Hoyt August 23, 1924. Lida, born May 19, 1903 in St. George, Utah; married William Harvey Prince March 31, 1921. Leona, born December 21, 1905 in St.



WARREN COX - 1872
Financially, the most successful son of Isaiah Cox.



EDWARD ISAIAH COX
1874-1940
Bishop and Statesman.

George; married Rudger C. Atkin February 5, 1925. Vinal Loraine, born February 25, 1908 in St. George; married Anna Carter September 12, 1929. Kenneth LaVon, born January 11, 1910 in St. George; married Anna Ida Farrer February 12, 1936. Marie, born June 11, 1913 in St. George, Utah; married Athe Meeks March 15, 1933. Irene, born July 13, 1915 in St. George; married Walter S. Brooks August 1, 1939. Noma, born November 25, 1918 in St. George, Utah; married Richard S. Bentley December 19, 1934.

Warren Cox has been the most successful in business of any of the Coxes. For many years an automobile dealer and hotel proprietor, he is still one of Dixie's leading citizens.

MARION WAYNE COX

1874-1897

Marion was born November 20, 1874 in St. George, Utah; died September 25, 1897.

LOUISA COX JEPSON

1877-1907

Louisa, veteran school teacher, was born December 2, 1877 in St. George, Utah; married James Anthony Jepson October 26, 1905. James was the son of James and Lucinda Sorenson Jepson, born 1878 at Virgin, Utah. To this couple was born one child, Marion Wayne Jepson, June 20, 1906 at St. George, Utah. Eight months later Louisa died, February 19, 1907. Marion was reared by relatives. Marion married Jane Huffaker March 27, 1942.

JEDEDIAH COX

"Uncle Jed," as he is better known, was born March 27, 1881, in St. George, Utah; married Rachel Hunt October 20, 1903. Rachel is the daughter of Isaac and Partha Ann Barney Hunt, born March 27, 1886 in St. George, Utah.

Five children were born to this couple: Lewis Hunt, born June 13, 1906 in St. George; married Ann I. Cambell June 1, 1927. Ruth, born October 8, 1908 in St. George; married Russel H. Walter October 25, 1927. Paul J., born May 27, 1913 at Hinckley, Utah; married Mary R. McMullen March 18, 1935. Louisa, born January 20, 1916 in Hinckley; married Bruce N. Bulloch August 2, 1933. Grant H., born July 9, 1917 in Hinckley; married Margie V. Black October 7, 1939.

After Jedediah left Hinckley he lived for a period in Cedar City, Utah; now he is living in Los Angeles, California.

RUTH WINONA COX FERREE

Ruth was born August 18, 1886 in St. George, Utah; married Edgar L. Ferree April 27, 1907. They have no children. Ruth left the Mormon church.

The children of Isaiah Cox by his third wife, Martha Cragun, are as follows: Martha Elenor, born January 11, 1871; died two days later.

ROSANNAH COX BUNKER

1872-1933

"Rose" was born May 29, 1872 in St. George, Utah; married Francis Neil Bunker November 1, 1893 in the St. George Temple.

Their seven children are: Neil, born September 14, 1894 in Bunkerville, Nevada; killed in an accident August 15, 1911, near Pearson, Mexico. Amelia, born February 21, 1896 in Bunkerville; married Edward Leavitt February 24, 1915; died October 29, 1926 in Salt Lake City. Woodruff, born January 12, 1898; married Ruth Anderson March 25, 1919. Francis Marion, born January 3, 1900 in St. George, Utah; married Leah Boyd March 29, 1928. Edward McQuarrie, born April 2, 1902 at Colonia Diaz, Mexico; married Margaret Hyde May 13, 1929. Martha Mae, born February 2, 1904 at Colonia Morales, Sonora, Mexico; married Donald Judkins March 12, 1931. Frank Lane, born June 19, 1907 at Guadalupe, Mexico; married Delpha Readick June 22, 1938.

Shortly after Frank's birth, Rose separated from Francis, and lived in Utah most of her life after 1912. She died August 22, 1933.

EDWARD ISAAH COX
1874-1940

Edward was born June 9, 1874 in St. George, Utah; married May Emily Bunker March 8, 1900. May is the daughter of Edward and Mary McQuarrie Bunker, born November 27, 1876 in Panguitch, Utah.* Edward served as a missionary in the Southern States from 1897-1899 and as Bishop of the Bunkerville Ward from 1912 to 1919.

Seven children were born to them: Edward Bunker, born February 18, 1901, in Bunkerville, Nevada; married Fannie L. Caldwell June 4, 1925. They have three children: Fern, born October 15, 1903 in Bunkerville; married Nephi L. Anderson February 15, 1941 in the Salt Lake Temple. Two children (twins) have been born to them. After graduating from the University of Utah (about the year 1926) Fern taught school in Salt Lake City until after her marriage. Kenyon, born June 27, 1906 in Bunkerville; died November 9, 1928. Emlyn Lane, born April 11, 1909 in Bunkerville, Clark County, Nevada; married Edith A. Newton June 20, 1937. Rose, born June 9, 1911 in Bunkerville; married Robert Brown February 6, 1936. They have two children. David, born August 4, 1914 in Bunkerville; married Helen White September 16, 1940. They have one child, Mary, born October 8, 1916 in Bunkerville; married Everett L. Gurnsey August 22, 1938.

*May Emily Cox died June 27, 1944.

Soon after Edward was released as Bishop of the Bunkerville Ward he moved to Salt Lake City where he lived for many years. He died at Auburn, California October 4, 1940 and was buried in Salt Lake City four days later. His wife, May, is in very poor health at Hayward, California, where she is living with her daughter, Rose.

FRANKLIN LANE COX

Franklin was born September 4, 1876 in St. George, Utah; married Eletra Earl September 24, 1903 in the St. George Temple. Eletra was the daughter of Joseph I. and Eletra Bunker Earl, born November 1, 1882 in Bunkerville, Nevada. She died April 24, 1938 at St. George, Utah.

The children of Franklin and Eletra are as follows: Verna Calista, born June 26, 1904 in Bunkerville, Clark County, Nevada; married James A. Mortensen October 3, 1929. Emerald Loine, born April 18, 1907 in Bunkerville; married Elsie Burgess June 28, 1928. Owen Earl, born July 6, 1909 in Bunkerville; married Grace Lund June 19, 1930. LaRue, born February 8, 1911 in St. George, Utah; married Edward H. Jefferies June 4, 1941. Harold D., born January 7, 1914 in St. George; married Inez Larson October 9, 1940. Evy Rean, born October 5, 1917 in St. George; married Dudley M. Leavitt May 12, 1939. Dudley is now the Bishop of the Boulder City Ward, Nevada. Frank Earl, born February 23, 1920 in St. George. Is now serving his country in the navy. Merrill Cragun, born July 25, 1922 in St. George. Is also serving his country in the army. Franklin spent most of his life as a farmer.

AMELIA COX

1878-1890

Amelia was born October 24, 1878 in St. George, Utah; died October 2, 1890.

AMY COX

1880-1881

Amy was born October 28, 1880 in St. George, Utah; died August 2, 1881.

EVELYN COX BUNKER

Evelyn was born November 23, 1884 in St. George, Utah; married Francis Neil Bunker October 29, 1907 in Mexico. Francis is the son of Edward (Bunkerville's first Bishop) and Mary McQuarrie Bunker, born September 20, 1873 in Panguitch, Garfield County, Utah. Their nine

children are: Rose, born August 30, 1908 at Guadalupe, Chihuahua, Mexico. Ruth Aileen, born August 13, 1910, in Guadalupe, Mexico; married Oswald Hardman November 29, 1933. Oswald is now Bishop of the 30th Ward in Salt Lake City. Jay Stewart, born September 24, 1912 in Richfield, Utah. Keith LeRoy, born November 9, 1914 at St. Thomas, Nevada; married Lucille Bates April 2, 1943. Rita, born January 11, 1917 at St. Thomas, Nevada; married Theodore Bates October 18, 1939. Vernice, born March 30, 1919 at St. Thomas, Nevada; married Ernest L. Ray October 14, 1938. Lucille, born March 26, 1921 at Riverton, Salt Lake County, Utah; married William H. Koew June 7, 1941. Leah, born August 28, 1923 at Riverton, Utah. Francis Neil, born May 28, 1927 in Salt Lake City. Evelyn and her husband are now living at Chino Valley, Arizona.

GENEVA COX COPE

1886-1925

Geneva was born July 15, 1886 in Rockville, Washington County, Utah; married George M. Cope May 29, 1912 in the Salt Lake Temple. George was the son of Thomas Henry and Amelia Jane Lloyd Cope, born December 13, 1877 in Panguitch, Utah. They had eight children. Geneva died August 24, 1925 when her youngest child was only nine months old. A few months after her death George married Eunice Allie Wilson. Shortly after this marriage George died (October 21, 1926, leaving Eunice to raise this large family alone. Judging by the quality of the children trained and educated, she did a splendid job.

The children of Geneva and George are as follows: George Danzel, born March 20, 1913 in Richfield, Utah; married Evelyn Jensen January 5, 1942. Melba Laurine, born November 18, 1914 at Richfield; married Von Frederick Hoyt June 5, 1941. Their home is in Springdale, Utah. Edward Lane, born June 26, 1916, in Richfield; married Kathryn Helen Kent September 20, 1941. Edward is serving his country in the great war. Robert Lloyd, born January 19, 1918 in Richfield; married Mabel Fern Moore July 30, 1942. They have one child, Larolyn, born June 18, 1943. Thomas Keith, born January 14, 1920; married Genevieve Carter April 18, 1943. James Carl, born October 14, 1921. Is now serving his country in the armed forces.

Frank Austin, born August 4, 1923; is serving his country in the great war. Richard Lewis, born December 17, 1924; he also has gone to war.

Four months after George M. Cope died, Eunice, his second wife, gave birth to Georgia Mae Cope, February 1, 1927. This made nine children all under fifteen years of age for her to raise. Only one woman in a million would be willing to undertake such a great responsibility, yet she accomplished her great mission very successfully. To date Geneva has three grandchildren, in addition to the one named above, George M. Cope, son of George D. and Evelyn Jensen, born November 30, 1942, and Ruth Hoyt, daughter of Melba, born July 16, 1942.

The children of Isaiah Cox by his fourth wife, Mary Jane Millet Cox, are as follows:

ISAIAH JOSEPH COX
1890-

Joseph, as he is known, was born January 4, 1890 in Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico; married Sarah LaVerne Thurston November 16, 1916 at Kanab, Utah. Sarah was born November 12, 1899 at Pima, Arizona. She is the daughter of Jefferson Smith and Sarah Stock Thurston.

The children of Joseph and Sarah follow: Mayhew, born May 15, 1918 in Springdale, Washington County, Utah; married Alvera Johnson July 5, 1938. Sarah, born June 25, 1921 in Cedar City, Utah; died in September, 1925. June Smith, born June 28, 1925 at Bennett's Springs, Lincoln County, Nevada. Thurston, born November 18, 1927 in Cedar City; died December 12, 1927. Alta, born June 25, 1930 in LaVerkin, Utah. Erva, born March 19, 1933 in Hurricane, Utah. Mary Jane, born March 16, 1935 in Hurricane, Utah. Myron Isaiah, born July 12, 1941.

MARY EFFIE COX CRAWFORD
1891-1939

Mary Effie was born September 3, 1891 in Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico; married Jacob Crawford November 30, 1910 at St. George, Utah. Jacob Crawford was the son of William R. and Cornelia Gifford Crawford, born August 10, 1883 in Springdale, Utah, and died January 6, 1935 at Eugene, Oregon.

The children of Mary and Jacob are as follows: Earl Cox, born November 25, 1911 at Hurricane, Utah; married

Ruth Peterson June 6, 1934. Mary, born July 10, 1913 in Kannarah, Utah; married Floyd Hoffman October 12, 1935. Ruth, born March 21, 1918 in Hurricane; married Ristel Pierce September 8, 1935. Ralph Marion, born August 10, 1927 in Springdale, Utah.

CHARLES CHESTER COX

Charles was born July 17, 1893 in St. George, Utah; married Retta Stock April 6, 1916. Retta is the daughter of Frederick and Olive Bethia Losee Stock, born March 25, 1895.

To this couple were born ten children; Thelma Elena, born August 4, 1918 at Pipe Springs, Arizona; married Wesley R. LaBaron in September, 1936. Chester Arthur, born June 7, 1920 at Snowflake, Arizona. Rita Verl, born May 10, 1922 at Hurricane, Utah. Wayne Marvin, born August 15, 1924 at Cane Beds, Arizona. Velda Mae, born May 3, 1924 at Cane Beds, Arizona. Zella, born April 1, 1929 at LaVerkin, Utah. Grant Walker, born October 8, 1930 at Cane Beds, Arizona. Melva, born September 9, 1932 at Short Creek, Arizona. Olive Geneva, born April 27, 1924 at Hurricane, Utah. Norris Legran, born February 7, 1936 in Hurricane.

The writer has examined a document on file in the Presiding Bishop's Office, dated September 7, 1935, signed by the Stake High Council of Zion's Park Stake, stating that Charles Chester Cox and his wife had been "teaching plural marriage and villifying the authorities of the Church". For these reasons they were excommunicated from the Church. There may be many readers of these pages who see inconsistency in this act of the Church since this book is filled with cases of polygamy. The High Council's action calls for an explanation of polygamy, its origin and termination.

Joseph Smith first received the revelation justifying the Bible polygamists in 1831. In this revelation he was warned he may be called upon later to practice this doctrine. In 1843 the Lord commanded him to enter into these relationships. But Joseph hesitated to comply with these commands. Finally an angel visited him with a drawn sword and threatened him with death unless he complied with the command. At first the doctrine was taught and practiced in secret. Hosea Stout was one of those who accepted the doctrine unconditionally and married two more women. He had married Louisa Taylor November 29, 1840. April 20, 1845 he married Lucretia

Fisher, only ten months after the Prophet's death. Two months later, June 30, 1845, Hosea married Marinda Bennett, which made three wives living at the same time. Before Joseph Smith died he had married seventeen women.

The Church continued to teach and practise polygamy in secret until 1852, when it was openly taught. Anti-polygamy acts were passed by Congress in 1862, 1882 and 1887. The Supreme Court decided against the practice in 1879. Accordingly the President of the Church issued his famous Manifesto in 1890 in which he ended the practice wherever it was in conflict with the laws of the land. To avoid any conflict with these laws many persons went to Mexico and Canada, where no such laws existed. April 6, 1904, the Church ordered all plural marriages ended.

Charles Cox had permitted himself to be influenced by a group of religious fanatics who were under the illusion that President Wilford Woodruff was inspired by the devil when he issued the Manifesto in 1890. This group of apostates alleged that President John Taylor received a revelation in 1886 warning the Church that polygamy must be continued at all costs and that the Church would be rejected if it compromised with the Federal Government. If this revelation were received, it would have to be accepted by the Church in a General Conference, just as every revelation in the Doctrine and Covenants has, and as the Manifesto of 1890 was, before it could be accepted as doctrine by the Church. The absence in the Church Archives of any such revelation proves no such revelation exists.

The writer has examined this *pretended* revelation and studied its contents carefully. This forgery does sanction celestial marriage, which means that man and wife are sealed to each other for time and all eternity, but the "revelation" does not even mention polygamy, which is quite different from celestial marriage. If the reader wants a complete discussion of this controversy read the author's pamphlet "History of Polygamy in Utah" on file in the Historian's Office.

LUTHER ORSON COX

Luther was born September 8, 1895 in St. George, Utah; married Effie E. Gillespie June 24, 1927 at Meeker, Colorado. Effie is the daughter of William and Emily Reed Gillespie, born March 2, 1900 at Meeker, Colorado.

The children of Luther and Effie are as follows: Mace

Manzo, born March 29, 1928 in Meeker, Rio Blanco County, Colorado. Karl Ray, born October 24, 1929 at Meeker, Colorado.

At the present time Luther lives in Meeker. His wife joined the Church January 19, 1941.

HENRIETTA JANES COX

Henrietta Janes was the only surviving child of Josiah and Asenath Slafter Janes. She was born in Mansfield, Tolland County, Connecticut, March 8, 1835.

The first six years of Henrietta's life were spent in Mansfield. In 1841 her parents embraced Mormonism, and moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, where the Saints were then building a temple. In Nauvoo, the beautiful, Henrietta received the only schooling of her life, which couldn't have been more than four short winters. Those were five crucial years for Henrietta. She may have forgotten the major events during those stormy years, but she never forgot the time when she saw the Prophet Joseph Smith. She was deeply moved by his untimely death. Soon after the Prophet's death, her own father passed away, leaving the family in desperate circumstances. Her mother's marriage to Samuel Benit a few years later did not alleviate the situation for he soon died (August 16, 1846), leaving the three women to make the long journey westward alone. They remained in Nauvoo until they were physically forced out by the angry mob. They crossed the Mississippi October 1, 1846, carrying what personal effects they could in their hands. They lay on the west bank of the river one month before teams and wagons arrived from Council Bluffs to take them west. These wagons only took them as far as Garden Grove, where they were forced to remain nine more months before the journey to Council Bluffs could be continued.

On arrival in Council Bluffs they crossed the Missouri River to Winter Quarters, where they waited all winter hoping against hope an opportunity might come to make the journey to Utah. In the spring of 1848 when all persons not able to go west were ordered off the Indian lands by the agent of the government, Henrietta and grandmother Slafter recrossed the river to Council Bluffs. Here they remained four more years before outfits from Utah arrived to take them west.

Leaving the bluffs June 4, 1852, the hundred-day trip began. Henrietta, not wishing to impose on her benefactors more trouble than necessary, walked nearly the entire distance across the plains. They arrived in Salt Lake City September 12, 1852. Henrietta was then seventeen years of age. She was well prepared by experience to meet and solve the many

problems of life. By training she was well qualified to make any man a first rate wife.

Soon after arrival in the valley, she and her mother moved to Union Fort where they arrived just in time to be in the Indian troubles of 1854. The Saints were forced to move within the fortified city for protection. Their personal contacts were many and close. Under these circumstances, Henrietta met her future husband. Isaiah Cox, who was fortunate enough to win this beautiful noble woman. It is possible that Isaiah and Henrietta could have met before. Both were in Winter Quarters in April and May, 1848. Henrietta may have seen the Kimball Company pull out of Winter Quarters (May 18, 1848) and head west for Utah, taking with them her future husband, who on that same day celebrated his ninth birthday.

Henrietta and Isaiah were married January 1, 1856. Their first contribution to the population of Utah arrived November 25, 1856. They named the child Henrietta. In 1859 the Cox tribe all moved to San Pete Valley, arriving in Mt. Pleasant just in time to furnish that city with its first white baby, born June 5, 1859; the child was named Isaiah. There were no modern hospitals in Mt. Pleasant in those early days to accommodate confinement patients. The only maternity ward available to Henrietta was the old covered wagon. The family soon moved on to North Bend, later renamed Fairview, where on June 30, 1861, a second daughter was born, whom they named Julia.

In 1861 Isaiah was called on a mission by President Brigham Young to go and help settle Dixie. The family arrived in Washington County simultaneously with many other pioneers who were called at the same time. Henrietta adjusted herself to the warmer climate, which improved her health and vigor.

June 18, 1864, the family was blessed by the arrival of a second boy, whom they named David Jehu.

1865 was a turning point in the domestic relations of the Cox family. Monogamy had been the accepted standard in the Cox relationships until 1865. These relationships were now replaced by a new philosophy of marriage. Isaiah secured the consent from Henrietta to marry a second wife. This procedure is quite unusual if examined through worldly eyes, but in the families of the Latter-day Saints that was the proper

procedure. Elizabeth Stout, daughter of Hosea Stout, proved a valuable asset to the household of Isaiah Cox. In 1869 these two women gave their mutual consent for Isaiah to marry a third wife, her name, Martha Cragun, who balanced the family intellectually.

Meanwhile, December 20, 1866, Henrietta gave birth to a third daughter, whom she named Sarah Lucretia. Henrietta



HENRIETTA JANES COX AND DAUGHTERS - 1897

Upper row: Henrietta C. Stout, Henrietta Cox, Julia C. Stout. Lower row: Sarah C. Stout and Artemesia Cox (Black). Grandmother Cox walked across the great plains to bring these beautiful women into the world.

was not fortunate with her next three children who died in infancy. July 1, 1877, her last child, Artemesia, was born.

Believing the cause for the death of their three children was due to the heat of St. George, Henrietta took Artemesia to Rockville to live with her eldest daughter, Henrietta. After the raids began on the polygamists in 1882 she lived almost continuously in Rockville.

The Edmonds-Tucker Act did not intimidate this family. Three months later Henrietta and her other companion wives, Elizabeth and Martha, gave their consent to their husband, Isaiah to marry a fourth wife, Mary Jane Millet, Sep-

tember 22, 1888. This made three violations of the Edmonds-Tucker Act in one year. Can these acts be justified? God's commandments have precedence over laws made by man. Positive laws given by the Lord have priority over negative laws made by man.

In 1897 when her son-in-law, David Stout, moved to Hinckley, Utah, Henrietta also went. November 30, 1900, her youngest child, Artemesia, married George A. Black. Until 1906, Henrietta divided her time between working in the St. George Temple during the winter months and helping her daughter, Artemesia, in Hinckley during the summer months. In company with her daughter and husband, they visited their three sisters living in Guadalupe, Mexico, in 1906. The following year she returned to St. George, where she remained one year. In 1908 she returned to Mexico where she was when the colonists were driven out of that country by the Mexican revolutionists in July, 1912. This was her third experience as an exile. Arriving in El Paso, July 30, 1912, in freight cars in company with 500 other Mormon refugees; she remained a few days in the camps before proceeding on by train to Moapa, Nevada, where her oldest son, Isaiah lived. In 1913 she went on to Hinckley, Utah, where her two daughters, Julia and Artemesia were then living. She made one or two more visits to St. George before 1917, but spending most of her time in Hinckley. The end came June 17, 1917. At the time of her death she had six children alive, about 40 grand children, and in 1941 about 122 great grand children.

DAVID FISK STOUT

David Fisk Stout, third son and fourth child of Allen Joseph and Amanda Melvina Fisk Stout, was born February 3, 1855, in Centerville, Davis County, Utah.

The arrival of David in the home of Amanda and Allen at 9 p. m. February 3rd, among the sage brush of what is now Centerville, was accompanied by a divine revelation to Allen. While Allen was on his way to the well after a pail of water he heard a voice: "He shall be called David!" So "David Fisk" were the two names given him. Since his grandfather, Alfred Fisk, had no sons to carry his name down to later generations, Amanda gave all her sons and even her daughters the name Fisk as a second name.

Little is known of David during his infancy. He naturally went wherever his parents moved. He was about seven months old when the family moved to Mill Creek, southeast of Salt Lake City. There he lived two years. In April, 1857, his parents moved to Big Cottonwood, where the family lived until the great exodus from Salt Lake Valley. Three year old David little realized the meaning of this move. The three-year period in Pleasant Grove was one of awakening from the dreams of infancy—a strange experience for all of us.

In 1861, when Brigham Young called Hosea and Allen on a mission to help settle Dixie, David was thrilled with anticipation of an expedition into dreamland. Little did David realize the sacrifices and hardships the move would cost. That first winter in Harrisburg, living in tents and the old covered wagon, was fun for David, but for his parents, a trying experience.

David never had an opportunity to attend school until the winter of 1862-63. The school period only lasted a few weeks, but he made rapid progress during that limited period. About the time he should have been baptized in the spring of 1863, he was seriously ill with scarlet fever. He came very near dying from the disease. After he was fully recovered, he was baptized by a brother named Sprague.

In July, 1864, when Allen moved his family to Lydia's Canyon, near Glendale, nine-year old David never forgot how the old wagon broke down and the journey completed on two wheels. There were no schools in Long Valley for David to attend but David did not permit his education to be neglected.

He read "Orson Pratt's Works," P. P. Pratt's "Key to Theology" and "Voice of Warning", and the "Book of Mormon". The struggles the family endured those two years he never forgot. The corn bread diet, the sickness of his father, and the Indian troubles, remained with him the rest of his life. The family was finally forced to abandon their ranch home in Lydia Canyon and seek safety from the Indians within the fort at Glendale. The hasty exit from Long Valley in 1866 made a lasting impression on David. Passing through Short Creek the refugees came within a hair of being attacked by the Indians.

The family found a place to live in the lower part of town—a house belonging to Isaiah Cox. David and the other children were sick much of the time during that first winter in St. George. The children managed, however, to attend school for a few weeks. The second year David was unable to attend school. He and his brothers spent the winter building their new home in the western part of the city.

April 30, 1868, the family arrived in Rockville. George Potter, a friend of the family, had hauled them to Rockville with his ox team. That same summer, David and other children were afflicted with whooping cough. The first winter in Rockville was David's last year of school. It lasted but ten weeks, but David made rapid progress and "graduated" with honors. Henry Jennings was the teacher and a very good one too.

David's early "teen" years were spent in assisting his father on the small farm in Rockville. This experience proved very valuable. He became an expert gardener and horticulturist. He also learned the art of making willow baskets from his father. During those first five years in Rockville his most trusted companion and bosom comrade was Hosea, his older brother. These two brothers held together through all their adversities and triumphs. They supplied each other with those social tools and standards which served to develop poise and moral equilibrium so necessary in character education. The product of this mutual give and take education was two leaders among the young people of Rockville that contributed greatly to bolster the morale of the community.

The summer of 1871 was known in Rockville as the grasshopper war. The hoppers came in great black clouds and destroyed the crops. The Stout family was able to save part

of their fruit by smoking the hoppers out. David also remembers that season as the measles period. He and all his brothers and sisters took turns with the disease.

Those three years following the grasshopper war is a blank in the life of David, since no details are known relative to his activities. In the spring of 1874 Bishop Smith of Rockville called David on a mission. His missionary field was in St. George as a laborer on the temple being built there. He responded to this call cheerfully. The mission turned out to be a turning point in his life for it turned his heart to his fathers—a spark that never burnt out.

Arriving in St. George he found that his boy friends whom he had known in 1866-68 had vanished (at least socially), so he went to see the one person whom he knew would treat him kindly. That person was his cousin, Elizabeth Stout Cox, daughter of Hosea Stout, and second wife of Isaiah Cox. Cousin Lizzie, as she was known, lost no time in introducing David to the rest of her family. Henrietta Janes Cox, the first wife of Isaiah Cox, had a daughter also named Henrietta, whom we shall call Rettie henceforth. Rettie was the oldest in the family and at that time seventeen and a half years old. David was favorably impressed by her attractiveness, beauty and intellectuality.

After these introductions it was difficult for David to keep away from the Cox home. His visits to the Cox residence were increasingly frequent. Before the spring of 1875 arrived David and Rettie were engaged to be married. In April of that year the couple started for Salt Lake City by team and wagon to be married in the Endowment House. Enroute David succumbed to an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. This reduced him to a helpless heap of humanity. This sickness tested Rettie's skill and patriotism to the limit. She was called on to serve as nurse, cook and teamster, and she did all three very skillfully. In this fashion the couple finally reached Salt Lake. They were kindly received in the home of Hosea Stout, where the sick man was tenderly cared for until he was well enough to be married.

May 17, 1875, Rettie and David went to the Endowment House where David was first ordained an Elder by W. J. Smith, and then the marriage ceremony was performed by Apostle Wilford Woodruff. The trip back to Dixie was much more pleasant.

In St. George Rettie packed up her personal belongings and started for Rockville with her husband. There the couple was to live the next 22 years. In Rockville David and Rettie bought land and settled down. The first two winters Rettie



David Fisk and Henrietta Cox Stout soon after their marriage in 1875.

taught school in Rockville. David, in the meantime, was gardener, fruit grower and student of government and theology. Both were very active in Church activities. In the fall of 1875 David was appointed first counselor in the Mutual, which position he held until he was made president December 2,

1879. He remained head of that organization until he left for his mission in 1886. In 1876 Rettie was appointed president of the Y. L. M. I. A., which position she held almost continuously until December 5, 1881.

Rettie's third winter in Rockville she did not teach school. Her first child and daughter, Henrietta, was born May 4, 1878. 1878. Rettie suffered greatly after the baby's birth and only very slowly did she recover. During her sickness David suffered an attack of rheumatism. Rettie's mother, Henrietta Cox, came up to Rockville and cared for the family in their hour of need.

In late May, 1879, little Nettie, as young Henrietta was called, became very ill. During those few weeks of sickness, David was also attacked by rheumatism, making it doubly difficult for Rettie to care for both. Nettie's condition increasingly became worse until she died (June 11, 1879. David was flat on his back suffering with rheumatism when Nettie passed away so it was with great difficulty that funeral arrangements could be made. David never recovered from the loss of this child. The thirty-seven years that he kept a diary he never failed to mention the loss of "little Nettie" when he reached the fatal date, May 4.

More than two years passed before this family was blessed with another child. December 23, 1881, seventy-six years after the Prophet's birth, their first son arrived. He was named David Fisk Stout, and henceforth was known as "Young David". Only a few months old he took deathly sick and was thought to be dying. David and Rettie "unitedly implored the Lord to spare his life until he should be a man. This prayer was literally granted".

It was about this time that David was very desirous of obtaining a testimony of the Gospel. Accordingly he prayed long and earnestly for one. He was richly rewarded for his faith when "convinced beyond any doubt of the divinity of the restored gospel and the glories of plural marriage. He was told that he would be blessed with three other wives."

Very fortunately for his descendants, David began writing a daily diary January 1, 1882. The fifty years following he wrote a daily account of his activities for thirty-seven years, a very remarkable record. Without these writings, this biography would be very incomplete.

1882

The Christmas season following the arrival of young David was a mixture of happiness and much pain, especially for Rettie. Bodily adjustments were slow and painful. Henrietta Cox arrived January 7 from St. George and assisted effectively in nursing the sick ones back to health. Her mission of mercy was completed in twenty-three days, when she returned to her home in St. George. Her assistance was greatly appreciated by David since he was then enabled to do his work on the outside and perform his Church duties. One night in February Rettie suddenly became very sick. David arose from his bed, administered to her, rebuked the disease that was causing the pain. David testified that she was healed for she slept peacefully the remainder of the night.

David was very interested in the great struggle that was taking place in the halls of Congress. The Edmunds' Act was then being debated, which aimed to deny the franchise to polygamists and destroy the jury system. February 26, 1882, the people of Rockville held a mass meeting to protest against the unconstitutional act. David took an active part in this meeting since he believed sincerely that plural marriage was divine. The result of this legislation was that Utah tried again to win statehood by submitting to the people in Utah a proposed Constitution. May 22, 1882, David voted "yes" to the proposal and would have done more if he could.

In January and February of 1882, David and a Mr. Lewis decided to be partners and build a lime kiln at Springdale. After overcoming many difficulties the kiln was finally completed. When ready for operation David and Mr. Lewis ran the kiln on a 24-hour basis, each working 12-hour shifts. The project ended March 7th when the arch caved in, thus bringing their business to a tragic end.

During the spring months David planted a fine garden up in Oak Creek, which is between Rockville and Springdale. This garden and the one in the town lot furnished him with plenty of employment for the growing season. The products from these gardens gave him an excellent food supply for the coming winter.

The Edmunds' Act had a profound effect on the mind of David. Why should the Gentiles be permitted to pass Congressional Acts which prevent true Latter-day Saints from keeping God's commandments? Opposition to these command-

ments proved their divinity. This line of reasoning convinced David he should break man's law in order to keep God's Law. The Edmunds' Act, instead of serving as a break, served to encourage him to violate the Act. No doubt, pressure came from other directions. Rettie, his wife, was willing for him to marry a second wife, and urged him on. This explains his decision to visit Isaiah Cox in Overton, Nevada, whose daughter Julia he hoped to win. Leaving Rockville July 28th, he reached Overton about August 3rd. There he found Isaiah willing, but Julia was entirely unwilling. Failing in his mission, David sought consolation from Patriarch William G. Perkins at St. George on his return to Rockville. This good man told him he was "a lawful heir to all the blessings and privileges of the Holy Gospel". This blessing gave him courage to keep trying until he won his objective, two years later.

The Sunday following his return to Rockville (August 13th) he bore (for the first time in his life) a powerful testimony to his fellowmen that he had a perfect knowledge that he knew the Gospel was true. So strong was his testimony that James P. Terry, who followed him to the stand, congratulated him for his boldness in the Lord's work.

The fall season in Rockville found David busily engaged in hauling his grain to the mill, exchanging his products for other necessities of life, assisting his wife in putting up fruit, and working at the molasses mill in Springdale. October 30th Rettie began teaching school in the Rockville school. Henrietta Cox came up to Rockville with her five-year old daughter, Artemesia, to care for little David while Rettie taught.

In the great struggle for the seat in Congress between John T. Cains and Van Zile Rockville gave Cains a 43 to 0 vote of confidence. David was one of the judges in that election and was highly pleased when Mormonism's arch enemy was defeated.

The sons of Allen Joseph Stout gave their father a large Family Record Book as a birthday gift, December 5th, his 67th mile stone.

November 21st, David was given two new counselors in the Mutual, George W. Terry and John P. Terry. The same month Rettie was made first counselor in the Ladies' Mutual; two years later she became its president. Both David and Rettie faithfully performed their Church duties when sickness did not interfere.

1883

It is difficult to determine from David's writings just where their home was located in Rockville before they bought the old rock house belonging to Paul Huber. Only one remark (in his 1882 diary) indicates that they lived about two miles below Rockville, which would mean the now deserted Grafton. David made a deal with Paul Huber for the purchase of the ten-acre home January 5th, paying most of the money down. By selling his Oak Creek property he had but a small balance to pay later. The family moved into their big rock house March 16th, where for the next fifteen years nineteen children were to be born. The old house was 36 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 15 feet high. This small farm furnished David with ample employment for the remainder of the year.

January 24th David was appointed justice of the Peace by the Washington County Court. His jurisdiction included the area between Springdale and Grafton. He took his oath February 1st and signed his first order for an arrest March 5th.

David's activities in the Church were steadily widened. February 11th he was appointed superintendent of the Sunday School, thus becoming head of two auxiliary organizations. He also served as ward teacher. A Bishop could hardly ask a man to do more. In June David made a trip to St. George, where he did some temple work. Few people in that day cared as much for the welfare of their ancestors as they did for their living relatives. David was one of the few.

It was not David's fault that he did not become a polygamist in 1883. He had several very interesting talks with Alice M. Hall, but no progress was made there. He carried on a one-sided correspondence with Julia Cox, of Overton, Nevada, during the first half of the year, but progress was less than negative in that direction. He had a confidential talk with James P. Terry in connection with the hoped for marriage with Mary Jane, his daughter, but her cold attitude put an end to that prospect for that period. Finally, David had a talk with his Bishop, Charles N. Smith, asking whether "it would be good to obey the law of God at the expense of unconstitutional laws of Congress? He thought it good and talked very encouraging to me."

David's political activities in 1883 show that he took a very active part in shaping the policies of his community. Chosen a delegate to the county convention held in St. George

(July 14th) he helped to choose the party's choice for county officers. Later in Rockville these men were ratified by the people. At that same meeting David was nominated to be Justice of the Peace and John P. Terry as constable. The election of the county officers was held in August. David was appointed to be a judge in that election by the "Notorious and unconstitutional Utah Commission". His two colleagues were James P. and George W. Terry. All candidates of the People's Party won 46 to 0. The Liberal Party in Rockville was a negative quantity.

The season's harvest on David's small farm was very encouraging. His cane produced a large supply of molasses. He took two loads of molasses to Kanarra, where he made trades for flour and potatoes.

A new reorganization of the Rockville Mutual was effected November 21st. David was released as president and George A. Smith nominated to replace him. Later David and Jacob Langston were chosen to serve as Smith's counselors.

Henrietta was again the school teacher in Rockville during the winter 1883-84. Her sister, Julia Cox, also taught at Shoonesburg, about three miles up the river. David and Julia only saw each other at week ends when Julia would come down to Rockville to visit Henrietta. During the Christmas vacation Julia spent all her time with the folks. David's attitude toward her at that time is clearly seen in his writings. She, it seems, had retired early due to a cold, so at 9 p. m. David "took some potatoes, roasted for the occasion, up to her. She was fast asleep, but I woke her up and she ate and relished them." "What a waste of the most precious of all things," thought David, "that one who is the very embodiment of virtue and purity should fail to give her mind and body to the service of God and give the precious heritage of a pure parentage to some of the anxious spirits yet in the presence of their Creator waiting for the long-looked-for privilege of taking the great and important step of clothing the eternal spirit with the tangible robe of flesh and bones. How gladly would any one of those unfortunate ones who, through the neglect of such as she, are taking up their abodes in the house of Babylon, give all the combined honors and riches of a thousand such worlds as this, if they possessed them, for the privilege of claiming her for a mother." These sentiments clearly reveal his pro-

found respect and admiration toward her. Such thoughts were furthest from Julia's mind on that occasion.

1884—This was one of the most crucial years in the life of David. The decisions he made affected the entire course of his life. The early months of the year were spent in much the same way. Rettie's health was poor, due to very good reasons. David even took her place in the school room when that was necessary. David was called on to assist his sister Lydia to move up to Rockville from Toquerville after the loss of her husband, Norman Bliss. His activities on his small farm took the same course as in previous years. He was placed on the building committee which had the responsibility of building a new meeting house for Rockville. Many business sessions of this committee were necessary to solve the many problems involved. His ward teaching and service in the Sunday School and Mutual supplied him with all the spiritual activities he was able to do.

Before the end of the winter there was a marked improvement in the attitude of Mary Jane and Julia. Mary Jane's visits to the Stout home were more frequent and friendly. David paid her several friendly calls. By the time Julia's school at Shoonensburg had closed her icy attitude was changed too.

There was a very important Stake Conference held in St. George April 26th-29th, in which Presidents John Taylor and George Q. Cannon were present. The theme of this conference was polygamy. In the opening address President Taylor exhorted the saints to withstand the trials which were coming, as Abraham of old had done. David was profoundly impressed by the remarks of President Cannon, who David records as follows: "Speaking of the principle of Celestial Marriage the Lord's will was that no man should preside over His Holy Priesthood who did not obey that law. Those who through the fear of giving offense to man or woman had failed year after year to obey that requirement, and had neglected opportunity time after time to fulfil its conditions, would wake up in the morning of the resurrection in a pitiable condition and the one wife he supposed to be his would be taken from him and given those who had taken wives under the sacred and holy new and everlasting covenant and been faithful to all its provisions." These remarks were probably misinterpreted to mean polygamy, but in any case they served to exert great

pressure on David. The following day President Cannon used still stronger pressure when he said: "The spirits in Heaven would say: 'Father, give me a birth under the covenant where I can hear Thy word taught in my childhood!'" The final blow was struck when he said: "I testify in the name of Jesus Christ that wives who hinder their husbands from obeying this law would find themselves placed in a position not creditable to themselves in eternity. Women are no more blameless for rejecting the laws of God than men." From that moment David was determined to do his duty.

President Taylor made a remarkable statement when he said: "We should thank and acknowledge God in prosperity and adversity for both are alike necessary to try and purify us." David was given his share of adversity but he was never overburdened with prosperity.

Hosea Stout, David's brother, also attended this conference. Why he never responded as did David to the same pressure can never be answered by anyone except Hosea himself. Soon after David's return to Rockville (May 4th) he and George W. Terry "retired to a secluded spot and after seeking humbly for the guidance of the Holy Spirit we talked over future probabilities which by the blessings of the Lord I hope will result in good." These probabilities were soon to be made evident.

Several satisfactory conversations were held with Mary Jane during the six weeks following the stake conference. Mary Jane experienced a change of attitude toward David which was highly pleasing to the latter. David's progress toward inducing Alice Hall to do likewise came to naught. Alice had plans of her own. With Julia Cox, however, David was having better luck. She at that time seemed to have been in Pine Valley working. An agreement was made, however, to meet in St. George the middle of June.

The last day of May, Rettie and Mary Jane left for St. George. David followed later, bringing David W. Patten, Rockville's town problem, who was being taken to prison for mis-conduct.

June 13, 1884, David married Mary Jane Terry, daughter of James P. and Mary Richards Terry, born 26th of September, 1857, in Draper, Utah.

June 18th, just five days after this event, another marriage took place. This time David took to the altar Miss Julia

Cox, daughter of Isaiah and Henrietta Janes Cox, born in Fairview, Utah, and a sister of Rettie, the first wife of David. The ceremony was performed in the St. George Temple late in the evening after a day of great mental uneasiness. It was the rule of the Church to require each man taking a plural wife to secure the approval of the Church president. No letter of approval had arrived by the morning of June 18th, so David sent a telegram for a reply. He waited all day for the wire that could bring him "life or death". Finally, at 8 p. m., the wire which gave the approval, came. He went directly to the home of Isaiah Cox and then the group all went together to the temple to witness the marriage. David's comments are interesting: "God has given me two bright and pure jewels." The separation was swift for the following day Julia returned to her work in Pine Valley and David returned to Rockville. Nothing is known of the movements of Mary Jane after her wedding. She probably returned to Rockville; there she lived with her parents for over four months before it was considered safe for her to live with the Stout family. It was the end of September before Julia joined her family of adoption in Rockville.

Back in Rockville David carried on like any other monogamist; only Church officials and near relatives knew the truth. As school trustee he aided in taking a school census and found 62 children between the ages of 6 and 18. He never gave up his job as Justice of the Peace until October 17th, even if polygamists were forbidden by law to hold office. He resigned the position voluntarily without pressure from any direction.

Independence Day was ably celebrated in Rockville. A special feature was a dramatization of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. In this act David personified John Adams, John Ballard took the part of Thomas Jefferson, and others were personified by local people.

This biography could not be complete unless it included a real live bear story. July 17th, Alfred and John, David's two brothers, had a life and death struggle with a large bear upon the mountain. The boys had been trailing the bear all day. When the bear realized he was cornered he made a mad rush for Alfred. Gun in hand, Alfred shot him, but he only slightly wounded the bear. Before he could fire again the bear was on top, but Alfred managed to shove his knee into the bear's mouth, and by force, held it there. Meanwhile

John had also fired at the bear when Alfred did, but it proved ineffective also. While Alfred and the bear were struggling it was difficult for John to shoot the bear without hitting Alfred. Alfred realized John's predicament and calmly cautioned him to shoot the right bear. This John was finally able to do. These shots forced the bear to end the struggle with Alfred, finally dropping dead at his feet.

It is just as necessary to be prepared for a new arrival as it is for war. That was the experience of David and Rettie in August, 1884. The sudden arrival of a daughter on the twenty-third found them entirely unprepared for the great event. The new arrival was such a fine specimen they named her Daisie—hoping she would remain so.

During the autumn season two important marriages took place which interested David. First, his old friend, Alice Hall, whom he failed to win, married Jacob Langston (October 3rd); then his brother Allen went to St. George and married Sarah Ann Sullivan (November 28th).

Rettie was sufficiently recovered by October 22nd to begin her school teaching in the Rockville school. Mary Jane had joined the family by that time so she was housekeeper and baby tender—an ideal setup. Sarah Cox came from St. George and taught at Shoonensburg, while Julia taught at Duncon that winter. David had been very successful in operating his small farm and had succeeded in making considerable molasses. He made one trip to Kanarra where he traded molasses for flour and wheat. When the Mutuels began in November, the Bishop chose David to head the Y. M. M. I. A. This again placed him at the head of the two main auxiliary organizations.

1885—During the first part of the year there was a period of great excitement "throughout the Church in the extraordinary efforts of our enemies to put down the practice of plural marriage, . . . and if it were possible to destroy it from off the earth." David was perfectly aware of the risks he was taking. Psychologically, David was willing and ready to serve a prison term for his religion if need be, but the suffering which would result would come to his family, not him. So to protect his family he exercised caution in his movements lest the enforcing officers learn of his whereabouts. In January and February David was not certain whether the U. S. Marshal knew of his violation. He did know, however, that if he tried to

find out, he would be under suspicion. Hence, his position was an awkward one.

In line with his policy of caution David made a trip to Cedar City in January after a load of grain. In February he made a trip to Kanarra "to hide some expectant witnesses from the grand jury soon to convene at Beaver." Who that person was he does not say. It could have been Mary Jane, his second wife, or some of the Cox women. After his return to Rockville the tension was so taut he couldn't feel comfortable. Accordingly, he decided to leave Rockville for a season. Leaving town in the evening (February 16th) he headed north, visited Mary Jane in Kanarra, then passed through Minersville, and Desert, reaching Leamington on Washington's birthday. Here he lived with and worked for his brother-in-law and cousin, Lewis Stout, son of Hosea Stout. This secluded hide-out village nestled in the mountains furnished an excellent hide-out for David. Lewis owned a farm in Leamington and in the mountains near by he had a saw mill. At the mill he found his brother Alfred and his two cousins, Allen and Brigham Stout. Charles Clarkson, husband of Vera Stout (another cousin) also worked there.

During the next seven months David worked for Lewis at the mill, cutting timber, making railroad ties, and hauling them from the canyon camp to Leamington. In mid-March, however, he broke camp long enough to make a trip with George W. Terry to Scipio, where they traded molasses for grain. The pair then headed for Parowan, where David had the pleasure of meeting Mary Jane again. George and Mary Jane returned to Rockville, while David returned to his hide-out in Leamington. Mary Jane hadn't been in Rockville a month before she became a mother for the first time. Morgan Terry Stout arrived April 16, 1885, and was well taken care of by Rettie and Julia. David did not receive the news of his new son for another ten days.

At the logging camp near Leamington, David continued working for his cousin Lewis. During his idle hours on Sundays he read such books as Bancroft's "History of the Constitution of the United States". He had an opportunity one Sunday to hear Apostles Francis M. Lyman and John Henry Smith speak at Leamington (June 17th).

Securing leave from his employer David made a five-day trip to Nephi, Mt. Pleasant, then to Fairview, where he vis-

ited Jehu Cox, grandfather of Rettie and Julia. Returning by way of Nephi he made a deal with W. L. Draper for a pair of mules, wagon and harness. With these he drove back to Leamington, where he traded the mules to Lewis for a pair of horses. David was then in a position where he could more effectively make money. With his team and wagon he would haul ties from the camp to the railroad at Leamington. This greatly increased his income. He made one trip to Scipio with a load of lumber which paid him well.

Before David left for his home in the south he had the pleasure of visiting with his Uncle Hosea (August 22nd), who had come to Leamington to be with his son Lewis. Hosea had been one of Utah's early pioneers, and was once the legal advisor of Brigham Young.

It was a happy day on that eighteenth day of September when David set out for "home sweet home". He passed through Oak Creek and at Deseret he bought 1,000 bushels of oats of Bishop Black. His route home took him through Fillmore, Beaver and Parowan. At the latter place he made arrangements to supply a Mr. Mortensen molasses for potatoes. Not wishing to be seen in southern Utah any more than necessary, he traveled his last twenty miles at night, arriving in Rockville before day light September 30th. He hoped he would happily surprise his family by arriving at such an hour, but he was surprised more than they. He found Julia seriously ill. She had taken ill at 11 p. m. that same night. Young Irving Waldo introduced himself at 8 a. m. that morning. David was then introduced to another son who had been born in his absence, Morgan Terry Stout, who was then five and a half months old. Henceforth, his family was to increase rapidly.

The six weeks following the arrival of Irving, sickness of David and Daisie and others in the family kept David close to home.

October 25th was a red letter day in the life of David. On that day he was ordained a Seventy by Samuel K. Gifford at Toquerville. He and George W. Terry, who accompanied him there to attend the Stake Seventies meeting, were both made members of the Ninth Quorum of Seventies.

In November he took a load of molasses to Parowan, where he succeeded in making a trade with Mr. Mortensen for potatoes.

The Rockville Y. M. M. I. A. was reorganized November 24th, when Jacob Langston replaced David as president, but Jacob chose David to be one of his counselors. A week later Rettie began her school teaching in Rockville. Julia at Duncan and Mary Jane at Springdale. All three of his wives were then teaching. Henrietta Cox was the chief cook at home.

David's reactions to the events of 1885 are forcefully recorded: "How full are the manifestation of the mercies of God to all of us. When we will learn to receive His will with the thankful hearts that we shall always feel and rejoice in the privilege of being tried and proved that we may be shaped and fitted for the labor He designs us to do. That our weak places may be made strong for the storms of the adversary's wrath whose cunningly devised plots to ensnare our feet are woven around us that our faith in Him may look with unwavering confidence to the hour of deliverance.

"My errors of the past year taught me one or two very valuable lessons. But only by a firm reliance on the arm of Jehovah and a wise and continuous obedience to His holy will, will ever be sufficient for my day and time for the adversary is marshalling his forces for the great and final struggle with the ones who will not forswear allegiance to the Redeemer and is testing our faithfulness in every covenant on every step we endeavor to take towards the goal of our final destiny." David won in his great struggle because he was obedient, humble and always sought the Lord's will through prayer.

1886—Anna Stout Jones, David's aunt, the first of the Stouts to ever join the Mormons, came to Rockville in early January, and then very shortly took sick and died, January 16, 1886. David was one of the speakers at the funeral. Had she not married a Mormon in 1831, Hosea or Allen Joseph would never have joined the Church. The thousands of descendants of Hosea and Allen owe a great debt of gratitude to her for her part in making it possible for them to be born under the new and everlasting covenant.

Hosea Stout was the recognized musical leader of Rockville. He was the ward choir leader and conducted a weekly school for those wishing to learn to sing. David was one of his students.

A marshal of the United States paid Rockville a friendly call March 8th. His presence caused much excitement in the

community. His call, though friendly, on the surface, was unwelcomed since it drove David into the underground.

On March 5th, a wedding party was held in Rockville that was long remembered. John Stout, a younger brother of David, married Anna Selina Hall. All the Stouts in Rockville were present and enjoyed themselves in dancing and refreshments.

Bishop Charles Smith was one of the finest bishops the Church ever produced. David writes that he had a talk with him (April 12th) on family matters "that has sobered me and driven the lightmindedness out of me more than anything that has occurred." This was the Bishop's own way of giving a warning of impending responsibilities.

Rockville played its part in the great national struggle relating to polygamy. The people signed (April 25th) a petition to Congress protesting the passage of a new act prohibiting polygamy. The people believed the Edmunds' Act personified persecution in its ugliest forms. Why then, they thought, should an act which would be more severe be passed? It is not difficult to imagine what attitude David took toward the petition.

On his eleventh wedding anniversary David went to Toquerville to investigate a mail carrying contract which he might be able to secure. He was informed by a Mr. Nebcker that he would need a partner since one man could not do it alone. Accordingly he went on to St. George to invite Isaiah Cox, junior, to join him. Finding Isaiah willing they secured the contract, James P. Terry and Jacob Langston signing their bond. David never had an opportunity to carry mail for on May 25th he was called to carry a much more important message. On that day he received a letter from President John Taylor calling him to go on a mission. It may have been a simple matter for a single man to finance a mission, but for a man with three wives and four children, the task was not so simple. Difficulties, however great, must not prevent him from doing his duty. The reply which he sent President Taylor was in the affirmative.

His letter of acceptance was no more than in the mails when his son Morgan, Mary Jane's only son, took seriously ill. The Elders were called in to administer to him. The following day (May 31st) David was scheduled to fill an important appointment in Harrisburg. The little boy Morgan

seemed to feel better that morning so after David administered to him again he left to fill his appointment in Harrisburg. Arriving there he received a message that little Morgan was dead. Borrowing a fresh horse from Isaiah Cox he rushed back to Rockville. He found it very difficult to comfort Mary Jane since she had lost her only child. The funeral was held June 1st; the speakers were Samuel Gifford and C. M. Jennings. This untimely death left David with but three children, David, Daisie and Irving.

After the funeral of little Morgan, David had but six days remaining to prepare for his mission. He must leave at a time when his garden most needed his attention. That was no easy task to do. He did not relish the idea of leaving his farm work for his women folk to do. He recognized the supremacy of the authority which called him and concluded no sacrifices were too great.

June 8th David took leave of his family and headed for Salt Lake City. His brother, John, and his young wife, took him to Milford by wagon. Enroute, he visited sister Amanda and family at Leamington and his Uncle Hosea at Franklin. He was set apart in the Historian's Office by Franklin D. Richards and John Henry Smith June 14th. The following day he visited with his oldest brother, Allen Joseph, in Ogden. Before leaving for the East he met Elder A. Johnson, who also was leaving for the same mission. June 16th David and Elder Johnson left Ogden on the Union Pacific for Omaha, where they arrived forty hours later. While speeding through the deserts of Wyoming and racing down the Platte River in Nebraska David's mind was carried back thirty-five years previous when his poor parents were struggling westward over that same route, requiring three months by ox team rather than forty hours. In Council Bluffs, where his father, Allen Joseph, spent nearly four years preparing for the western journey, David changed trains for Minneapolis, arriving there June 19th.

DAVID'S FIRST MISSION.—In Minneapolis, Elders Johnson and Stout learned that all the missionaries of the field had gone to the country on extended trips. The new Elders were received by Swan Walton, who kindly entertained them at his home. While waiting for their assignments, David made good use of his time by looking up all the Stouts and Fisks in the city directory. After considerable hunting and searching

through the city David interviewed some of these Stouts and found them in possession of the same traditions as his own family and to have originated in New Jersey.

Having received their assignments to labor as companions in southeastern Minnesota, Elders Johnson and Stout left by train (June 23rd) for Chester, Olmstead County, 80 miles southeast of Minneapolis. Chester has the distinction of being the first place where these two humble missionaries began their activities. Upon their arrival in Chester the pair started walking toward Pleasant Grove, a town eight miles distant. At each home the Elders bore their testimonies and gave them literature if the people were willing to accept them. At nightfall the pair was received in the home of a Mr. Chase, a Catholic, who was very willing to hear their message. A successful conversation was held with that gentleman, which lasted throughout the evening. After a warm breakfast the next morning the missionaries departed for Pleasant Grove, where they were received by a man named Sacket, whose brother was a member of the Church.

In Pleasant Grove the missionaries hired the Masonic Hall to hold a meeting. Realizing their inexperience in speaking, David and his companion retired to the woods to ask divine assistance in their first attempt. The evening appointed (June 27th) for the meeting was a crucial date in Church History—which tended to put their nerves on edge. "At the appointed hour," David writes, "we held the meeting and bore our testimonies. The Lord blessed us and confounded one man who tried to confound us. Some young hoodlums followed us one mile, hooting and throwing stones at us." This was David's baptism into missionary work, experience he never forgot.

After getting rid of the hoodlums that evening the missionaries tried to find a family who would give them lodging. They were rejected four times before a kind German, named August Sohernstein, invited them in for the night. The following day their course turned southwest toward High Forest and Dexter. There they scheduled a meeting for July 1st. Dexter proved to be very hostile against the Mormons. The Elders tried nine times to secure lodging and were rejected that many times. They slept under the trees that night, thanking their Heavenly Father for so peaceful a place to rest. The following day they traveled south and found lodging at the home of a Mr. Jensen near Rose Creek. Mr. Jensen gave them

two meals and a bed, which greatly refreshed them. Turning back toward Dexter to hold their scheduled meeting, they were again unable to find lodging. That night they slept by a hay stack. In Dexter (July 1st) they were disappointed in securing the hall that had been promised them, so they hired a skating rink. They did what advertising they could for the meeting, but no one came. They held a conversation with a Congregationist minister on religion, so their efforts were not entirely wasted.

Pursuing their journey toward Stewardville, they lodged with William R. Tubbs, never a member of the church, who had served in the Mormon Battalion. This veteran treated the Elders very kindly. In Pleasant Grove the following day, they were received by John Clark, a Catholic, who listened to their message with interest and respect. After visiting their friend, Mr. Chase, they headed for Chatfield, in Fillmore County. Enroute they bathed in the Root River, whose waters, David writes, were as sweet and clean as any he had seen in Utah. After several days in the country the pair returned to Rochester, where they tried to schedule meetings but failed. In the country south of Rochester they obtained permission to hold two meetings. In the little town of Marion every home refused them a night's lodging. They went to a grove to sleep, but could not—the mosquitoes were too numerous.

David was very delighted when he discovered the town's reading room. Henceforth he spent all his leisure time there.

David's financial struggle to keep himself on his mission is clearly indicated in his admission when he says that his companion, Elder Johnson, became so ashamed of his (David's) appearance that he sold his valise, begged all the money he could lay hands on, then went and bought David some new clothes.

David was able to schedule a meeting in the country for August 3rd, but soon received a notice withdrawing permission on grounds that there was too much opposition to its being held. This was a very common experience and illustrates the sentiment of the people toward the Mormons.

Near stewardsville the Elders held two well attended meetings, and made friends with one, Mr. Sockett, a sick man, who was living alone. They cared for him several days, doing his work and preaching the gospel to him.

North of Rochester the Elders scheduled and held a well

attended gospel meeting, then were given lodging by a bitter anti-Mormon. Before returning to Rochester, another meeting was held in Genoa.

David did some writing for publication while in the field. His article "Justice of Divine Judgments" was printed in the *Juvenile Instructor* (Vol. 21, page 295). His thesis was that the judgments of God must surely be poured out on a nation that had slain His messengers and rejected His gospel. Two other articles were later published, entitled: "Latter-day Predictions" and "Liberty, Laws and Morals." If a man is to be judged by the way he spends his leisure time, surely David ought to be rated high.

Elders Johnson and Stout continued their country work through August and September, holding meetings wherever possible, and teaching the people the gospel when given an opportunity, and above all, setting an example in Christian conduct.

September 14th the two Elders set out for Jackson County, Wisconsin, to attend a missionary conference. They started out on foot, a distance of 75 miles, preaching and depending on the Lord to find lodging and meals from the people enroute. The pair crossed the Mississippi at Winona, and there David saw a steamboat for the first time in his life. They passed through Glesville and North Bend and crossed the Black River (the very stream his father Allen had worked on in 1843). In Jackson County, where the Mormon settlement was located, a joyous reunion was held with five other missionaries. This settlement was supposed to have been inhabited by Mormons, but David writes they turned out to be Strangites.

The Missionary Conference is always a high water mark in the life of the missionary. The conference of September 25th and 26th, 1886, was no exception. Each of the Elders was called on to speak. David met his mission president for the first time. President Palmer was challenged by a Strangite, named James McNutt, to debate the question of authority. The day following the conference the debate was held. After President Palmer completed his speech not even the Strangite believed that James J. was entitled to the leadership of the Church.

At this conference the Elders were re-assigned to new fields. David and Elder Bidwell were called to labor in Ohio

and Pennsylvania. They left immediately for Pittsburgh, via Chicago. From Pittsburgh the Elders went to Coal Valley, where a number of saints lived. They spent several days visiting and making themselves acquainted with saints and investigators.

Elders Bidwell and Stout began their missionary activities in their new field October 6th by starting up the Monongohela River to Elkhorn. There they met Elders Pierce and Allen (native missionaries), who were in charge of the local saints, and with whom they had a very enjoyable visit. In this community several interested families were interviewed and a cottage meeting held with them. In Fayette more cottage meetings were held and gospel conversations enjoyed. On the return route another excellent cottage meeting was held in Elkhorn.

In Coal Valley an Elders' Conference was held October 15-18. President William M. Palmer, president of the mission, was present. Three sessions were held each day. David was chosen to be clerk of the conference. At the conclusion of the meetings a baptismal service was held in which five persons were entered on the Church rolls. New assignments followed in which David and Thomas Butler were appointed to labor in Ohio. Before leaving for their new field, however, the Barnes family, with whom they had been lodging, were all baptized.

In Pittsburgh the Elders attended a Josephite meeting. There David took the opportunity of bearing his testimony that Brigham Young was a true prophet and rightful successor to Joseph Smith. No Josephite in that meeting could stand before God on the Judgment Day and say that he was never told who the rightful successor to the Prophet Joseph was.

Elders Butler and Stout left Pittsburgh October 29th for their new field in Ohio by walking down the Ohio River and depending on the Lord to direct them to friends who would feed and lodge them. Their prayers were answered both in Industry and East Liverpool. In the latter town the Davidsons, a family of saints, entertained them for several days. The kindness of this family enabled the Elders to hold several cottage meetings and contact many investigators.

A long journey into the country was begun November 8th, when the missionaries started walking down the Ohio River. The first night at Toronto they were well entertained.

The second night at Stenbenville their host gave them two meals and a bed, but wouldn't talk on religion nor read their literature. In Miller's Station the next day their host encouraged them to remain and hold a cottage meeting, which they did. They spent one night in Bowerstown, and arrived in Port Washington in a heavy storm and were given lodging by a minister named W. H. Oerter. Traveling south they were entertained near Kimbolton by James Frame. The next morning their host took them to town and introduced them to the M. E. minister, Thomas Tuccock. This kind gentleman gave them a dinner and arranged for the use of a school house so they might hold a meeting. There was a spirit of resentment manifested at the meeting but no disturbance. A kind gentleman named Fowler paid their hotel bill for them that evening. In Cambridge the next day a Mr. Miller refused them a dinner because of his hatred toward the Mormons. In retaliation the Elders "shook off the dust of our feet, as a testimony against him." In Bridgeville they were given lodging by a gentleman named Nevill. In Zanesville, the county seat, David visited a Dr. Stout, a liberal gentleman of that city.

The Elders' route took them through Somerset, Rushville, Lancaster, Amanda, and finally Stoutsville, where a large number of Stouts lived. Passing on through Circleville to Woodlyn, their final destination, they held a cottage meeting at the home of a Mr. Peck. They lodged with a family named Star who were members of the Church. These kind people gave them all the comforts within their means. The Elders spent about a week in this community before returning (November 26th) toward Circleville.

Retracing their tracks, at Circleville, they were given lodging by Jeremiah Stout, who gave David a description of the family in that part of the country. From the information obtained David was quite certain his line was connected in the distant past with these Stouts in Circleville and Stoutsville. The day following, the Elders were in the latter town and engaged a hall, where, on November 28th a meeting was held, sixty persons being present. The Elders bore powerful testimonies to the divinity of the newly restored gospel. In a second meeting seventy persons were present. Although no conversions were made, David had the satisfaction of knowing that he had given his distant kinfolk an opportunity of hearing the gospel so on the Great Judgment Day they cannot plead

ignorance. Jacob J. Stout and Manual Stout both received and treated the Elders very kindly, but did not have the courage to embrace the truth. Genealogy minded David, even went to the town graveyard and searched for Stout names which might show some connection between the two families. Before leaving town the Elders applied to George Stout for lodging, but he, in the most ugly manner possible, not only refused but "grossly insulted" them. The Elders retaliated in the only fashion possible. They shook off the dust from their feet against him. George Stout will pay the penalty for his savage rejection of God's servants.

In East Ringgold the missionaries were kindly lodged by another Jacob Stout, who did everything in his power to make the Elders comfortable. From this point the route of the pair took them through St. Paul, Tackbourne and Columbus, state capital. There they took time out to see the principal sights. Traveling northward the pair were refused lodging twenty-four times before one D. J. Flynn took them in at Worthington. In Powell one James Greenwood gave them a night's lodging, but the prejudices of the people were so great against their religion that no hall meetings could be arranged. The same conditions were found in Ostrander and Beachtown. A Church member, Sister Taylor, who lived in Ostrander, recommended that the Elders visit her friends in Magnetic Springs, Union County. So to those Springs the missionaries went. Henry Tiggett, a relative of Sister Taylor, treated the Elders well and listened attentively to their message, but showed no disposition to accept the faith.

The missionaries now began their "homeward" march toward East Liverpool. In Bellpoint they held a meeting where one hundred were present. From this point on they rushed as rapidly as possible, arriving at their destination December 23rd.

The Davidson family in East Liverpool treated the road-weary Elders with every consideration within their means. They cooked a turkey dinner for their Christmas and provided a room for reading and relaxation. The last few days of the year David spent reading the arguments pro and con for the Edmunds-Tucker Bill then before Congress. David was personally interested in its passage. Letters from home assured him that the family was well provided for. Rettie was

again teaching in Rockville, Mary Jane in Springdale and Julia in Grafton.

1887—David spent the first three days in the new year holding cottage meetings, administering to the sick, and visiting saints and investigators. George Barnes came down from



DAVID FISK STOUT

A missionary in Pennsylvania and Ohio, 1887

Coal Valley and made David a present of an overcoat—he couldn't have chosen a more needed article. House to house missionary work during the winter season was none too pleasant even when well clothed.

Elders Butler and Stout made a three-day trip north of East Liverpool. The first night was spent at Clarkson, the second at Lisbon. They received so many unpleasant receptions on this trip that in one ritual—to cover all persons—they shook off the dust from their feet as a testimony against them.

Down the river from Liverpool, the Elders made arrangements for a meeting in a school house, but later, one of the trustees objected on religious grounds, so David indignantly shook the dust from his feet against him.

One evening while walking down the streets of Liverpool David was accosted by a rude, bitter spirited stranger, who cursed the Mormons for breaking up his father's family. His father, he said, had joined the Mormons, thus destroying and separating the family. What the man did not realize, however, was that the break-up was in fulfilment of ancient prophesy. His father, "one of the family", was called by inspiration, to go up to Zion.

The Elders were successful in holding several meetings in and near Liverpool. January 19th the pair started up the river, and at Beaver a scheduled meeting was refused after permission had been given. In Industry and Pittsburgh several meetings were held before the pair returned to East Liverpool February 4th.

Having obtained permission from his mission president he took leave of Elder Butler at Rochester, Pa., February 14th, and started north to find some of his mother's people in New York. Arriving in Forestville, N. Y., he found his mother's cousin, Ellen R. Doley. Many of the Fisks lived in the same community. David was given the opportunity to preach the gospel to Ellen, who, eventually, was gifted with the power to discern the truth—a rare privilege indeed. He held several hall meetings where all the Fisks were invited to attend.

After two weeks with his relatives in Forestville, he headed for Kirtland, Ohio. He engaged in missionary work enroute and before reaching his destination he had occasion to shake the dust from his feet many times. In Mentor (near Kirtland) he visited Julia Fisk, widow of Marvin Fisk (an uncle of David's mother). She admitted to David that she had been the means of preventing her husband from joining the Church.

In Kirtland David sought out his mother's cousin, Eliza Morley. She kindly received him by providing lodging for him a few days. David's first interest was the temple which he carefully examined and viewed with memories of the great events which had occurred there. He spoke to the custodian of the building, "Apostle Kelley", a Reorganite minister, who gave him his version of the temple and its history. Mr. Kelley

assisted David in making arrangements for a town hall meeting that the Mormon point of view might be presented to the people. In that meeting another Reorganite minister tried to confound David by asking questions but the Lord was with him for his answers were clear and convincing. March 13th another hall meeting was held. There Mr. Kelley, himself, challenged David to debate the question: "Does the Bible teach polygamy?" When this debate was held ten days later, David writes that "learning and ability were matched against the law and the testimony." David continues, "Mr. Kelley did well considering his cause was such a bad one—such perversions and distortions of the truth. The debate continued for two days, but the multiplication of words did not change errors into truths nor harmonize perversions with consistency."

Personally, Mr. Kelley treated David with a high degree of courtesy, but was very "abusive of our people, telling such absurd and foolish falsehoods about our people" that David would no longer associate with him.

David met another Mormon missionary laboring in that part of Ohio, Elder Edward Stevenson. Together they attended a Josephite meeting held in the once sacred temple. In this meeting they met "young" Joseph (the Prophet's son, and president of the Reorganized Church). Joseph made a very unfavorable impression on David. It was difficult for David to understand how a Prophet like Joseph Smith should have a son that would fall into such apostacy!

Concluding that Kirtland was a den of apostates David hastened back to Pittsburgh (April 15th), where he found his old companion, A. E. Johnson, sick at the Barnes home near Lebanon. He spent several days with his old friend doing what he could to assist his recovery. For the next two months David confined his missionary activities to the coal mining towns south of Pittsburgh.

The mission president chose David to find a suitable place to hold an Elders' conference for June 11th and 14th. He was told by the trustees of one school house that the Mormons were the only Church not permitted to use the building. He secured the Salvation Barracks in Muttontown, a small town in Coal Valley. Three meetings were held daily during the fourday conference. David served as clerk of the conference and wrote up a detailed report of its decisions. Three

persons were excommunicated from the Church while seven were added by baptism, David officiating in that ordinance. David and Elder Allen were assigned to labor in Potter County in Pennsylvania. Since David's duties as conference clerk necessitated his remaining in Coal Valley to write up the conference reports he did not join Elder Allen in Potter County until the 16th of July. Arriving in Costello, Potter County, David found Elders Allen and Butler all ready hard at work. The Elders held 17 meetings, walked 300 miles and had many gospel conversations during the month of July.

In August, Elders Allen and Stout went west into McKean County. They met a Baptist minister in one of the small communities, who grossly insulted the pair. The Elders then shook the dust from off their feet against him and then moved on to the town of Kane. Here they found the family they had come to see, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peterson. Mrs. Peterson applied for and was baptized by Elder Allen and confirmed by David. Before leaving town the missionaries visited the tomb of Thomas L. Kane, the great friend of the Mormons. After spending the balance of August and all of September in and near Candersport, Potter County, the Elders paid the Peterson family another visit in early October (7th), then started back toward Pittsburgh for conferences and new instructions.

In Coal Valley David and his companion spent a happy period visiting old friends and investigators and attending the Elders' conference. He met a new missionary, James P. Terry, his father-in-law, who, like himself, was hiding from the officers of the law. In early November he and his companion visited East Liverpool, Ohio; then at Rochester, Pa., he baptized four persons whom he had been working with for sometime. In late November, he and D. E. Harris, the new conference president, left for a trip into Fayette County, where they were instrumental in effecting a reconciliation between two families. Succeeding in this objective the pair returned to Fayette City to take part in a debate on the civil and moral law. Separating from President Harris (December 4th) David took the train for Coal Valley, then to Pittsburgh, where he heard the famous Rev. Moody discuss the atonement, claiming that belief alone was sufficient to save.

A new companion, Elder Fullmer, was assigned to labor with David (December 6th). Starting down the river from Pittsburgh they walked 25 miles to Rochester, then up the

Beaver River into Lawrence County, and finally to Grove City in Mercer County. There James F. Forester was re-baptized and a cottage meeting held. Returning, the Elders spent twelve days in Rochester, spending Christmas at the home of G. Lloyd. December 27th the missionaries took the train for Pittsburgh and spent the New Year visiting the home of the Swans, faithful Church members.

The year 1887 was an active year for David. He walked 2,000 miles, blessed 17 children, baptized 17 persons and helped to confirm 12 others. He administered to 16 persons, held 181 meetings, preached 154 sermons, and shook the dust from his feet against 14 persons (or homes).

1888—A memorable year for David. Completing his mission in May he spent the balance of the year dodging the U. S. Marshalls.

From the Swan home in Pittsburgh, David and his companion, Elder Allen, went to Rochester for a ten-day stay before moving north in Garden Grove, Mercer County. After paying a friendly visit to the Foresters, whom he had previously baptized, the pair moved through Franklin to Kane in McKean County. They were kindly received by the Peterson family whom they visited for some ten days, using their home as a base for missionary labors.

While in Kane he received the sad news that his mother had suffered a paralytic stroke. He felt strongly impressed to give up his mission and go home. More sober decisions were made, however, thanks to the influence of kind friends. "I am where the Lord placed me," he wrote, and there is where he remained. One day (January 25th) after he received the news of his mother's stroke, he received a letter from his father-in-law, James P. Terry, enclosing an original poem full of inspiration and encouraging him to remain in the field.

A Missionary's Dream

Home Sweet Home
To my loved ones at home,
I do pray for you wherever I roam.
So may the Lord bless you
My dear ones at home,
For I can assure you there is no place like home.
Home sweet home, there is no place like home.

But with honest good will
I shall stay here till mission filled
And when it is done
With joy and thanksgiving
To my home I will come.
Home sweet home
There is no place like home.
Then for me do pray
That no harm or evil shall come my way.

Response

Dear husband and father
We are thinking of you
By day and by night
We pray to the Lord
That He will keep you
And shield you from every harm
That when your mission is done
Again unto us
You surely will come.

Signed: *James P. Terry.*

Fortified with these words of encouragement David gathered strength to continue his mission. Elders Allen and Stout set out for Smithport, where on David's thirty-third birthday he received a letter from his old friend, D. E. Harris, informing him that he (Harris) had been appointed mission president. Harris then appointed David to replace him as president of the Pennsylvania Conference.

As conference president it was necessary to be near headquarters so David and Elder Allen started toward Pittsburgh, which was to require nearly two months of traveling to reach. Their route took them through Port Allegheny, Candersport, East Hebron, a distance which consumed a month of missionary activity. In early March the pair entered Tioga County, passing through Stony Fork, Haysville, Nauvoo (Pa.), and into Bradford County, where they met an apostate Mormon whose ravings against the Church were unequalled. In Sullivan County the Elders suffered greatly from the wet sub-zero weather. At Bernice, the Elders met a couple, Sarah and John Yard, who previously had been converted. The Elders baptized them in icy waters—which shows they were willing to pay any price for membership. The Elders remained with this good family eleven days before moving into Muncy Valley where the snow

was heavy and the roads almost impassable. From Hall's Station, where the Elders slept in the waiting room, they took the train for Tyrone, then walked the rest of the way to Pittsburgh, arriving there March 31st. This ended a three-month trip which had cost David 400 miles of hard walking, but was fully justified since he had accomplished much good.

His new duties as conference president required that he make out monthly reports, supervise the activities of the missionaries and adjust difficulties between Church members. Early in April he was called to Fayette City to adjust difficulties which had arisen in the branch there. The reconciliation which he effected there was very successful. From Fayette City his duties carried him to Casville, then to Metz, Marion County, West Virginia. At Metz an Elders' Conference was held (April 14th and 15th), where President D. E. Harris and several missionaries were present. The second day of the conference David was released as conference president and two days later was released to go home. Heber Bennion was chosen to succeed David as conference president. Elder Johnson, who accompanied David into the field, was also released to go home the same day.

David remained in Metz two weeks longer, assisting his successor in adjusting himself to his new duties and taking part in a debate with Rev. Oakes on the subject: "Resolved that Mormonism is a Delusion". After attending a baptismal service and bidding his friends goodbye, David left (May 2nd) by train for Wheeling, West Virginia, then up the river to East Liverpool to bid the Davidsons and Webbs a farewell. In Rochester he paid his last visit to the Gilberts, Freemans and Lloyds. The same ordeal was experienced in Allegheny City, where he bid the Householders, Warnocks and Swans adieu. He felt highly honored when he was privileged to baptize Brother Householder's mother on his last visit. In Pittsburgh and Coal Valley David spent a busy eight-day period saying goodbye to his friends, speaking in cottage meetings, and preparing his luggage for the western trip.

The great day arrived (May 14th) when he must say a final goodbye to fellow missionaries and saints—one of the hardest tasks a missionary must eventually face. Leaving Pittsburgh late in the evening he found himself in Cincinnati the following day. In that city he went to see the "battle of Gettysburg", a great painting using 20,000 yards of canvas.

The next day he visited the Zoological Gardens in St. Louis. The following morning at day light his train passed through Independence, Missouri, where he recognized its future potentialities. His route carried him through Pueblo, Colorado, over the mountains and into the deserts of Utah. When he saw the familiar sage brush of Utah he felt like screaming for joy. In Springville David stopped to visit Sister Fullmer, wife of his companion, Elder Fullmer.

May 20th, David arrived in Salt Lake City at an early hour. He went directly to the 17th Ward to attend Sunday School. He was invited to dinner by A. H. Cannon, who gave him a bundle of home letters. In the afternoon he attended the services in the Tabernacle. Monday he spent the day seeking employment for two of his old friends in Coal Valley, Brothers Householder and Lloyd, who had indicated they would like to come to Zion if employment could be found. He spent two nights with his old friend Mr. Woolley, who lived on Third East. Leaving Salt Lake May 22nd, he paid his Uncle Hosea a short visit in Franklin. In Nephi he stopped to visit his old companion, W. W. Allen, whom he had labored with in Potter County, Pa. He spent two days visiting his sister Amanda and cousin Lewis in Leamington. When the train was approaching Milford the train conductor hid David in the official car lest there might be marshalls at the Milford depot waiting for victims. After the train had stopped the conductor was sure the coast was clear of deputies before he came and let David out of the car. The conductor must have been in sympathy with polygamists—a very unusual attitude for a railroad man.

THE UNDERGROUND LIFE

After cacheing his baggage at Milford David began his journey to Rockville, on foot. A friend in a wagon gave him a lift to Minersville. At Rush Lake, Ira Miles gave him a night's lodging. He continued his journey on foot through Cedar City over the mountain to Crystal Springs, where he visited his brother Alfred. From that mountain camp David left one afternoon (May 30th) and traveled all night, reaching his dear ones at four o'clock in the morning. The month of May had been one of the most active periods of his life. The change from active missionary life to the dull routine of farm and labor was effectively made by David through the exercise of common intelligence.

The life of an under-ground polygamist was not an easy one. The problem of avoiding the marshalls while in the mission field was simple, but upon reaching home the problem of performing one's duty to his family and avoiding the officers of the law was often in conflict. The first day in Rockville David did not step out of his home. Not till evening did he dare to visit his dying mother.

The marshalls were very active during this period. Milton Lee was arrested, the Cox home raided and excitement was general throughout Dixie. These raids did not intimidate David. He hadn't been home a month when he went to St. George and married a fourth wife.

The social atmosphere of St. George in late June was intense. The authorities advised David not to bring his new bride to the Temple for the marriage ceremony. The ceremony was performed in the Tabernacle in strict secrecy (June 26th). Sarah Lucretia Cox, sister of Henrietta and Julia, was born December 20, 1866, in St. George, Utah.

Sarah had joined her new family but a few days when Rockville was raided by the U. S. Marshalls. Sarah and Rettie narrowly escaped being caught by the Marshalls. By means of the grape vine, they were warned in time by hiding in the corn field.

A Stake Conference was held in St. George at about this time. It was the custom for returned missionaries to make their report at these sessions. In David's case the situation was entirely different. He was advised by the Church authorities to not even attend the conference. It was David's policy to remain close to home—always ready at a moment's notice to dash for cover. He made a trip to Mt. Trumble in July to seek employment but found none. In late summer he assisted his family to dry and preserve the fruit raised on his orchard. Considerable cider was made too.

In September David lost a sister and a mother. Lydia, the oldest daughter, died at Washington, Washington County, September 14th. Her last wish was never realized. She wanted to see David after his return from his mission, but the opportunity never came. Lydia had lived a noble life. She was married at the age of 16 to Charles Griffin—a worthless drunkard, who treated her shamefully. Her Uncle Hosea Stout visited her home one day and witnessed the terrible conditions under which she was forced to live. He straight-way arranged for

her divorce and gave her employment until she met and married Norman Bliss, with whom she had five children. Norman was killed in an accident in 1882, so she later married Cyrus Jennings, with whom she had one child, David Stout Jennings. Lydia's funeral was held at Toquerville, where she was buried beside her second husband, Norman Bliss.

The shock of Lydia's death was too much for her mother. Two days after the funeral (Sept. 18th) David's mother, Amanda Melvina Fisk Stout, was stricken with her last attack of paralysis. For sixty hours she lie unconscious before the end came (Sept. 21st). Decomposition set in so rapidly that the funeral had to be held the same day. All her children were present for the final rites except Amanda, who lived in Leamington. The funeral, which was held in front of David's home under the trees, was addressed by Bishop Charles Smith and James P. Terry.

In October David was in St. George at the request of Martha Cox to serve as a go-between in effecting a reconciliation between two families. In this delicate task he was successful.

In the autumn the family began to scatter. Rettie taught in the Rockville school, Julia in Grafton, Sarah in Shoonenburg, while Mary Jane went to St. George, where she remained all winter taking treatments from Dr. Higgins. David continued his regular occupation on his small farm trading his products for potatoes and flour. Henrietta Cox and her youngest daughter Artemesia spent the winter with the family. Henrietta served as chief housekeeper, while Artemesia proved to be a champion baby tender.

1889-1891. David probably did not write his journal during this three-year period. If he did write it the journal was lost to posterity, much to our regret.

The early months of 1889 David and his father-in-law, Isaiah Cox, were together much of the time hiding from the marshalls. Early in the spring David went to Mt. Trumbull in Arizona and bought some interest in the sawmill there. He was back in Rockville July 28th to give his son, Emerald, a name and a blessing. Ten days earlier Mary Jane had added the seventh child to the family, Vernon Wesley (July 18th). David again returned to the mill in the rugged mountains of northern Arizona, where marshalls never cared to venture.

In the fall the streams dry up so that it is impossible to

run the mill longer. David returned to Rockville in time to be present when Rettie added the eighth child to the family, Achsah, born November 14th. Thirty-four days later, his faithful old father passed away, December 18, 1889. David remained in Rockville until a few weeks after the arrival of his ninth child, Wendell Snow, who made his appearance February 24, 1890. This child was Sarah's first contribution to the family. David spent the entire season at the mill with the exception of one trip to Rockville in mid-August when his son, Vernon Wesley, died August 15th, Mary Jane's second son to die. Each one of his wives paid him a visit at the mill at different times during the working season. David returned to Rockville in the fall of 1890 to spend the winter with his family. In March or April, as soon as the snow was removed from the mountains in Arizona, David was again working at his mill at Mt. Trumbull. May 31, 1891, David was again in Rockville on a short business trip. On that day he named and blessed his tenth child, Valeria, first daughter of Mary Jane, born May 23, 1891.

In September David attended the stake conference at St. George. There he was ordained a High Priest by Apostle Francis M. Lyman (September 12, 1891). The same day the Bishopric of Rockville was reorganized. Gottlieb Hirschi was appointed Bishop and David F. Stout was appointed his first counselor. After these sessions David returned to his mill at Mt. Trumbull, where he worked until the snow began to fly; then returned to Rockville for the winter months.

1892—Early in January David was in St. George on business. He visited with his father-in-law, Isaiah Cox, who had just returned from Mexico where he had gone to avoid the marshalls.

Valeria, Mary Jane's eight-months old child, was very sick in February. Her mother, too, was a helpless invalid. A month later, David and Rettie also became quite sick. Rettie's sickness proved quite serious.

The Republicans of Rockville met February 26th and were addressed by David, who outlined to them the party's principles. A month later (March 18th) the members of the party met again and chose a delegate to the county convention held at Toquerville. David took a very active part in this meeting.

David attended the stake conference held in St. George

March 12th-14th, where he was called upon to be one of the speakers. David Cannon and Andrew Jenson were the conference visitors. Andrew Jenson made a powerful appeal to all Church members to keep family records. His words served to influence David to the importance of writing and recording all events of family importance. David returned to Rockville in time to attend the Relief Society celebration commemorating the 50th anniversary of its organization. Rettie, who was then president of the Relief Society in Rockville, had charge of the proceedings.

David spent the first four months in the year preparing his farm for spring planting and cultivation. He made two trips to St. George with loads of shingles. Franklin Cox, a sixteen-year-old brother-in-law, worked for David most of the season. When David was ready to leave for the mill at Mt. Trumbull both Franklin and Marion Cox went along to help run the mill. Marion Stout, David's youngest brother, also went. They arrived at the mill May 8th. It required four days of hard work before the mill was ready to run. After a three weeks run David received word there was sickness at home, so leaving the boys in charge of the mill, he rushed home, walking the last thirty-one miles. There he found Rettie with a new baby, born June 2nd, four days before his arrival. The girl was later named Aureta.

Soon after David arrived in Rockville he dispatched two wagon loads of supplies for the mill hands, then drove to St. George, taking Martha Cox and several of his own folks to attend the stake conference. At these sessions the authorities were represented by Apostles George Q. Cannon, Wilford Woodruff and Elder B. H. Roberts. The sermons which these inspired leaders delivered were very highly appreciated by the saints of Dixie.

David left Rockville June 16th for the mill at Trumbull. There he worked little more than three weeks when he started for Rockville with a load of lumber. Four days after his arrival there he blessed and named Aureta (July 17th). Three days later Sarah, his wife, presented to him his thirteenth child, Grant Montgomery, born July 20th. July 28th, David set out for Mt. Trumbull, taking with him Mary Jane and Valeria, Julia and her three children. The family remained in the mountain retreat six weeks, returning to Rockville September 18th. David continued at the mill two more weeks,

when the water supply was exhausted, forcing him to abandon the mill for that season.

The Republicans of Rockville chose David to represent them at a convention held October 15th in St. George. In that convention he was a member of the committee on credentials and was chairman of the committee on nominations. David was greatly disappointed in the outcome of the presidential election of 1892. Even the territory went Democratic generally.

In November David made two trips to St. George for grain and one to Long Valley to trade molasses for potatoes. While there he attended the Kanab Stake Conference and also visited his brother Alfred, who lived in Orderville.

Early in December David and Rettie went to Bunkerville and Overton, Nevada, on a business trip but returned to Rockville in time for Christmas. On that historical day he and Bishop Smith went to Shoonesburg to reorganize the Sunday School there. From a temporal point of view David writes that the year 1892 was a success since he was able to pay \$65 in tithing.

1893—Early in January David made a trip to St. George, leaving Julia enroute at Harrisburg, where she was teaching school. The nature of his business with the Stake Presidency is not indicated. Returning he secured supplies at the flour mill at Washington.

David's duties in the Bishopric kept him very active. After his return from St. George in early January, he spent more than a week repairing and painting the ward meeting house, contributing his time gratuitously. He gave valuable aid to the Mutual by delivering lectures and conducting the services when the regular officers were absent. He was sent (February 18th) to Toquerville to make a speech before the Mutual there.

David was equally active in temporal affairs. Until late April his small farm occupied all his time, preparing the land for planting. During that period he employed Franklin Cox, who boarded and worked with him. February 23rd David bought a small farm of Joseph Millet, located on Bullock Fork of the Rio Virgen in Long Valley. He paid \$500.00 as a down payment. This deal was to cost him much grief later.

Rockville was made very happy by the return of Hosea Stout (April 15th) from his mission in Tennessee. A special

reception party was held in the church building in his honor.

Late in April David made preparations to work at the Mt. Trumbull saw mill. Leaving Rockville (27th) he took his brother Marion and Franklin Cox to assist him in running the mill. Julia and son Irving also accompanied him. At the mill he found no grass for horse feed, so leaving the family at the mill, David returned to Rockville with a load of lumber and brought back feed for his horses and more food for the camp. He had only been sawing lumber ten days when (May 20th) Frank Petty and William R. Crawford, joint owners of the mill, arrived by agreement to take control of the mill until August 1st. David returned (May 24th) to Rockville with his family, where he found his fourteenth child had already arrived, nine days earlier. Mary Jane, the mother of Madona, was doing very well considering her ill health.

Traveling by horse and wagon was David's chief occupation. It was a symbol of his life's work. After spending one day with his new daughter, Madona, David took his cousin, Elizabeth Cox, to St. George, where he had special business to care for. After returning he spent ten days in preparing for another trip. June 6th he started for his new Millet ranch in Long Valley. On this trip he was accompanied by Julia and her three children, and Sarah and her two children. They went by way of Toquerville and Cedar City. David was much disappointed when he saw the ranch. Its dilapidation was complete. David spent the first week trying to plant a garden, the second week in fencing and irrigating, and both weeks in chasing cattle from the ranch. He made a trip to Kanab (June 26-30) to investigate the status of the deeds. July 18th David and Julia and her three children left Sarah at the ranch and returned to Rockville (July 21st) via Cedar City.

David was only in Rockville a week when he started for Mt. Trumbull alone, arriving there July 29th and was ready to take charge of the mill by August first, as previously agreed upon. David ran the mill during the month of August and boarded with Elizabeth Cox, whose three sons assisted David in operating the mill. At the end of the month he loaded his wagons with lumber and started for home.

Apostle Francis M. Lyman was a visitor in Rockville September 5th and gave the people a very inspiring talk. Strengthened by the words of Elder Lyman, David began an-

other journey to Long Valley to bring back Sarah and her children. He went by way of Yellow Jacket Springs and Kanab. He spent fifteen days at the ranch harvesting the crop and settling up his affairs. With Sarah and her children he returned to Rockville via Kanab and Short Creek, arriving there September 30th, just in time to baptize Irving on his eighth birthday.

David's next journey took him south. Rettie and all her children, except Achsah, were packed in the wagon and the journey to the Muddy was begun. They laid over in St. George for a Sunday rest and attended the Tabernacle service, where David was called upon to speak. Martha Cox and her three youngest daughters joined the party at St. George and accompanied them to Overton, Nevada. At the home of David Cox, arrangements were made for Rettie, her three children, and Henrietta Cox to live for the winter. Rettie was under contract to teach school at Overton that winter. Martha Cox and her three daughters returned to St. George with David. From that town David went directly to Mt. Trumbull; Edward Cox accompanied him to the mill to seek employment. Henderson Cox was already at the mill working when David arrived (October 23rd). David bought Frank Petty's interest in the mill (November 9th), paying him \$800.00. Water shortage forced the mill to close down November 14th, so as soon as David could prepare the camp for its winter rest he left for Rockville.

Late in November David took a load of molasses to Kanarrah to exchange for potatoes. December 9th-11th David, Mary Jane and Sarah attended the stake conference in St. George. Elders Heber J. Grant and Rulon S. Wells were the conference visitors. David was much impressed by their inspiring sermons. The Tuesday following, David and his two wives attended one session in the Temple for their dead. Before the end of the year David made a trip to Long Valley for a load of shingles.

1894—Those early months of the year found David busy on his ten-acre lot preparing for planting, fertilizing the soil, hauling wood from the canyons, and preparing the west room to house the telegraph office. At that period a telegraph line was being built into Rockville. Sarah and her sister, Artemesia Cox, were then taking lessons in telegraphy that they might be the operators when the line was completed.

David was interested in the new canal which was then in construction to water the area now known as Hurricane. He even took a contract to dig part of that canal but his mission prevented him from doing the work.

It isn't usual that a member of the Bishopric should head one of the auxiliary organizations, but in Rockville everything was done differently. During those winter months David was in charge of the Y. M. M. I. A. and carried on as counselor to the Bishop as well.

A great crisis was reached in the Stout family on March 12th. On that day David received a letter from the First Presidency calling him to the presidency of the Northern States Mission. His reaction to the call is well stated in his own words: "My family feel the call quite heavily as it certainly leaves upon the heads of my family the heavier burden. The sickness of one (Mary Jane) and the infancy (Julia's confinement near) of another and the helplessness of my dear ones make it very heavy upon those few able to work. But not one of the inmates of my home would see me refuse to obey the call to go on this mission." Needless to say it took a stout-hearted Stout to accept gracefully such a mission. His family cooperated to the limit in assisting in the cause. The Lord came to the rescue and provided a means for him to go on the mission.

Rettie's school was due to end March 30th, so David made a hasty trip to Overton to bring her home. Enroute he attended Sunday School and Tabernacle services in St. George and was called to speak in both sessions. On his return journey was asked to speak at Bunkerville by Bishop Edward Bunker. Returning to Rockville April 5th, he spent three days of intense preparations, speeches, farewells, and parties. Tearfully bidding his family and friends goodbye he started for Milford in his own wagon driven by Marion Stout. Rettie went as far as Milford, where it was even more difficult to part with her husband.

David left Milford by train April 11th and visited sister Amanda for five minutes as the train passed through Leamington. In Salt Lake City he was set apart (April 13th) by John H. Smith, Francis M. Lyman and S. B. Young. David left the city April 14th, and arrived in Council Bluffs the following day.

Second Mission—As president of the Northern States

Mission David sensed his great responsibilities and implored the Lord for divine guidance and wisdom in the discharge of his duties. He spent the first month acquainting himself with Elders, saints and conditions generally in the mission field.

The area around Omaha contained many Josephites. One of their ministers, Mr. Hansen, challenged David to debate the question: "The Mormon Church has lost all divine authority". The debate was held at Crescent, beginning May 28th. David and Elder Butterworth stated the Mormon position. Before the second meeting was held the missionaries received advices from the First Presidency not to hold debates since such discussions tend to produce ill feelings rather than conversions. David and his companion withdrew, leaving their opponents storming with rage.

David left Council Bluffs June 5th for Onawa, where he visited Susan Scholes, a daughter of Wilford Woodruff. He spent about two weeks in the vicinity of her home holding meetings and preaching the Gospel. He crossed the Missouri River to visit the Lewis family at Decatur, where he remained for a few days. He returned to Council Bluffs June 18th.

Mission duties took David south for a ten-day trip. In St. Joseph he warned a Josephite to repent or severe punishments awaited him. In Centropolis, near Kansas City, he met Charles A. Hall, formerly president of the Hedrickite Church, who applied for baptism. June 24th David baptized Brother Hall and his family. A young man named George A. Cole was also baptized the same day. This young man was destined to make a great name for himself in Utah, first as a school teacher, a lawyer, then as a chiropractor. David visited the Temple Lot in Independence. There he uttered a silent prayer to God to hasten the gathering of Israel and the establishment of Zion. He applied to the president of the Hedrickite Church, Mr. Hill, for the privilege of holding a meeting in his church located on the Temple Lot. This request was refused. David would liked to have visited Liberty Jail but pressing duties called him to Bigelow (Holt Co.) where he called on C. W. Jackson, a member, and administered to his spiritual needs. He returned to Council Bluffs June 29th. David's June report showed that he had traveled 679 miles, preached 11 sermons, and baptized 6 persons.

The Pullman strike in July affected the progress of the missionaries to some extent. Failure to receive his home mail

greatly distracted David since home conditions determined his effectiveness in the mission field. July was one of the hottest and dryest seasons Nebraska had experienced in thirty years. In spite of the sultry oppressive weather David's record for July was 12 meetings attended, visited 47 families, walked 193 miles, and wrote 90 letters. Although the drought continued through August and into September there was no famine in the preaching of the gospel.

David spent another week visiting with Sister Scholes at Onawa before leaving (Aug. 30) for Kansas City to spiritually feed and encourage the Hall family. He had a very fine visit with George A. Cole, whom he had become closely attached to. The heat wave seemed to have intensified in August, but it did not prevent David from doing his full duty in the Lord's work. He traveled 539 miles that month, held 15 meetings, and administered to 11 sick persons.

From Kansas City David went to St. Johns, Kansas (September 1), where he was royally entertained by George Q. Baker. He spent seventeen days in that town visiting saints, holding meetings, and administering to the spiritual needs of the people. Back in Kansas City again, David was shown the supposed brass plates which James J. Strange claimed was given him by an angel. George A. Cole took him to the place where these plates were seen. David pointed out to George the methods which the devil employs to deceive the people. Certainly this was a case illustrative of the prophesy that in the last days strong illusions shall plague the people.

David hastened back to Council Bluffs (September 19) to prepare for an Elders Conference which commenced a few days later. As mission president, David took the lead in those sessions, speaking at each meeting and giving instructions to the newly arrived missionaries and making the assignments for the period ahead. At this conference George A. Cole was recommended to be ordained a Teacher.

The day following the conference (September 26) David began a 46-day inspection tour of the mission. Passing through Chicago his first stop was at Marion, Indiana, where he held a three-day conference with the Elders of that area. At Covington (on the Wabash River) he visited (October 6) the home of Oliver Shelby, a wealthy farmer who knew how to make missionaries welcome. He spent a week in his neighborhood contacting investigators, holding cottage meetings, and

encouraging the saints to live the gospel. In Indianapolis, state capital of Indiana, he visited the State House and other points of interest. His duties called him to Columbus Grove, Dayton, Cincinnati, and finally to Wilmington, where his father, Allen Joseph, had lived for five years (1819-1824) during his youth. In Wilmington, David went to visit Daniel Stout, Sheriff of Clinton County, and a distant relative of the Utah Stouts. David spent an entire day preaching the gospel to his kin. His journey now took him through Columbus, Newark, Cameron and Littleton, West Virginia, where he was scheduled to attend another missionary conference. On the day (October 20) the sessions began he received word from home that Sarah had contributed the 16th child to the family, born October 10th. She was named Genevieve. At the end of the conference David appointed Wilford Reeder to be the new conference president.

From Littleton David's journey took him north through Wheeling, and up the Ohio River to East Liverpool, his old missionary field. He renewed old friendships by visiting the Webb and Davidson families, whom he had known on his first mission. Traveling north he passed through New Castle, Painsville, then to Kirtland, Ohio, to visit his old friends there. He was entertained by his old friend, Mr. Carpenter, who did everything possible to make his stay pleasant. David spent six days in this temple city holding meetings and preaching the gospel to the Josephites and doing all in his power to lead them to the truth. November 2nd Brother Carpenter's son took David in his buggy to Cleveland, a distance of 24 miles. It was in Cleveland that David heard one of Edison's phonograph records played for the first time in his life. Moving on to Toledo, he visited his mother's cousin, Evelyn Hunter, who was very bitter against Joseph Smith. The night of his arrival (November 3rd) she took him to a public debate between a Republican and Democrat. Politics was running high at this mid-term election. David's reaction to what he saw and heard is interesting: "Politics run high in excitement, low in method."

Election Day in November David was traveling toward Metz, where he spent two days visiting Sister Bakestraw, a member who invited her neighbors in to talk on gospel topics with David. In Chicago he was kindly entertained by his old Jewish friend, James Wilkins. November 11th he returned to Council Bluffs to find he was behind in his mission reports.

It required an extra month to bring his work up to date. He received a letter from home informing him that Rettie was teaching at St. Joseph, Nevada, for the school term 1894-95.

December 12th David suffered an attack of rheumatism. This disease became more severe as time dragged on. He became so prostrated and helpless that he was taken to the home of Frank Holliday, who did all in his power to assist him. Finally, when he saw that recovery was remote or hopeless he wrote to President Wilford Woodruff and reported his sickness. In the same letter he recommended Joshua Reuben Clark (father of President J. Reuben Clark, First Presidency 1941) as a man full of faith, and well fitted to be his successor as president of the mission.

1895—January 3rd David received a wire from President Wilford Woodruff as follows: "You are honorably released to return home whenever health permits; notify clerk" David's recommendation was accepted, so Elder Clark was appointed mission president.

After his mission responsibilities were removed David set out to cure his rheumatism. The Holliday family did everything in their power to make life pleasant for him. Elder Otto Johnson served as his nurse. Under these conditions he felt he could not complain, but in time the mental struggle became too tense. At length, David writes, he became "impatient of the galling restraint of sickness and determined to try a very radical remedy. So I sent Brother Johnson to the drug store. . . . I took a big teaspoonful of this medicine every two hours. I mention this not as advice or example to posterity but as a solemn warning. It came very near killing me. I was seized with a violent fit of vomiting and purging which lasted for thirty hours." Through the administering of the Elders and the prayer of saints and loved ones at home the hands of the destroyer were stayed and his life spared.

Two weeks later David was well enough to travel. Elder Stephen A. Bunker, who had completed his mission, was released so he accompanied David by train all the way to Salt Lake City. Before taking his leave the saints in Council Bluffs gave him a very affectionate farewell party, held at the Holliday home. David and Elder Bunker left Council Bluffs January 21 and arrived in Salt Lake City two days later. David's old friend, C. L. Miller, met them at the train and took them to his home in Murray. The two days following Brother

Miller took the missionaries to Holliday and other places to visit friends and relatives. January 26 David was taken to the office of the First Presidency, where he made his official report to President Woodruff.

Soon afterwards David and Elder Bunker started for Dixie. Brother Bunker separated from David at the forks of the road near Toquerville and continued south while David went east up the river to Rockville. Two of his wives were home, Mary Jane and Sarah, who knew how to nurse rheumatism cases; they took David in charge and within four months David was well.

In June Sarah, Mary Jane and Henrietta Cox were taken to the homestead ranch in Kane County by John Winter. John remained with the folks all summer, building a home and doing the outside work for the family. The previous summer (1894) Sarah and Rettie and their smaller children had lived at the same ranch. They returned to Rockville about a month before the arrival of Genevieve. So also in 1895, the folks remained at the ranch until fall, when John Winter brought them safely back to Rockville. A few weeks after Mary Jane and Sarah had gone to the Kane ranch David felt sufficiently recovered to work. Accordingly he went to his Mt. Trumbull saw mill and worked till the water supply was gone, returning to Rockville in the late fall. Before the year ended George A. Cole joined the family both in soul and body, thus becoming an adopted son in the family.

In Rockville David found himself still in the Bishopric, in spite of his long absence. He was assigned to teach the class in government in the Mutual. He was well prepared to lead that class since he had done a great deal of reading in the science of government. He was a student of politics and took a lively interest in public affairs.

1896—Utah's admission into the Union was appropriately celebrated in Rockville. Special services were held in honor of the event.

David junior comes more and more into the picture as this history unfolds. January 22nd he was ordained a Deacon. The same day George A. Cole was ordained a Priest. It was during these early months that David read the book "End of Religious Controversy". His comment was that the author had completely demolished Protestantism, but in doing so had

unconsciously given his own church (Catholic) some hard kicks.

On February 8th David began a 14-day trip to St. George and the Muddy. In St. George he was invited to speak in the Tabernacle and also at the Third Ward (February 9th). In Bunkerville he visited Martha Cox and her daughters. Two days later (February 14) he met Rettie, who had been teaching in St. Joseph (Logan) that winter. To return Rettie to Rockville was the principal reason for making the journey. David and family returned to St. George where Rettie had the last of her teeth pulled. The journey ended in Rockville on Washington's birthday.

David, Rettie and George A. Cole attended the stake conference held in St. George March 14-16. The two days following the conference David and wife did endowment work in the Temple for their kin.

March 31st ended the long standing controversy with Frank Petty. As noted above, David had bought Petty's interest in the mill November 9, 1893, for \$800.00. This agreement was satisfactory to both parties at the time it was made. Later, Petty demanded more money, but David, fully within his rights, refused to pay. A compromise settlement was made by the Bishop's court in Rockville before David left for his mission in 1894. Petty refused to abide by that settlement. While David was on his mission Frank sent him several threatening letters. Finally Petty sent a complaint to President Woodruff against David. David then proposed to President Woodruff that the case be appealed to the Stake High Council at St. George. This action was not taken. Finally David paid Frank Petty a sum of money which was \$60.00 more than the original contract called for. There are many Frank Petties in this "dog eat dog" world.

In the interest of Rettie's teeth, she and David were again in St. George four days after Isaiah Cox had met a serious accident. Isaiah appeared to be recovering normally while Rettie and David were in St. George (April 7-9), so they started north to Cedar City on business. While there Isaiah died (April 11). David and Rettie knew nothing about his death until two days later when returning home. The folks in Rockville, however, had gone to St. George to attend the funeral.

Six days preparations were necessary before David and

Sarah were ready to leave for the homestead in the mountains. Leaving Rockville May 14th, they took with them Henrietta Cox, David junior, and Sarah's three children. They went by way of Cedar City. They found the roads blocked with snow while trying to reach the mountain divide so were forced to return to Rockville. After one day of rest the same group started again, this time by way of Short Creek. After many hardships the ranch was reached (May 27th). David was suffering from rheumatism while on this journey so the difficulties were greatly increased. The old ranch house was in a dreadful condition when they found it. Thieves had plundered the house, and the sheep had destroyed the grass in the lot. Five days were necessary to plow and plant a garden, repair the fences, and fix up the house that human beings might live there. David took his leave for Rockville June 1, leaving young David to do the heavy work for Sarah during the summer. David senior returned to Rockville by way of Cedar City.

Four days of rest in Rockville and David was on the road again, this time for Mt. Trumbull. He took with him Rettie and her three daughters. At the saw mill they found George A. Cole already there, guarding the property. It required a full week of intense preparations before the mill was ready to run.

While this mill work was in progress Mary Jane added the seventeenth child to the family and her fifth. She was born August 22 in the Rockville home; her name, Melvina Agnes.

At the saw mill in Mt. Trumbull, David was visited by his old friend, Charles A. Hall, whom he had baptized in Centropolis in 1894. Hall was a practical man so he rendered valuable assistance at the mill. Since Brother Hall's heart was weak he only remained at the mill about a month.

In early October David returned Rettie and the girls to Rockville; the wagon broke down enroute so the finish was made on horses.

David's travels then led him to the mountain ranch where Sarah, her mother and the children had been living since May 27th. It required three days of packing and preparation before the journey homeward was begun. The route home was over the Kanarra Mountains. David junior drove the cattle, riding old "Pete". On arriving in Rockville they found Julia with

a new girl, the eighteenth in the family. She was named Ruth.

David was in St. George October 28th to attend a Republican rally. Returning through Leeds he picked up George A. Cole (who was teaching school there) and took him to Rockville. There, in the midst of much political excitement, these two staunch Republicans voted for William McKinley. This was the first time David had ever voted for a president, and it was the first time in twelve years he had even voted. Rettie used her own judgment in voting. She voted for William J. Bryan.

Pleased by the outcome of the election David and Sarah started for Mt. Trumbull, where he worked just two weeks sawing lumber. Thornton Hepworth and John T. Mills assisted him at the mill. It was David's custom to accept products in exchange for lumber. In this way he provided his family with the foods they needed. The surplus products like molasses and wheat he would carry north and exchange for products which Dixie did not grow, potatoes, etc. After returning from the mill (November 24) he made several trips to Harmony and Cedar City, where he made these exchanges.

Fast Day was changed December 6 from the first Thursday to the first Sunday in the month. "This was an excellent idea," wrote David. Stake and Mutual conferences were held in St. George December 12-15. Sarah, Julia and George A. Cole attended with David. Heber J. Grant spoke on the fall of Moses Thatcher. He warned the saints not to follow Thatcher's path by neglecting Church duties to pay too much attention to political affairs. This was advice that David always kept.

David's last act of the year was to attend the Hurricane Canal Company meeting (December 28). In that meeting David drew one of the city lots. He helped in the organization of a townsite.

1897—James T. Duffin, who served as teacher of the upper grades in Rockville, was replaced (January 6) by Rettie, who completed the school term. David carried on as usual during those early months, preparing for spring gardening, hauling wood, and caring for his Church duties. The problem of providing a living on the small ten-acre lot for his rapidly growing family was becoming ever more baffling. The more David and his wives discussed the problem the more they were

convinced that the family must move where expansion was possible.

A number of the Rockville residents had moved north to Hinckley, Utah. Jacob Langston, Hosea Stout, John and George Terry had all moved to Hinckley and had favorably recommended the country to David. David decided he wanted to see the country so he and Sarah started (March 10), going by team and wagon. Arriving in Hinckley they were entertained by Fannie Terry, David's niece. Two days were spent in seeking a suitable farm to buy. They bought the 40-acre farm belonging to Warren Black March 20. Eleven days later, David and Sarah were permitted to move their camping outfit into the granary and on April 19th they took full possession of the farm. The next 18 days were spent in preparing the land for seed. George A. Cole joined the family April 16, and gave valuable assistance on the farm.

William H. Pratt, Bishop of the Ward, and his first counselor, George A. Black, initiated David into the Church by giving him two opportunities to speak before the people. A friendship with the Black family was begun at that time which never ended.

Farm work continued until business in the south forced David and Sarah to leave May 7th for Rockville. At Minersville they met Rettie and three of her children (Achsa, Artie and David), who were on their way to Hinckley. David and Sarah continued on to Rockville, where, after a three-day rest, moved onto the mountain ranch in Kane County, via Short Creek and Orderville. They camped on the old ranch just one night (thus satisfying the law) then returned by the same route to Rockville (May 26).

Leaving Sarah in Rockville David returned to Hinckley, taking with him Misha Cox. From Hinckley David made business trips to Oak City and Fillmore. On June 30, he rented the John Elders' farm just north of town; there, he and young David planted a garden.

In June the Stout family was formally received as members of the Hinckley Ward. This made it necessary for David to be released from the Bishopric in Rockville. He had been a member of the Rockville Ward for 29 years. David was put right to work in Hinckley. He was chosen to be the orator of the day on Independence Day. He was appointed to teach the

Civil Government class in Mutual. His brother Hosea was chosen as superintendent of the Sunday School.

Mary Jane and her three daughters came up from Dixie July 19th and joined the family. She and her children moved into the Elders' farm house north of town. To maintain these two farms, Black and Elders' farms, it kept the two Davids very busy. The lease on the Elders' farm ended in late September, so it became necessary for Mary Jane and family to move to the Black home.

Young David, Artie and their mother, Rettie, left Hinckley September 1st for Rockville; there Rettie taught school that winter. Young David returned to Hinckley taking Julia and her children.

After the harvesting was completed in Hinckley David senior started (October 28) for Dixie. He took with him Evelyn Cox. At Milford he secured a load of freight, which he took to the St. George Temple. His cousin, Elizabeth Cox, accompanied him from St. George to Rockville. Two days after his arrival there Sarah presented to him his 19th child and her fourth. He was born November 9th and his name was Carlyle.

On the day Carlyle arrived David started for Kanarra, where he traded a load of molasses for potatoes. November 18 the old rock house and lot were sold to Oliver De Mill. To date 17 children had been born in that old building, two more were yet to come before the family vacated their old home.

Shortly after the sale David started for Hinckley; his niece, Fanny Terry, went along as a passenger. This journey required seven days since the snow and mud were so deep it was with great difficulty that any progress could be made.

Early in December he made one trip to Fillmore before he left Hinckley for another visit to Dixie. In his wagon he had lucern seed which he traded en route for flour and other necessary products for the home. He spent Christmas with Rettie and Sarah in Rockville. Rettie's children were all there except Achsah, and David, who were attending school in Hinckley that winter.

1898—David's first attempt to return to Hinckley in early January was stopped by a savage blizzard of snow and sleet. He tried again (January 18th) and fought bitter cold winds, deep snows, and heavy mud to Smith's ranch (north of Milford). Beyond that point roads were impassable so he

left the team and wagon at the ranch and finished the journey on the train. A week later he returned for his outfit.

Rettie, who had been teaching in Rockville during the winter, added the 20th child to the family May 2nd. David wrote to Rettie and suggested that since she arrived the day following Dewey's defeat of the Spanish at Manila she name the child "Commodore Dewey."

David rented a farm from Frank Croft, which was located north of town in Abraham. He and his two older sons spent considerable time preparing the land for crops. May 11th David sent young David to Rockville to bring up part of the family. He returned May 30th with Grant, Snow, Artie and Henrietta Cox.

Most of the adult members of the family attended the stake conference held in Deseret May 21 and 22. President Wilford Woodruff was present in person to instruct the saints. David and Jacob Langston were accepted as members of the Stake High Priests Quorum.

David left Hinckley June 15 for a business trip to Rockville. He there saw for the first time his fifty-day-old son, Dewey. He and Sarah continued on to Kanab, where Sarah (June 25th) took the required oath which gave her the title to her mountain homestead. Four days later David left Rockville for his new home in Hinckley, taking with him Daisie and Genevieve. One day after his arrival he was called on to be the orator of the day in Hinckley's Independence Day celebration.

Mary Jane, whose health was very poor in Hinckley, left for Draper. There she visited relatives for a few months. Sixteen days later (July 23) David went to Salt Lake on a business trip. He took with him Emerald and Achsah, who enjoyed their first visit to the "big city". With A. B. Savage, owner of the Church Farm property he had been renting, he signed a new lease. After a friendly call on George A. Cole, the party returned to Hinckley to find that Rettie and Sarah and their children had arrived in Hinckley from Rockville the same day he had departed for Salt Lake. This completed the family move from Dixie.

True to form David entered politics. Jacob Langston, Hosea and himself, having been appointed delegates to the Republican County Convention in Fillmore they took an active part in its proceedings. David served on the committee on Resolutions and made a speech at the evening session.

Two weeks after Mary Jane returned from her visit in Draper she started (October 25) for Rockville with her three girls. Her plan was to remain in Rockville during the winter David junior was the teamster who took her there.

In October the political campaign became warmer. In behalf of the Republican cause David made a speech in Oasis and another in Deseret. On election day David and his family voted Republican.

The family suffered from sickness in November and December. Rettie passed through a severe period due, it is believed, to the change of climate. Daisie began to have rheumatism trouble. November 20 and 21 those members who were well attended the stake conference in Deseret. Francis M. Lyman was present and delivered some inspiring sermons. Bishop Milton Moody of Deseret was dropped for personal reasons. Frank Hinckley was appointed to replace him.

Farm work had been more successful in the second year at Hinckley. He threshed 216 bushels of lucrene seed, and harvested a large crop of hay and potatoes. The fuel problem in Hinckley was much more serious than in Rockville. The cedars were 20 or 30 miles distance from home; this necessitated a long, hard trip through snow and mud to obtain. Three winters of wind and icy rain convinced David that Hinckley was no paradise.

David depended on the barter system to supply his family needs. Wagons loaded with molasses came up from Dixie. David would trade lucrene seed to these farmers for molasses. He took two loads of molasses to Scipio and San Pete valley in December and traded for flour. In this fashion he balanced his needs by trading his surplus products for the supplies he could not produce.

1899—January 16, Mary Jane, who was living with her parents in Rockville, added the twenty-first child to the family. Willard Richards Stout was his mother's sixth and last child. He was the last child to be born in Rockville. Mary Jane and her four children returned to Hinckley April 18. She was sick much of the time during those early months of the year.

Meanwhile in Hinckley the struggle for existence continued unabated. David's frequent trips after wood in the cold, windy, wet weather caused much rheumatism and suffering. Daisie also suffered greatly from the disease.

Young David's schooling had been greatly interferred

with during his 18 years of existence. On March 29 he managed to graduate from the eighth grade, which was an excellent record considering the circumstances.

April 4 David senior left for Salt Lake to attend, for the first time, a general conference. He was deeply impressed by the inspiring sermons of President Lorenzo Snow and the members of the Twelve. Monday following conference he was baptized in the temple for his health; then was shown through the building in company with Mary E. Lee. Returning to Hinckley the Bishop called him up to speak and report his conference impressions. Three weeks later he was sent to Leamington as a stake missionary where he delivered a powerful discourse on the divinity of the Book of Mormon. He returned to Hinckley just in time to see his daughter Daisie crowned as May Queen—the entire town was celebrating May Day.

David bought one-half interest in a creamery located in Hinckley. President I. N. Hinckley, Bishop William H. Pratt and George A. Black were the other stock holders. These members chose David to be the manager of the factory. John W. Hutchinson was employed to do the skilled labor needed to make the cheese. David and sons and George A. Black made the necessary preparations so that cheese making began May 3rd. Forty-two pounds of cheese were manufactured the first day. The first season at the creamery ended October 16th. The books showed a net profit of \$30.00, which did not include the cheese which the family had consumed as food.

A new deal with Mr. Elders resulted in the purchase of his farm located just north of town. Julia and her children were the first to move there. By May 20 the entire family of 26 were living in the three-room house. The family was crowded so David purchased a farm at Church Farm (Abraham), where he and his older sons hastily began to prepare the land for planting. On June 28 the foundation for a home was begun. Later in the year (October 20) Mr. Sawyer, from whom the property had been purchased, became dissatisfied with the deal so the contract was terminated. The day following Bishop William Pratt stepped in and purchased the farm from Mr. Sawyer. The Bishop then resold half of the farm to David. "What might have been a great calamity," writes David, "turned out to be a great blessing."

In the midst of his farm work, the creamery, and home work, he made a trip to Milford after a load of molasses which

had been sent there from Rockville. On this trip (May 9-13) he was accompanied by Emerald. David used part of this molasses to purchase lumber at Scipio (May 15-17).

James Smith, a rancher in Kane County, decided he wanted to buy the homestead ranch which Sarah had proved up on. An agreement was made, so on May 31 the \$450.00 was received by Sarah. The money was like providence from heaven, so hard-pressed was the family for funds.

The stake conference held in Deseret (June 3-5) was attended by President Lorenzo Snow and three apostles. The well members of the family took turns attending the sessions and caring for the sick at home. Mary Jane was sick and Julia was recuperating after contributing the twenty-second child to the family (Thurlow, born May 26).

J. W. Peterson, a minister of the Reorganized Church, came (June 14) to David and requested that a public debate be held on the question of authority. Bishop Pratt and George A. Black both urged David to defend the Church, so he did. The first session was scheduled to be held in Hinckley, the second in Deseret. Before the beginning of each meeting David sought help from his Heavenly Father in prayer that he might be guided to say the right things. David testified that his prayers were answered for he records in his diary: "The Lord greatly blessed me last night and the brethren and sisters felt satisfied with the result. The weak and unstable all felt there was nothing lacking in our foundation and that the claims of the reorganized Church was exceedingly shoddy, vague and uncertain."

That David should be chosen to defend the position of the Church is clear evidence that his reputation as a profound student of Mormonism was high. David records that before the end of that same month (June) he was amply rewarded for his services in the Church. His son, David, was called on by Bishop Pratt to speak in meeting. Young David testified "to having received a testimony and knowledge of the truth of the Gospel." David senior writes: "I having this day heard what I have long looked forward to as a most desirable aim in life."

In early June Artemesia Cox and David had been appointed to serve on a committee to prepare the program for Independence Day. When the Fourth of July arrived the party who was assigned to give the oration failed to make his appearance.

In the emergency David was called on to be the orator of the day. This was the third year in succession he had served in that capacity. In a pageant representing the thirteen original states, Daisie took an active part. She represented the state of Georgia.

During the late summer there was considerable sickness in the Stout home. Daisie suffered from a severe attack of rheumatism. Her mother's health was very poor also. Mary Jane's infirmity was chronic. Milton Stout, a brother of David, who was then making his home with David, was suffering from despondency. He had recently separated from his wife and was gradually failing in health.

The Hinckley school began October 2nd. Seven of David's children began on that day, but all of them were not able to start till the 24th of the month. David and Sarah attended the general conference in Salt Lake City October 6-8. They greatly enjoyed the inspiring and instructive sermons of President Snow and the members of the Twelve. They enjoyed visits with C. L. Miller, D. E. Harris and A. H. Woolley, missionary friends. Before leaving the city they visited Vera Clarkson in Holliday.

The farm had been generally successful throughout the year. The lucerne seed crop had yielded 112 bushels. He had stored up plenty of hay for his horses and cattle. By exercising wisdom and judgment in trading he had been able to supply his family with other essentials of life. The family count at the end of the year was 24. To support a family of that size required wisdom, industry and faith.

1900—The last year in the century was to witness great changes in the program of the Stout family. The first decision to be made was to sell the 80-acre farm which had been bought from Warren Black in 1897 to George A. Black (February 6). As a down payment George paid a few cows.

The family took turns attending the stake conference which was held February 17-19, in Deseret. Apostles Lyman and Lund represented the General Authorities.

A Mr. A. V. Taylor, who had learned of David's experience operating saw mills, came and offered him the job of operating his mill out in western Juab County near the Nevada line. In company with Mr. Taylor David left Hinckley February 24 for the Deep Creek Mountains. There he and Mr. Taylor spent four days on horse back sizing up the country

and its timber resources. A month later Mr. Taylor hired David to make another trip to the mountains. Eleven miles from Willow Springs, where the mill was located, known as Tom's Canyon, he found a Mr. Edwards who was taking care of the mill and other property. David took careful note of the equipment and other needs which would be necessary to run the mill and then returned to Hinckley March 17th.

Four days after David's return his first wife Rettie added the twenty-third child to the family, Leland Moroni Stout, a good-natured boy weighing $9\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Sister Stocks, who had served as nurse to Rettie's first baby (Nettie) was again on hand and served as nurse for her last confinement. The appearance of Leland brought the family count to twenty children who were then alive, the highest number ever reached. The eleven months of Leland's earthly existence the family maintained this maximum strength. The fourteen months beginning with his death the family lost seven children, gained one.

Milton Stout, whose health continued to fail rapidly, grew weaker in strength. Realizing his end was near David brought him to his home where he could receive better care. He soon passed away (April 7) and was buried the following day in the midst of one of Hinckley's worst snow storms. During those early days in April the family suffered greatly from sickness. Willard and Dewey were both very sick. David arose from his bed while suffering from rheumatism, packed Sarah and her children in the wagon (April 17) and started for Deep Creek to operate Mr. Taylor's saw mill. Irving had previously gone (April 8) with Hosea Stout (who intended to assist David with the mill work).

The first work to be performed at the mill was to fix up the old house fit for habitation. Much work was needed before the old mill was ready to run. The ditches which supplied the water were in a bad shape. Many repairs were necessary before the mill machinery would operate. Heavy snows prevented them from bringing in the logs. These and other delays caused Hosea to become very discouraged, so he went home. Finally on May 9th the mill was ready to run. Allen E. Stout, Franklin Cox and Emerald Stout, his son, were at the mill at different times during the season to assist with the mill work. Irving returned to Hinckley July 17th, and Franklin Cox left for his home in Dixie August 31st.

Meanwhile, the family left in Hinckley was doing all in its power to protect Daisie, who was rapidly failing in health. She had abnormally lost weight. She had suffered a great deal from rheumatism during her two winters in Hinckley. Convinced that the climate was responsible for her condition, her mother decided to take her back to Dixie, where she hoped the warmer climate would help her. Accordingly, she and Julia loaded up the wagon with supplies and started (about August 10) for Rockville. They took with them the following children: Achsah, Juanita, Artie, Dewey, Leland and Victor, the baby of George A. Black. David junior went along as teamster to return the outfit to Hinckley.

David and Sarah learned of Daisie's serious illness, so on August 12th they held a special fast and prayer service in her behalf. David writes: "All offered a petition to our Heavenly Father for our dear afflicted Daisie, who is reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bone. She is so reduced in vitality and life as to stand on the very verge of the mortal life. Nearly every one believes her case is a hopeless one; only her overburdened mother has faith in her recovery. Oh, God, grant her strength in her hour of trial and burdened sorrow. Grant to our dear girl deliverance from threatened death." This prayer was literally fulfilled. She recovered completely. Later was married and blessed the world with six fine children.

From the Deep Creek Mountains David describes other vexatious problems: "In addition to the sickness of Daisie that has burdened our souls during the summer, we have the bondage of debt that has proved a galling one. One thing that this season has brought to me will, I trust, be never blotted from my memory. God has enabled me to see many of my past sins in a way that has brought me repentance. The sorrows of my aged parents in their dire poverty and heart burnings while struggling to rear their family has been brought home to me and the pain I have caused them in not appreciating their labors and sorrows has rendered my heart with sorrow that will, I trust, be a stay and strength when I am tempted to be unkind to any of my loved ones."

In late August the water supply at the mill gradually came to an end. After Franklin Cox left (August 31) for home, David began making preparations for the move to Hinckley, which was begun September 7th. In the journey homeward Emerald and Wendell led the caravan on horseback, driv-

ing the cattle before them. In Hinckley David was well pleased with young David's management of the farm. A "splendid job" was his only observation after an inspection of the farm. Soon after his arrival David made (September 17-22) a trip to Scipio and Salina for a load of flour. The last Sunday he spent in Hinckley he resigned his position as teacher of the Theological Class and was given the opportunity of confirming his son, Grant, whom he had baptized the previous day (September 29).

It was during those late days in September that David had received a letter from Francis Bunker of Bunkerville, Nevada, advising him of his intentions to move to Mexico and offering him the job of aiding him in the move. This was the opportunity David had long been waiting for. He wanted to see Mexico to determine its suitability as a future home for his large family. After 1882 Mexico had become a refuge for polygamists who were persecuted by gentiles. Now David was seeking a refuge where he might be protected against Mormon persecutors. Life had not been pleasant in Hinckley for the Stout family. The "Jack Mormons" in that town had made the Stout home an object of ridicule and scorn, even becoming openly insulting at times. This was the real reason David accepted Francis' invitation to make the trip. He hoped to find a community of Mormons who were tolerant toward fellow members.

The trip southward began October 2nd. Irving accompanied his father, driving a second team and wagon. As passengers, Henrietta Cox and her youngest daughter, Artemesia, went as far as Toquerville; there they separated, going on to St. George while David and Irving went up to Rockville. Julia, Juanita, and the baby, Victor Black, were found busily engaged in canning and bottling fruit in Rockville. One of the two days spent in packing and making preparations was a Sunday. David was called on to make his last speech before his old friends and towns-people. The same evening Frank J. Cannon made a political speech to the people of Rockville in which he glorified the merits of democracy.

The two-wagon caravan left Rockville October 8th. At Toquerville the family separated. One wagon went north with Irving as teamster. With him went his mother, Juanita, and Victor. They reached Hinckley a few days later. David took the other wagon to St. George, where he picked up Rettie and

her five youngest children, and started (October 11th) for Bunkerville. Arrangements were made for Rettie and her family to live in Martha Cox's home that winter.

Four days of intensive preparations were necessary before Francis Bunker and his four-wagon caravan were ready to move south. The journey was begun October 19th. The company consisted of Rose Cox Bunker, the wife of Francis, their four children, and Evelyn and Geneva Cox, sisters of Rose. Henrietta Cox, her daughter, Misha, and Edward Cox accompanied the party to the Colorado River, then returned to Bunkerville. The route the party followed was down the Virgin River to St. Thomas and on to the waters of the Colorado River. Passing through St. Thomas a visit was paid to David Cox and family. At Bonnellis Ferry it cost \$7.50 to have the entire outfit conveyed across the river. Three days of difficult climbing up Detrital Wash was necessary before the level roads were reached.

From the top of the mountain to Phoenix the journey required ten days of desert travel. They passed through Hackberry, Wikieup, Signal (a dead mining town) and Congress Junction. The caravan arrived in Wickenburg the day William McKinley defeated Bryan for the second time. November 8th the company was in Mesa, where David visited his niece, Isabell Dennett Baker. He also saw several of his old missionary companions—James Hasting, Hyrum Morris and William Lang. From Mesa the travelers went through Florence, Redrock, Tucson, Benson, Fairbanks to Naco, Arizona. In Naco (November 21) David stepped on foreign soil for the first time in his life.

In Naco Francis Bunker experienced some difficulties securing his passport papers, so during that 25-day delay David secured a job hauling poles from Naco to Douglas, making eight trips during that period. Finally David decided to continue the trip into Mexico without Francis. Crossing the line (December 17) he started south, taking with him Evelyn and Geneva, who were anxious to reach Juarez to attend school. John Patten and Edwin Van Luven, who lived in the colonies also accompanied David. The route took them through Oaxaca, then southeastward over the continental divide—which possessed the worst roads David says he ever saw—to Colonia Dublan, arriving the day before Christmas.

In Dublan David went directly to the home of his sister, Huldah L. Terry. The small-pox was in town so he hired a

fresh pair of horses and a buggy and started for Juarez with the two young ladies. In Juarez David went directly to the home of his old missionary companion and mission president, D. E. Harris, who agreed to board Evelyn and Geneva for the duration of the school year. Christmas morning David paid a call on an old Dixie friend, Anthony W. Ivins, president of the Juarez Stake of Zion. Brother Ivins evidenced much interest in the welfare of David's family. He gave him some sound advice on the advisability of making his home somewhere in the colonies. After this talk David returned immediately to Dublan, where he found Huldah had cooked a fine Christmas dinner for him. David spent the last week in the year and the nineteenth century in traveling around the country near Dublan, sizing up the country with the object of locating a suitable place for a family home.

1901—The first year in the twentieth century was David's blackest. This may explain the absence of his daily history or if he ever wrote a history for that year it was lost. Its loss is most unfortunate for this biography. Other sources less authentic must be used in its place.

Early in January David left Dublan for Colonia Diaz, where he found a man (name unknown) who wanted to trade his farm in Diaz for one in Utah. David succeeded in trading his Hinckley farm for this man's property in Diaz. After this deal was concluded he sent for his son Irving, who immediately left Hinckley by train for El Paso and then to Diaz, arriving about the middle of February. Irving took a very active interest in the farm and its problems and contributed all his energies toward the preparation of the land for planting. His untiring industry and dependability was a source of great satisfaction to David.

In the meantime David had written to the members of his family living in Bunkerville and Hinckley to make preparations for the move to Mexico as soon as convenient. Rettie and her children in Bunkerville were exposed to the whooping cough. Little Leland Moroni died from the disease at the age of 333 days (February 17, 1901). A few days after his burial Rettie and her children moved up to St. George. They had not been there more than two weeks when David junior and Wendell arrived from Hinckley with instructions to haul them to Mexico. After repacking the wagon the seven members of the family pushed on to Bunkerville, where they rested

for a period waiting for other families to join them in the long journey.

About the first of May three other families were ready to join the party southward. William Black, the Bundy family and Martha Cox all left Bunkerville with Rettie, crossing the Colorado River on the same ferry David had the previous autumn. They followed the same route to Naco. Martha Cox notes in her diary that the party was much interested in the Casa Grande ruins which was once a temple in Book of Mormon times. (These ruins are located near the new town of Coolidge where the writer did considerable traveling in 1938.) The party arrived in Naco late in May. David junior was offered employment freighting with his team and wagon until late in September.

Martha Cox is authority for the statement that David (senior) "had felt a terrible unrest because of his family remaining in that sickly section so long, and had written repeatedly to Rettie to come into the colonies, but feeling that the family needed the money her boy was earning she persisted in remaining." Martha states that young David was very sorry that he and his mother could not continue the journey to Diaz when she (Martha) left Naco for Diaz (August 21). When David senior learned of young David's illness he rushed to Naco, arriving October 3rd. Young David succumbed to typhoid October 4. This was a loss David never fully recovered from. David arrived in Diaz about October 15.

The family in Hinckley left about March 25. Entrain-
ing at Oasis, the train conductor was fully convinced before Provo was reached that the railroad would be cheated if twelve children were to ride on three adult tickets. To save the railroad from bankruptcy Julia agreed to leave the train at Provo, taking with her Juanita and Thurlow. Mary Jane and Sarah, with the three adult tickets, then continued on to El Paso, via Pueblo, Colorado, with the ten children. The children, in the order of their age, making the journey, were: Emerald, Valeria, Grant, Madona, Wayne, Genevieve, Melvina, Ruth, Carlyle and Willard. The trip was made without incident until the party reached El Paso. While on the train between that city and Guzman, Grant came to his mother telling of a sick child with a strange face. Grant had been exposed to the measles and didn't know it. David met his family (April 11) at Guzman and took them to Diaz.

Soon after the arrival in Diaz, Grant took sick with the expected measles, thus exposing the entire group. All the children except Valeria took the disease and recovered except Melvina Agnes, Mary Jane's daughter, who died from the disease May 21, 1901. She was David's second loss in that black year.

True to his ideals David had become very active in church and civil affairs after his arrival in Diaz. Three days before the death of Melvina a stake conference was held at Diaz (May 18) attended by Apostle John Henry Smith. During the conference David was chosen and sustained as first counselor to Bishop William D. Johnson, Erastus K. Fillerup was chosen as second counselor. This was David's second experience in a bishopric.

David was a busy man trying to start a new home in a new country. He and his two older sons, Irving and Emerald, worked faithfully to raise a crop to sustain the family needs. Wood for fuel was more easily secured in Diaz than it was in Hinckley. David made many trips into the river bottoms for wood. He made several trips to Guzman after freight for the Diaz stores. Besides the trip to Naco (noted above) in October he made another journey to Naco and Douglas in November on business. It was while he was on this trip that an epidemic of typhoid struck the family a mighty blow taking first the life of Carlyle (November 9), son of Sarah, and finally the life of Ruth, daughter of Julia, just ten days later. The good people of Diaz extended every assistance to the family during that grief-stricken period. Imagine the shock this deadly news had upon David when he returned from Naco December 21. Five children gone in only nine months time! Only three of those deaths could be charged to the unhealthy conditions of Diaz. After five more months when the same disease was to take two more lives, David was convinced it was the unsanitary conditions that was the cause. A change of climate was probably a deciding factor in lowering the resistance of these children. But climatic changes could not have effected the first death since he passed away before leaving the north. All of these causes contributed to the loss of these children. Typhoid was a new disease which the family had never before been called upon to treat. Serums were not available in Diaz at that time.

1902—There was no sickness in the family during the first two months in the new year. Farm work, wood hauling and a trip to Colonia Dublan (January 7-12) after a load of

flour occupied most of David's time during those early months. Besides his duties in the bishopric he served on the Board of Education. Through his influence that number-one school teacher, Martha Cox from Bunkerville, was employed to teach the second and third grades at Diaz (1901-1902).

The day before David reached his forty-seventh birthday he had the honor of ordaining his oldest living son, Irving, to the office of Teacher. It seems that the memories of 1901 were still haunting David, for he records on that birthday that the event was not welcome "since it brings me nearer to my grave". He then apologizes for expressing such a "sinful thought". These slips of the pen indicate that there was a great inward struggle for which he could not find a solution. The great problem was solved when he concluded as did Job of old: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, Blessed be the name of the Lord."

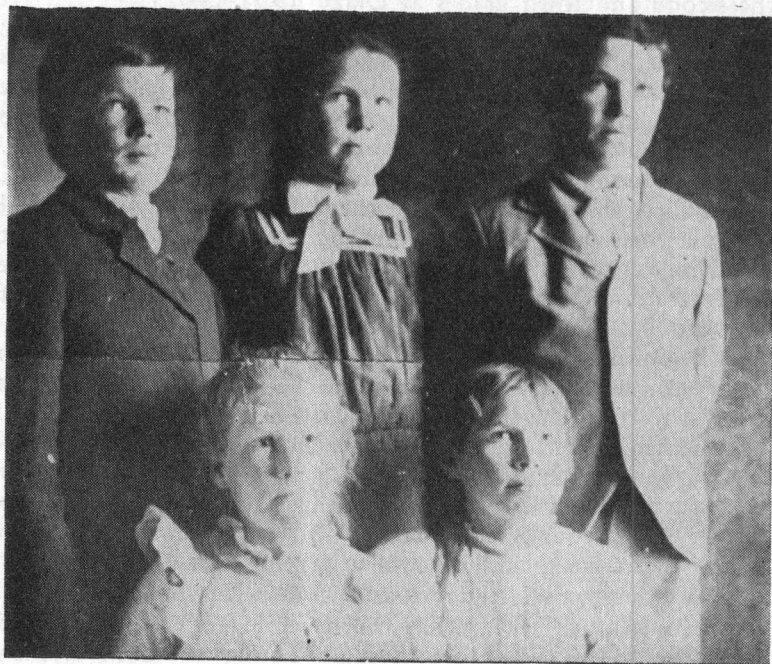
Beginning February 10th, David was called by his Bishop to serve on a mission to last just one week. The object of this call was to stimulate the inactives of the ward to do their duties. As a companion he was given Alvia E. Johnson, his first missionary companion of 1886. These men visited every family in the ward, held 26 cottage meetings, listened to 655 testimonies, and brought six inactives into full cooperation with church affairs—a splendid record to say the least.

Washington's birthday was celebrated in the Stout home. Sarah contributed the twenty-fourth child to the family and the sixteenth of those then living. Young Franklin Lyman suffered much from colic during his infancy.

The sickness and death of Irving (described elsewhere) was a "thunderbolt" in the life of David. Three days after his burial the remainder of the family moved (March 21) to the Acard farm in the south end of town. David writes: "The family prefers to be together since our terrible losses."

Eight days after the death of Irving, Heber F. Johnson, who was moving from Diaz to Guadalupe, a small farming town seven miles south of Colonia Dublan, hired David to haul a wagon load of furniture to that place for him. This was the opportunity David had been waiting for. He and his wives had discussed the advisability of seeking a new home in a more healthful climate. This trip gave him that opportunity. While in the employ of another he could seek a more desirable locality for his family. After delivering his furniture in

Guadalupe he went to Colonia Juarez (March 29) and had a talk with his old friend, D. E. Harris, who gave him ten dollars as a token of sympathy. It is believed he sought counsel from President A. W. Ivins, for when he returned to Diaz his

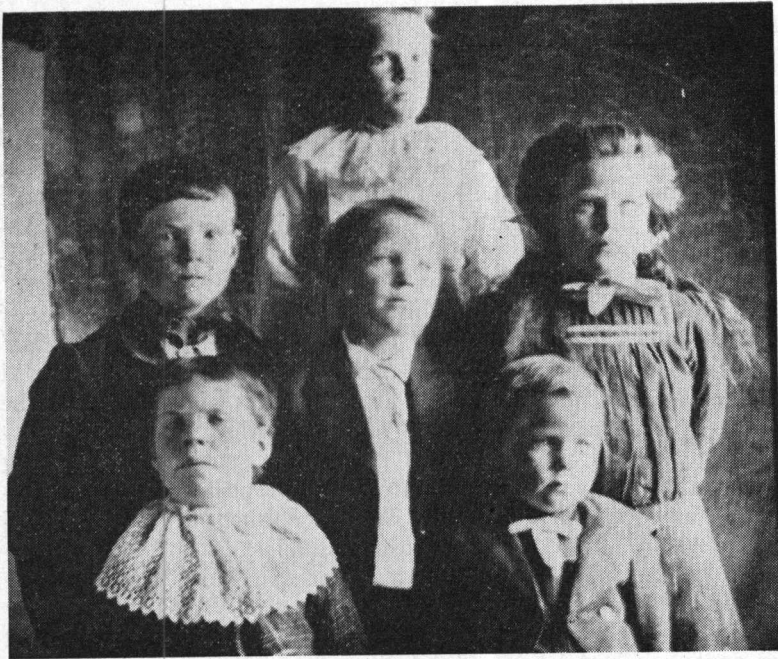


Children of David A. Stout, 1902—Standing, left to right: Wendell, Achsah, Emerald. Sitting: Valeria, Juanita.

mind was pretty well made up. April 3rd, in a meeting of the bishopric, his plans for moving away from Diaz were frankly discussed. Two days later he called the family together where plans for the move to the mountains were discussed in detail. The following Sunday (April 6) the subject was again brought up in the bishopric meeting. Bishop Johnson and Brother Fillerup advised David to take Julia to the mountains for her health. They expressed regret, however, at his leaving since his absence would be a serious loss to the Church.

That same Sunday little Willard, Mary Jane's youngest child, took sick with typhoid. He later developed pneumonia and died April 10th. This left Mary Jane with but two girls

out of an original family of six. This left the total family count of fourteen living children. Of the five children who had died in Diaz four were caused by typhoid and one by measles. The death of little three-year-old Willard was the final argu-



Children of David F. Stout, 1902—Top: Madona. Middle row, left to right: Grant, Wayne, Artie. First row: Genevieve, Dewey.

ment which convinced the family they must find a more healthful climate in which to live.

Immediately after Willard was buried (April 11) David began making preparations to move Julia and her children to the Pacheco Mountains. After they were all packed and ready for the journey Wayne took sick. His illness delayed the start three days. The trip was begun April 15th. The travelers were kindly entertained by Heber J. Johnson in Guadalupe when they camped there (April 17). Pacheco was reached two days later. At the home of Lucian Mecham lodging was furnished until David could find temporary living quarters for the family. A house was found at the Black saw mill near Pacheco,

where Julia and children were left while David returned to Diaz after another load of humanity.

Leaving Diaz May 1st, he took Mary Jane, her two daughters and Grant. While visiting in Dublan with his sister Huldah he met Neils Larsen who offered to sell him his farm in Guadalupe. Two days later (May 5) Mr. Larsen accompanied David up to the farm, where he examined what was to prove his future home. After a careful inspection David agreed to buy. The price set for the farm was \$2,000.00. David gave Mr. Larsen a team of horses as a down payment and credited \$450.00. The balance was to be paid yearly beginning at the end of the 1903 season. Mexican tenants held possession of the farm until the end of the 1902 growing season, so David continued on toward the mountains with Mary Jane and the children, where they arrived May 7th.

Mary Jane and the children were left at the home of James James in Hop Valley. David agreed to run Mr. James' saw mill that season for one-third of the net profits. David made several trips to Pacheco after supplies. The first trip he brought Julia and the children to Hop Valley (May 9). During this period when he was planting a garden and making Julia and Mary Jane as comfortable as possible, he was released as counselor to Bishop W. D. Johnson at a stake conference held May 19th in Colonia Diaz.

In the midst of his garden work in Hop Valley he received the bad news from Diaz that his son, Wendell, was very sick with typhoid fever. He immediately started for Diaz and en route engaged a house for Julia to live in at Juarez. In Diaz he found Wendell had successfully passed the crisis (May 30) and was slowly recovering. David spent several days in Diaz doing what he could to serve the family. Wendell was unable to travel so David started south, taking Artie and Genevieve. At Guadalupe (June 6) he found the Mexican tenant, who still had possession of the farm (purchased a month earlier) was taking more than his share of the crops, so he called on Mr. Larsen to come and adjust matters. David and the two girls arrived in Hop Valley June 9th, where a jovial reunion took place among the children.

A strange incident happened in the life of David on June 13. He and A. W. Ivins went deer hunting. That David should permit himself to relax from his strenuous struggle is

quite unbelievable. Certainly no person on this earth deserved a vacation more than he.

Another message from Diaz was received informing the family that since David had left Diaz (June 4) Wendell had taken a turn for the worse. Straightway the family in Hop Valley held (June 16) a special fast and prayer service in Wendell's behalf. That the Lord does hear the prayers of those who ask in faith was proven in this case for he was a well boy within six weeks.

David was too much on the go to make much of a farmer. After hastily plowing and planting a crop David was on the road again. This time he moved Julia and her three youngest children to Juarez (June 26) where he lodged them in the home of D. E. Harris. From Juarez David made a trip to Guadalupe, Dublan and San Jose, where he picked up a load of freight which he took back to Juarez. He spent three days in Juarez assisting Julia in making adjustments to her new surroundings. Believing that Wendell was well enough to travel David started (July 4) for Diaz. Passing through Dublan he was informed that Dewey had been very sick. He hastened on, traveling all night, reaching Diaz late July 5. There he found Wendell nearly well; Dewey was better, but he had been near death at one time.

Two days were necessary to pack up the balance of the family in two wagons and start south. Francis Bunker was making a trip to Dublan so he took part of the load and family in his wagon. In Guadalupe the family was kindly entertained by Heber F. Johnson and family (July 9). The following day the family arrived in Juarez. Here the family separated. Rettie, Sarah and the following children accompanied David to Hop Valley: Wendell, Lyman, Dewey and Wayne. Daisie and Achash remained in Juarez with Julia. When the party arrived in Hop Valley David met his old "friend" rheumatism, which forced him to retire for a few days.

David spent over a month in Hop Valley with his three wives and ten children. He made several trips to Pacheco after supplies in the midst of his farm work. In early August (5) he made a deal with Thomas Merrill to sell his Diaz property for \$750.00. Mr. Merrill also bought David's tannery, located in Diaz, paying him \$200.00 for the business.

Before Rettie left Diaz in July she had promised to return and teach school the following winter. Accordingly, she and

David left Hop Valley (August 15) for Juarez. While Rettie attended a teachers' convention at the Juarez Academy, David made a business trip to Diaz, where he settled up some old accounts, returning to Juarez August 30. It was necessary for Rettie to reach Diaz quickly so she accompanied Edmund Richardson in his fast buggy while David followed in his wagon with a load of flour for Edmund. David found Rettie much depressed when he reached Diaz (September 3). At the time Rettie left Juarez Achsa was sick, hence her uneasiness. This uncertainty soon produced a state of panic. School teaching under those conditions was impossible. David writes that he made a complete failure of trying to control his feelings when he explained the matter to Bishop Johnson. The bishop was big-hearted enough to understand the situation and very graciously released her from the contract. David and Rettie then rushed back to Juarez (September 10); there they found Achsa very sick, suffering from typhoid. Her sickness proved to be very critical, but eventually she recovered after a two-month struggle. Result of this battle against death, Achsa writes, "All my hair fell out and I gained weight rapidly."

During this period David was very much on the go. After the return from Diaz with Rettie, he made a trip to Hop Valley (September 13-17), then another trip to Diaz (September 22-27), returning two days later toward Diaz. On that trip he aided Francis Bunker, Martha Cox, and Geneva, her daughter, to pack their wagons in preparation for a move to Morelos, state of Sonora. David spent two weeks in Diaz settling old accounts and making arrangements with Edison Porter to drive some cattle up to Guadalupe. Returning southward with a load of furniture he found his brother-in-law, Nathan Terry, very sick when he arrived (October 14) in Dublan. In company with others, he administered to him before resuming his journey toward Guadalupe. Depositing the furniture at the home of Heber F. Johnson, he continued on to Juarez. Two days were spent assisting Rettie and Julia in their fruit bottling campaign, before he resumed his travels toward Hop Valley (October 18). The last two weeks in October David and his four older boys harvested the potato crop, moved Mary Jane to the upper house where Sarah lived, and fixed up the old house so that the women would be as comfortable as possible for their winter stay.

These tasks completed, David started (November 1) for Juarez, taking with him Emerald, Wendell and Wayne. In

Juarez David saw for the first time his twenty-fifth child Derby Emer, Julia's last child, and his fifteenth son, born October 31. The evening of his arrival in Juarez he received word from Dublan that Nathan Terry was near death, so he rushed on the same evening, arriving after his death (November 4). Since the funeral was not held for five more days, he did some work on his Guadalupe farm in the meantime. At Nathan's last rites David was called upon to be one of the speakers, at which time he bore testimony of his fine character.

Immediately after the funeral David started for Diaz. The crop which Francis Bunker had left for him was nearly destroyed by the neighbor's hogs so David hastily gathered what remained and gave it to Bishop Johnson as tithing. Returning through Guadalupe he found the Mexican tenants gone so he went to Juarez, took Rettie, her children (except Daisie and Wendell) and moved them down to what was to prove their home for the next nine years and eight months (November 17).

Guadalupe was a small farming community three miles southeast of old Casas Grandes and seven miles south of Colonia Dublan. In November, 1902, there were about five white families, the rest were Mexicans. The farm purchased by David was surrounded by Mexicans. The house was truly Mexican in architecture. It was flat-roofed and made of Mexican mud adobe, dirt floors and small windows. The building resembled more the abode of the ancients than the habitation of moderns. Sitting two rods south of this pile of mud stood the high-walled barn with a modern roof. East of the barn was the corral built of adobe on three sides. The west side, facing the barn, was fenced. It was in this corral that David's boys learned the fine art of milking and taming wild cows for dairying. The space between the house and barn was eventually walled up and converted into two bedrooms. An additional room was built on the north end, then partitioned later into two bedrooms. This six-room (and pantry) house proved none too large for the family in later years.

Shortly after taking possession of the house and farm a school was opened in the north room of the building. Rettie was the teacher. The white members of the community sent their children to this school, about twenty pupils in all. As soon as the family had made their adjustments in their strange home, David left for Juarez (November 21), taking Wendell,

who returned to Guadalupe with the team and wagon while David continued on from Juarez to Hop Valley on horse-back.

In Hop Valley David spent more than a week harvesting the last of his crops, providing living quarters for Mary Jane, Sarah and the children. It was arranged that Sarah teach school in the home of Mr. James. She started with seven pupils (December 1), which only included the Stout and James children. Two days later David made a trip to Juarez and Guadalupe, returning December 7th.

David now took a hand at running the old saw mill, which he had recently agreed to do. Bad weather, defective machinery and a poor water supply did much to hamper progress in sawing lumber. Business in the valley forced him to leave for Juarez (December 22), where he picked up Emerald and together they reached Guadalupe in time to spend Christmas with the family there. The last week in the year he made a trip to Diaz, where he sold the last of his land there to a Mr. Gale, who signed a note to pay \$760.00. He returned to Guadalupe in time to attend a New Year's party sponsored by the community.

1902 had been a restless year for David. Checking carefully his many trips between Hop Valley and Diaz it is conservatively estimated he traveled 2,100 miles, a long distance for a team and wagon.

David's reaction to his two years in Mexico is best expressed in his own words: "The change in me and in my family is almost too terrible to think of. I shrink from writing it so will confine my words mostly to the one year past which has left its ghastly wounds that can never heal, neither can my broken, wasted, utterly changed and destroyed life be, until God reaches out the hand of mercy to show me why I have been so crushed by the heavy hand of judgment.

"In the two years seven of my children have fallen by the hand of death and two of them in the past year. Irving's death on March 18, the day little Wayne was eight years old, I suppose was the very capstone of my sorrows. But Mary Jane had to part with her youngest child, her only son, the bright, beautiful Willard, on the tenth of April.

"I cannot understand it. However, I know the God I have tried to serve is He who controls the elements. He has taken them, for by His power, life is given and taken. Blessed

be His name. He gave and has taken. Blessed be His name for the gifts though so cruelly taken away."

1903—The new year on the Guadalupe farm found David and Emerald hard at work plowing and leveling the land and planting fruit trees. David made several trips to Dublan and Juarez after young fruit trees, which were planted. On one of these trips Emerald accompanied his father to Juarez. Emerald returned to Guadalupe with a load of trees, taking Daisie with him (January 11), while David started for Hop Valley on foot.

David spent one month at the Hop Valley home trying desperately to make the old saw mill run but without success. David occupied himself weaving willow baskets, an art his father had taught him in his youth. David returned to Guadalupe on foot (February 13); there he found Rettie serving the Heber Johnson family as a mid-wife. David worked on the Guadalupe farm until the stake conference was held in Juarez (March 7 and 8). David was much impressed by the Mexican Mission report given by President A. W. Ivins. Apostle John W. Taylor represented the general authorities.

A week after conference David made two trips to Hop Valley after lumber and potatoes. On his second trip he brought Sarah and her children down as far as Juarez (April 1). Grant, however, accompanied his father on to Guadalupe and aided in driving the cattle down. April 11-16 David made another trip to Hop Valley after potatoes. A few days later David went to Juarez, packed up Julia, Sarah and their children and moved them down to Guadalupe. On another trip David moved (April 22) Rettie and her children up to Juarez. There they occupied the Stowell place where Julia had been living. In May and June David made four more trips to the mountains after lumber and potatoes. The middle of July found him again in Hop Valley. On that trip he found Mary Jane well but out of provisions. During this period when he did so much hauling he aimed to be in Juarez on Sunday that he might attend the Sunday School and sacrament services there. While passing through Juarez on August 1 he had a talk with President Ivins, who offered him some grazing lands located just east of Guadalupe, which he could pay for on terms.

Guadalupe was supplied with water for irrigation purposes by a system of canals. David's farm was near the end of this system—only one farm was below it. The distribution of

water was accomplished by giving each farmer a regular day on which he might use the water. August 2nd was David's day so he took it. The day following he was summoned to Casas Grandes to appear before the Jiji (court) to state his reasons for unlawfully taking the water. He explained to the judge that it was his regular day for taking the water. The mis-guided judge sought to whitewash his blunder by warning David to never take the water again without permission or he would be fined \$25.00. This bungling on the part of the water-master illustrates the inefficiency to which the white population was subjected to when Mexicans served as water masters. David made several trips to the Jiji on similar trumped-up charges. These water quarrels caused much trouble in Guadalupe later.

David was offered a few days work on a kiln near Juarez. He had only worked there one day when notified of Derby's death (August 8). This brought the family count of living down to fourteen. His death brought David's loss to eight children in three years time.

Immediately after the burial (August 9) of Derby, David returned Rettie to Juarez; then proceeded on up to Hop Valley alone. Mary Jane, the girls, and their personal belongings were packed in the wagon and hauled to Juarez (August 15). David went on to Guadalupe, where he found son Lyman very sick. David spent two days caring for Lyman, planting potatoes and making other adjustments before returning (August 18) to Juarez with Julia, Juanita and Thurlow. From Juarez David made another trip to Hop Valley (August 19-22) to bring the remainder of the furniture and lead the old cow ("Speck") to Juarez.

Apostle Rudger Clawson and Joseph W. McMurrin represented the general authorities at the stake conference held in Juarez August 29 and 30. Two days of real spiritual feasts were enjoyed by those attending. During the session David made an agreement with Edmund Taylor to run his molasses mill later in the fall.

President A. W. Ivins attended a meeting held at the home of Heber F. Johnson in Guadalupe September 2nd, in which he promised the people they would be able to purchase 4000 acres of land located east and south of Guadalupe for only ten cents per acre.

During this period David realized he must increase his income. He found plenty of employment on his farm, trav-

eling to and from the mountains, but little income was the result. He decided to experiment by hauling a load of produce to the San Pedro mines. Taking his wagon up to Juarez he loaded up with fruit and vegetables, took Mary Jane as far as Guadalupe, then started for the mines, taking Wayne along to help. These mines were located near the Northwestern R. R., thirty miles north of Dublan. At the first town, San at, San Pedro, he was informed by the company who owned the mines that he would only be permitted to wholesale his produce to the company stores and restaurants. After a few sales in San Pedro they went to Leon, where a few customers were found, and then to the railroad where another camp was located. He and son Wayne returned to Guadalupe September 11. The adventure must have been partially successful for he was later making regular trips to the mines with produce.

The day following his return from the mines David took Mary Jane to Juarez; there she joined Rettie and Julia in putting up fruit. Returning to Guadalupe David was accompanied by Artie and Edmund Richardson. After attending the funeral of Heber F. Johnson's infant child in Dublan (September 14) David returned to Juarez, taking with him Achsah and Grant. In Juarez he spent five days making preparations to run the Taylor Molasses Mill but discovered it was too early in the season, so he loaded up with produce and started for the mines via Guadalupe. On that trip he was more successful in selling his produce.

David made an agreement (September 29) with John Tamar, a rancher, who owned land adjacent to the 500 acres which David had purchased from A. W. Ivins. The terms of this agreement provided that Tamar be permitted to use half of David's land provided he fenced the entire field and let David have the use of fifty milk cows for a period of ten years. This explains why the cow corral at Guadalupe was so often filled with wild cows which had to be tied, head and foot, before they could be milked.

The same day this agreement was made David took Emerald and Wayne to Juarez, their wagons loaded with cane which had been raised on the farm. The molasses mill began grinding the next day and continued for only eight days. Dewey aided in the work at the mill. The work completed at the mill David moved Julia and her children to Guadalupe (October 8), then he and Wendell hauled corn for Arthur

Hurst in Dublan for one week (October 12-17). A third trip with produce was made to the San Pedro mines October 19-23, in which he was very successful in disposing of his load.

Rettie and her children (except Daisie) were taken to Guadalupe October 27 and on November 2nd she started her second year of teaching in Guadalupe. All the children in the family younger than Daisie attended this school. The Allreds, Mortensens and Johnsons all sent children to her school. A few Mexican children even attended.

Between November 3 and December 18, David made four trips to Hop Valley after lumber and potatoes. A fifth trip to the mountains (December 21-23) for lumber, deserves special mention since he came very close to death while descending the mountain with his load of lumber. Coming down the steepest grade, the rear wheels blocked by the brakes, a sudden gust of wind—a hurricane in violence—came from behind and snapped the weak rope which was holding the binder down (a green 2x8 plank). The binder thus released sprung forward aided by the violent wind and missed David by only a hair. The plank would have killed him instantly had it hit him. The writer, who was walking behind, saw the accident and was frozen stiff with fright. A wheel came off the wagon before the end of the steep grade was reached; otherwise the trip was uneventful.

The year 1902 had been one of scattering the family, but in 1903 the gathering was almost completed. Most of the family were living in Guadalupe at the end of the year. Daisie was completing her second year at the Juarez Stake Academy. Some of the other children attended the school in Juarez (1903-1904) at scattered intervals, but the majority attended Rettie's school in Guadalupe. The first season of farming had been successful in supplying the family with food. The fruit which the women had bottled in Juarez contributed greatly to the sustenance of the family. A productive stock of dairy cattle supplied the family with milk and butter. A large flock of chickens supplied the family with eggs and meat. David was thus enabled to meet his first yearly payment on the farm. The 1500 miles he traveled in 1903 was a fair average, and, considering his farm work done during intervals, proves that David was a very busy man.

1904—January 2nd President A. W. Ivins paid Guadalupe another business visit. He came as the agent of a rich

Englishman named Stafford who owned the large tract of pasture land east of Guadalupe. The farmers of Guadalupe, including B. H. Allred and others, met with Ivins, who gave them the terms on which the land could be purchased.

Guadalupe was very fortunate during this period in welcoming into its community a large family headed by Arthur B. Clark, who had four wives and seventeen sons. His presence gave Guadalupe valuable moral support. Clark was a dentist whom David employed later to pull the balance of his teeth and make him a pair of false ones (February 13).

The Church recommends of David and his family were officially received January 3rd in the Dublan Ward. Guadalupe was only a branch of the Dublan Ward.

The family was as nearly gathered in one place as at any other time when Mary Jane was moved from Juarez to Guadalupe (January 13), together with her children. Only Daisie remained in Juarez to continue her studies at the Academy. She lived with Evelyn and Geneva Cox, whom we have met before in this history. David suffered from another two-weeks' visit from his old enemy—rheumatism—late in January. While thus confined his Sunday School class came to his sick room to hold their sessions. Services were then held in the north room of David's home. Byron H. Allred was then Presiding Elder of the branch organization. Rettie took sick in early February and had to leave her school and go to Juarez to recover.

It was in February that Daisie decided to marry Edmund Richardson. While in Juarez (February 17) David had a talk with Edmund and Daisie in relation to their coming marriage. The following day David and Edmund were in Guadalupe, where the discussion was continued in the presence of Rettie. David writes: "The decisions made proved very satisfactory to both." At that time Edmund was 45 years old and had three other wives.

Shortly after the marriage plans of Daisie were completed, David secured a contract from the railroad company through their agent, James Mortensen, to chop ties near the Hurst saw mill up in the mountains. To meet this contract David loaded his wagon with enough provisions to last four months and started (February 26), taking his fourteen-year-old son, Wendell, with him. Less than a mile from the Hurst mill David located a site for his camp which he called "Debtors Reserva-

tion" and its description: "We have a good camp house, good water and there seems good timber. We thanked the Lord for the good camp, dedicated the ground and all our efforts to His service and thanked His holy name for such a nice place to live and labor to sustain our loved ones and pay our debts, which may God enable me to do." The cutting of ties began March 2nd and continued with several interruptions till May 27th.

The work at "Debtors Reservation" continued unabated without regard for marriages or deaths. The camp was visited by Julia and Thurlow March 18-26. David made two short business trips to Guadalupe before Grant came up to replace Wendell as camp tender (April 14). David was forced to leave Grant in charge of the camp while he made another trip to see James Mortensen at Terrazas relative to the contract. On arrival in Guadalupe he was asked to administer to Mary Allred, third wife of Byron H. Allred, who that same evening delivered a girl, destined to be David's daughter-in-law (April 26). David continued on up to Juarez to see President Ivins and John W. Taylor on business. Completing his contacts in Juarez he started down the river with Rettie, Julia, Artie and Dewey. At the bend of the river he separated from the family, they going on to Guadalupe, while he started up the mountain on foot. He found Grant well and doing fine at the camp.

The camp was visited (May 11) by Mary Jane, Madona and Emerald, who came up with Ednor Allred. They brought bad news that Artie was sick with typhoid. David returned to Guadalupe the following day with Ednor, who took a load of David's ties to Terrazas. David spent four days at home doing what he could to assist in Artie's recovery. Returning to the camp (May 16) he found that Emerald had made considerable progress in cutting ties.

The cutting of ties had been a very discouraging business. Mr. Bennett, the railroad tie inspector, was ruthless in his rejections. Two ties out of three would be declared unacceptable to the company. Certainly David could not support a family of fourteen children and four wives on such reduced wages. B. H. Allred, who came up after a load of ties (May 20) saw the struggle David was making and advised him to quit and go home. David "prayerfully considered the matter", then concluded to remain for another trial period. Brother Allred returned home, taking Mary Jane and the three children

with him. David followed a week later (May 27). Artie was still very sick when he arrived in Guadalupe. Her fainting spells greatly alarmed the family at times. She did not fully recover till June 25.

The Sunday School and sacrament services which had been held at the Stout home for about eighteen months was in early June moved to the home of James Mortensen at Terrazas, one mile south of Guadalupe, which was then the terminus of the railroad. Services continued there till August 7.

In June David spent most of his time on the farm at Guadalupe. He made one trip to Juarez and one to the Hurst saw mill; otherwise all his time was spent assisting the sick and working with the boys on the farm. Sarah went to Ciudad Juarez, where she found employment in a private home. She left June 13 and returned, after learning of Grant's sickness, probably in late July.

In late June, after Artie had recovered from her typhoid, David decided to make another trial trip to the San Pedro mines. He had made three trips in 1903, the last one in late October. Taking Julia along (June 28) he went to Juarez to buy his load of fruit and vegetables. Returning to Guadalupe he took Wayne and drove on to the mines. In Dublan he bought the more perishable products: eggs, butter, cheese. He made a fair profit on that load so that he was convinced he should make regular trips. He then began a business of his own, which was to continue till near the end of 1908.

In his peddling he established a regular schedule which he adhered to very strictly. This enabled both his customers and the parties from whom he bought his produce to be absolutely able to depend on him. The following was his principal procedure: He would leave Guadalupe early Monday morning for Juarez. Reaching the orchard city at noon he had his load bought by night. Early Tuesday morning he would pick up a few boxes of produce enroute out of town and would be in Guadalupe for the noon dinner. Leaving Guadalupe immediately after lunch he would spend the afternoon in Dublan gathering up the remainder of his load. He managed to go a few miles north of Dublan for his Tuesday night camping ground near the river. Wednesday he spent all day traveling toward the mines. Thursday he visited the three camps and usually sold out. Friday he traveled toward home. Saturday morning he arrived in Dublan, paid his debts, bought

household necessities for the home and arrived in Guadalupe in late afternoon and cleaned up for Sunday. Sunday morning at nine o'clock every person in the family was supposed to have his chores completed, bathed and cleaned up for Sunday School.

A family gathering was then held where family problems were discussed and plans for the future made. All took part in singing the sacred songs, then all knelt in a circle for prayer. When David was mouth he seemed to be talking face to face with his Maker, so natural and spontaneous was his speech. After these services all who were well attended Sunday School and sacrament meeting. David knew how to keep the Sabbath and he permitted all in his household to do likewise. Only when there was an "ox in the mire" was work done in the Stout home.

On arriving home from his third trip to the mines (July 15) David found his son Grant very sick with typhoid. Dewey had recently recovered from the disease, so the summer of 1904 saw no respite from the contagion.

The Church members in Guadalupe fully realized the need for a chapel for the dual purpose of holding services and conducting day school. A meeting of the family heads was held July 30, where the problem was discussed. At this meeting a decision was reached to build such a building. Two weeks later the place for holding these services was changed from the Mortensen home to the home of A. B. Clark, near the railroad.

The bottling of fruit was not neglected during those summer months. Mary Jane, Juanita and Artie, probably others, spent several weeks in Juarez putting up fruit. These members all returned to Guadalupe after completing their tasks in Juarez.

The saddest event of the year must now be related. Artie, Dewey and Thurlow had each been sick with typhoid during the early months of the summer. As noted above Grant had taken sick with the disease while his mother was working at Ciudad Juarez. Since his illness tended to become more serious she was sent for. Returning from one of his trips to the mines (August 26) David picked up A. B. Clark at Dublan and brought him to Guadalupe. David found Grant feeling better that evening so while he and Brother Clark were eating supper B. H. Allred entered the home in the capacity of a ward teacher. Just as Allred was leaving Sarah stepped in the room

and announced that Grant had suddenly taken a turn for the worse. Brother Allred was called back to help in administering to Grant. Everything that the family could do was done for him. It seems that it was God's will that he be taken. Before midnight arrived he had gone. David's reaction to his great loss is pathetically stated: "To see this darling, ideal boy, this model incarnation of faithfulness, of industry and uncomplaining devotion to every duty, I felt like the Prophet Mormon, I would not multiply written words to harrow up the souls of those who may read it."

Leadership in making arrangements for the funeral was assumed by Brother Allred. He supplied the coffin and notified the Bishopric in Dublan, who sent three women to Guadalupe to make the burial clothes. The funeral was held at the Stout residence, Bishop Robinson of Dublan presiding and was one of the speakers. The other speakers were Byron H. Allerd and Arthur B. Clark. He was buried in the Dublan cemetery beside his brother Derby, who had been lying there one year and eighteen days. This was the ninth death in the family during a period of three and one-half years. There were to be no more losses for twenty-two years.

Two days after the funeral David was in Juarez. Mary Jane reported that on the evening of Grant's death she was visited by the spirit of Grant at the very hour he passed away. This incident caused David to make a pertinent comment on her character: "Mary Jane works too hard to have very good health. . . . She is one of the most spiritually-minded women I ever knew."

In early September there were unusually heavy rains throughout the colonies and in the mountains. These rains caused one of the greatest floods ever known to come down the Casas Grandes River. The people of Dublan made a frantic effort to save their town by building a large levy to keep the waters out. This flood interfered with David's program also. The week of September 5-10 he could not reach Juarez so he missed going to the mines. The following week the river was still too high to cross so he collected what vegetables and fruits he could in Guadalupe and Dublan and took them to the mines. These trips had quite a fascination on his children. They all wanted to go at the beginning. David would take one or sometimes two at a time until the novelty wore off; then he was forced to make the trips alone. Eventually all who cared to

go had his opportunity. The writer of these lines went at least six times.

It was in September that the family of Francis Bunker moved from Morales to Guadalupe. Francis had suffered a fall before leaving Sonora and was seriously handicapped for several years afterwards. The family moved in with the Stouts, where they remained until enabled to find separate quarters. The two families at the dinner hour resembled more a ward reunion than a private residence. Francis and his sons worked on David's farm for about two seasons.

Although the Church members in Guadalupe had been presided over by an Elder they had never been organized into a branch until November 6. On that day President A. W. Ivins, Bishop Robinson and his two counselors, came to Guadalupe to effect such an organization. The meeting was held at the home of A. B. Clark. President Ivins nominated James Mortensen to be Branch President. The people unanimously sustained him. Sunday School continued to be held at the Clark home, but the sacrament services were held in the afternoon at the Mortensen home.

Two days after the branch organization David brought Mary Jane, her daughters, Juanita and Artie, down to Guadalupe from Juarez to attend school. The only school taught in Guadalupe that winter was given by Sarah, who conducted it on a part-time basis. She was sick much of the time, hence very little teaching was done. The day following Mary Jane's arrival in Guadalupe David took Emerald on his regular trip to the mines. After selling the load he sent Emerald home with the team while David took the train for Ciudad Juarez. Besides visiting Rettie and Julia, who were then working there, he signed some land deeds transferring the Hinckly home to A. A. Hinckly. This business completed he left by train for the colonies, taking Dewey with him.

It was very fortunate for Dewey that he returned (November 15) to the colonies with his father. Soon after he left his mother in Ciudad Juarez, she was exposed to the smallpox, then took the disease herself. She was rushed to a hospital in El Paso, where she was treated for the disease. She was reported to be so serious that the people of Guadalupe held a special fast service (December 11) in her behalf. Each succeeding message received in Guadalupe relating to her condition proved more and more alarming. December 18th the people

of Guadalupe held another fast and prayer service in her behalf. Finally a letter was received from Julia informing the family that Rettie was better and recovering rapidly. This message was like a bombshell loaded with relief. On the day the message arrived Edmund and Daisie Richardson came to Guadalupe to spend Christmas. During his stay Edmund inoculated the entire family against smallpox.

1905—The family in Guadalupe received a second cheering message on January 11 from Julia reporting that Rettie was making rapid progress toward recovery. By January 26 she was well enough to return to Guadalupe, although badly marked up by pox.

David's second trip to the mines (January 11-14) was a complete failure for some unexplainable reason, so he decided to try other experiments. He received an invitation from a Mr. Smith to take a load of provisions to Dos Colezas. This mining town was located forty-five miles up the river from Juarez and beyond the continental divide in Sonora. The mountain was very steep on the western side, but David succeeded in reaching the camp, selling his load and returning home safely.

The Sunday School in Guadalupe was reorganized on Lincoln's birthday. Calvin D. McOmber was made superintendent, Frederic J. Clark and David F. Stout were his counselors. Calvin was also ordained an Elder on that same day. Later Achsah was chosen (May 14) to be secretary of the organization.

Late in February Emerald found employment hauling telegraph poles for James Mortensen at Ojitos. The work lasted nearly two months.

In February David made but one trip to the San Pedro mines. Late in March he took another load of provisions to Dos Colozas mines before resuming his regular trips to San Pedro. The very day (March 29) he left for that trip Sarah was responsible for bringing a new son into the world—David's twenty-sixth, whom he didn't see until he returned from the mines three days later. The child was named Abram Ward Stout. Eight years later, when Abram was baptized, he was re-named Abraham Lincoln Stout.

Early in April the family enjoyed a visit from Edward Cox, son of Martha Cox, who came from Nevada to see the country and take a rest. David took him to the mines on one

of his trips in order to have a real visit, talk about old times, discuss politics (both were Republicans) and exchange information on family affairs. Reaching home (April 8) David took Edward, Evelyn and Geneva Cox to Juarez. A week later, Edward started for home, going by way of Morelos, Sonora.

Patriarch Charles Pulsipher came to Guadalupe (May 21) to give the children blessings. Valeria, Madona, Genevieve, Dewey and Thurlow each received a blessing. He told Genevieve the "adversary had sought to destroy her and hinder her development."

The Guadalupe Sunday School was a transient one. May 4th the school was removed from the Clark farm to the residence of Matilda Allred. The pressure for building a meeting house was becoming stronger as the community increased in population. Although the leaders in the branch had decided a meeting house should be built (July, 1904) nothing more had been done about it. June 18, 1905, another meeting was held where greater efforts were made to translate words and good intentions into real action. This meeting decided to locate the building across the street from Heber F. Johnson's residence. A building committee was selected, namely, Calvin D. McOmber, Frank E. Wall and Mr. Kock.

The summer months were filled with activities in the Stout home. Rettie worked for the Farr, Jackson and finally, the George A. McClellan families as a nurse, spending about a month at each place. Mary Jane spent some time in Juarez working in the fruit. Sarah was well occupied caring for her young children. The home did not escape the presence of old typhoid. Madona and Thurlow were both very sick with the disease. Madona's illness proved to be very serious.

David was at the railroad station at San Pedro when President Joseph F. Smith passed through on his way to Juarez to attend a stake conference. David was very anxious to attend that conference so he traveled all night to reach Juarez (September 17) where he arrived just in time to hear President Smith dedicate the new building, the Juarez Stake Academy.

The Sunday School of Guadalupe had another moving day. This time it was brought back (October 8) to the home of David Stout. Sacrament services were also held there. Later, Bishop Robinson came to Guadalupe and organized the first

Y. M. M. I. A., choosing Frederick J. Clark as president and Willard Mortensen and Calvin D. McOmber as his counselors. Lewis Hansen was made secretary, David Stout, class leader.

The Stout home was honored by a visit from George A. Black, Artemesia Cox Black, his wife, and Henrietta Cox, better known as grandmother Cox. Also in the company were two children belonging to George by his first wife, Geneva and Carnel (Karl). Arriving on Sarah's birthday (December 20) they came to see the country and have a real visit with the family. After George and Artemesia were married (November 30, 1900) in the St. George Temple, the family had moved to Deep Creek, Nevada, where they were then living. George was favorably impressed with the country, and before the old year passed on, gave evidence he wanted to make his home there.

1906—David's trips to the San Pedro mines continued with the usual regularity throughout the entire year, except during the period when suffering from rheumatism. The family's guests, the Black family, began to manifest more interest in the country. David served as their guide in taking the family to the different localities where property was for sale. A "Terrano" (farm) lying just north of David's property was offered to him for sale. George decided to purchase the property so David took him to Juarez and introduced and recommended him to President A. W. Ivins, who made him a loan of \$3500, which he used to purchase the property. The farm was then rented to a Mexican whose lease did not expire until the end of 1906. Late in February George and wife, Artemesia, returned to Deep Creek, leaving grandmother Henrietta Cox, Geneva and Carnel in Guadalupe until their return in December.

As indicated above, David lost three months of work from February to April, due to a severe attack of rheumatism. The disease took complete possession of his limbs, "but", David wrote, "through the mercies and power of God and through the faith and administration of Elders James Mortensen, B. H. Allred, George M. Haws, and George A. Black, I was soon restored to health. No man or no human power could have raised me so suddenly from that loathsome disease." A finer testimony could not have been borne.

The farm work was carried on by the three older boys. Emerald, however, was employed at the Frank Wall farm much of the summer. The women folks spent their usual

season in Juarez putting up fruit for winter. The last day of summer was a new day in the life of David. September 21 David's first grandchild was born. Daisie, the new mother, named the child David A. Richardson.

Late in September David decided to send his older children to the Juarez Stake Academy. In Juarez he rented the home of Ella Stowell. Julia was moved to Juarez to serve as guardian and cook for the school children. Emerald, Wendell, Achsah, Valeria, Juanita and Artie were all sent to Juarez. The rest of the children remained in Guadalupe, where no school was held that winter.

In November of that year a very heavy snow storm struck Juarez, which almost completely destroyed the fruit trees so that the 1907 fruit crop was only a fraction of normal. This destruction cut David's profits in the 1907 season to one-half what it would have been.

George A. Black and his family of three boys, Edward, Shirley and Donald, arrived in Guadalupe (December 1) to make their home. That was a real day of rejoicing for the Stout family. George and his family moved into the old Mexican adobe flat-roofed mud-house down by the railroad tracks.

1907—Early in January (12) David received an invitation from Mr. Wells, the new manager of the Sabinal mines, to supply his mines with produce, giving him sole right to furnish these supplies. These camps were twenty miles northeast of San Pedro. On account of the distance David did not make many trips to that place. Once while in Sabinal he traveled on to Diaz (February) where he made a deal with J. D. Harvey to mutually supply each other with the products that each could obtain cheaper. These arrangements continued in effect till September.

About a month after the return of the school students from Juarez there was a branch reorganization in Guadalupe. Byron H. Allred had been the president since James Mortensen had moved from the community. George A. Black was chosen by the bishopric of Dublan to replace Allred. A better choice could not have been made. All Guadalupe needed was dynamic leadership and that's what she got. Immediately wishful thinking about a new meeting house was changed to action. George injected a community enthusiasm for the construction of the building. Soon every able-bodied person in the branch

was faithfully performing his part in the great task of building a house of worship. Within a year the building was ready to be used.

In the midst of the community's building activities there was added to the family number twenty-seven, a girl, who was afterwards named Beulah. She was born July 11. Her mother Sarah now had five children alive, two had already passed on.

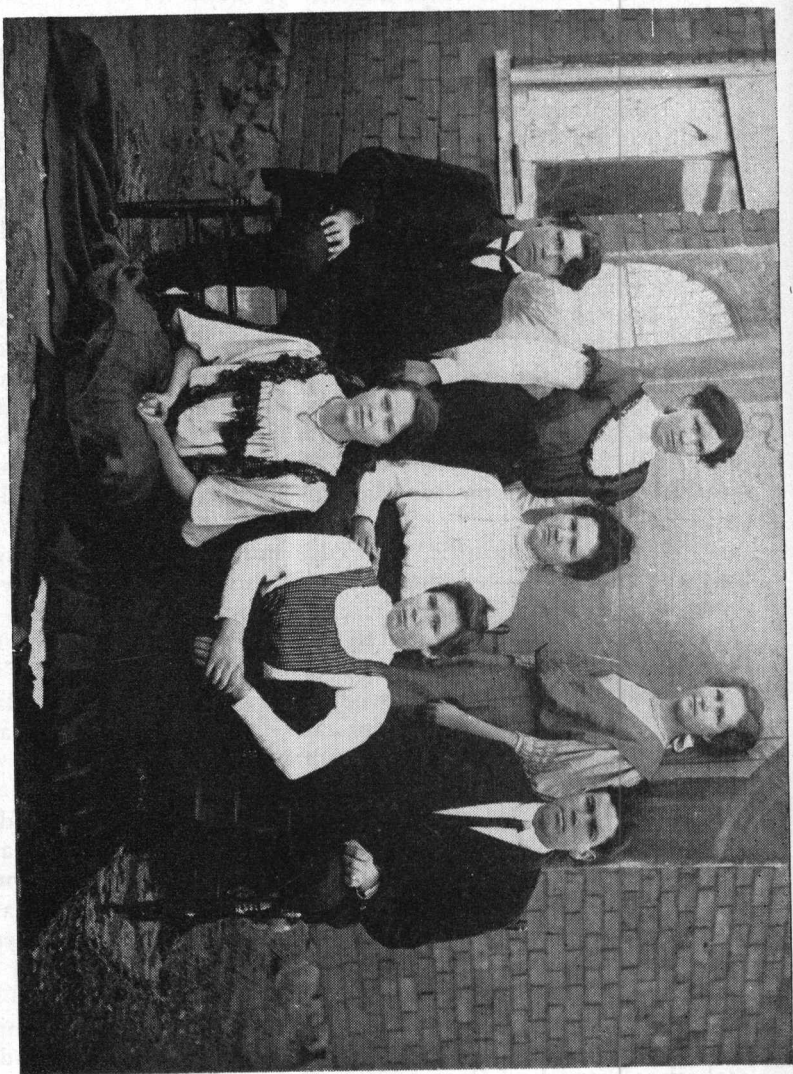
In September David decided to find a new market for his produce. He started out with his wagon filled with produce toward Galeana, hoping to reach Temosochic, a town between Madero and Chihuahua City. Before he reached Galeana, Wayne, who was with him, took sick. This forced David to abandon his experiment and return home.

When the Juarez Academy opened its doors in the fall of 1907 five of David's children registered: Emerald, Achsah, Valeria, Juanita and Artie. Julia again was their cook and guardian until she took typhoid and was returned to Guadalupe for recovery. She was replaced by Rettie, who remained there the balance of the winter. Wendell remained in Guadalupe that year to run the farm. For a few months a school was held at the home of Matilda Allred; Mrs. Irene Allred was the teacher.

1908—Trips to the San Pedro mines continued throughout the year. Work on the meeting house was pushed with considerable energy during the early months of the year. In May the building was ready to hold services in. One of the first services held in the building was the funeral services of the man most responsible for its construction. George A. Black was killed (May 30) by Mexicans in a contest over water rights. His loss to the community was a great blow to the people.

Just before his death George had purchased a header. During the summer months Edward, Shirley, Emerald and Wendell ran the header. During the same season David purchased some land on the side of the mountain in Juarez and there had built a small house which was used for three years to house his children while attending school.

Shortly after the death of George A. Black, Bryan H. Allred was again chosen presiding Elder of the branch, which position he held until 1912. The first time Guadalupe had a real school was the fall of 1908. Geneva Cox, who had graduated from the Juarez Stake Academy the previous spring, was



DAVID'S SEVEN OLDER CHILDREN - 1907
Standing: Achsah, Valeria. Sitting: Wendell Snow, Daisie, Emerald. Front: Artie, Juanita.

the teacher. The older children in David's family attended the Academy in Juarez except Emerald, who remained in Guadalupe to run the farm.

1909—In the early months of the year David lost his business at the San Pedro mines when the company gave its patronage to Mr. Mortensen of Diaz. David then sought employment elsewhere. On March 4th, while waiting to take a train for El Paso, Mr. Henry Bowman, manager of the Union Mercantile Store at Dublan, offered him employment with his store. David's part was to make a trip once a week to Juarez, gather up all the eggs and butter he could secure from the farmers and bring these to the store in Dublan, where they were packed and shipped to distant points. Besides Juarez he collected produce from Guadalupe and Dublan. These trips occupied an entire week. His pay was on a commission basis. This weekly program continued until the first week in June.

Since May of 1905 the Guadalupe Sunday School had made several changes. Calvin D. McOmber was still superintendent, while David F. Stout and Edward Black were his counselors. David was one of the school trustees at Guadalupe. All of his children younger than Madona attended the school being taught by Geneva Cox. All the older children except Emerald returned from the Juarez school May 22nd. Mary Jane had been their guardian and cook during the school term.

Mr. Henry H. Bowman offered David a bigger job than the collection and shipping of eggs and butter. He decided to send him to California to learn the art of packing and shipping fruit. Mr. Bowman accompanied David to El Paso (June 1), where he bought him a five-month excursion ticket to San Francisco and return for \$40.00. Mr. Bowman wanted to have his representative well respected so he bought David a fine suit of clothes and other wearing apparel. That same evening David was riding swiftly westward, a well-dressed man for the first time in his life.

Before delving too deeply into David's California travels it is well to take note of events taking shape in Guadalupe. June 24th David lost one of his daughters by marriage. Achsah was married to Calvin D. McOmber by Bishop Albert D. Thurber of Dublan. It was the first and last real wedding party the family ever enjoyed. The ceremony produced quite a sensation among the younger members of the family who had never witnessed such a rite before. Calvin and Achsah made

their first home at the old A. B. Clark residence during their first three months.

David's four months in California was the most enjoyable vacation he ever had. After years of drudgery he was enabled to relax and enjoy life to the limit. The new experiences and varied contacts enriched his soul as only a first trip to Heaven could do.

When David reached Los Angeles he went directly to the mission headquarters of President Joseph E. Robinson to seek information relating to the fruit packing business in southern California. He spent three days in that city studying local fruit packing, sight seeing, attending meetings and visiting with the missionaries. He saw the ocean for the first time in his life while he was there.

Forty-two days were spent in San Jose. Arriving there June 8th he went directly to the residence of Elders Merkeley and Steele. These missionaries introduced him to Henrick Victors, a large fruit grower. This man David described as "the very incarnation of kindness and hospitality", Mr. Victors took David through his 100-acre orchard and explained his methods of tree culture, packing and shipping—the very education David had come to learn. Mr. Victors also took David to Santa Clara where he introduced him to Mr. Pixton, owner of a packing house. There David was shown the fine arts of packing fruit. Renting a room near the Elders David settled down to a systematic study of fruit packing. He made exact measurements of fruit boxes, studied classification methods, shipping details, and refrigeration. In some packing plants he asked for the permission to work alongside the men who did the actual packing that he might learn to do by doing. In this manner he acquired the skill and the necessary knowledge to teach others the business. He obtained all the literature printed on the subject that could be had, and studied these while at his living quarters. He made a weekly report to Mr. Bowman, covering his studies, activities and accomplishments.

Wherever David went he never forgot he was a Mormon. At each town he stopped he first looked up the Elders. These missionaries were usually able to assist him in making important connections. He attended their cottage and street meetings, often being called on to speak. He even visited their investigators to preach the gospel to them.

At San Francisco (July 20-22) David spent two days

studying details in the shipping of fruit. In Berkeley he visited the Agricultural department of the University of California. In Sacramento (July 23) he visited the Earl's Fruit Company; saw and studied their methods of packing and shipping. At the Capitol building he interviewed the State Commissioner of Agriculture on the arts of raising fruit trees. Gridley, Auburn, New Castle and Loomis were all visited; these places are considered California's greatest fruit-growing center. David was shown the great orchards and plants found in those localities. David spent two weeks (August 10-24) again in Sacramento studying packing and shipping. Enroute to San Francisco his tour took him through Florin, Elk Grove, Roseville and State Farm at Davis. He spent a week in the Bay City making investigations and conducting research. In Petaluma he spent a week (September 2-9) studying the poultry business. In that town David had his first ride in an automobile. Returning to San Francisco via Sebastopol he received a letter from his employer, Mr. Bowman, requesting that he return home.

The journey homeward was crowded with impressions vital to his mission. Before leaving the big city he visited his cousin, Charles Stout, who then lived there. He also saw how grapes are packed; then at the Pacific Coast Seeded Raisin Company he was shown how raisins are packed. At Visalia he saw (September 20) the 700-acre vineyard of Mr. Sibley. The following day he saw the Old Mission. Four days were spent in Los Angeles. He attended a Methodist Revival meeting, promising himself he would never attend another. He worked for two days in the Cudoley Ranch Packing plant, working for no wages in order to learn the art of packing. David was in El Paso September 27th. He met Daisy and Achsah and their husbands, who were enroute to Salt Lake City for their temple marriage and endowments. Mary Jane and Lyman were also in the city. David took Lyman home while Mary Jane remained in El Paso to work.

The first thing David did on reaching (October 1) home was to make his report to Mr. Bowman, who was well pleased with his mission. David was now given the responsibility of putting into practice the principles he had gone to California to learn. Mr. Bowman had planned to have several cars of apples packed in Juarez, hauled to Dublan, then shipped in railroad cars to Mexico City for sale. David was placed in charge of this new undertaking.

The fruit packing began in Juarez October 4th. David first made a grader which would divide the apples according to size. The orchards of Edward Turley and Alonzo Taylor were first used up, then others were contracted for. David first had to train his helpers. Madona was taught how to sort or grade the apples. Artie and Geneva Black were also trained to pack the fruit. Sarah and Juanita were later added to his staff. Dewey was the teamster who hauled the packed fruit from Juarez to Dublan. In five weeks the cars in Dublan were loaded and ready for shipment to Mexico City.

Meanwhile other events were taking shape in Guadalupe. In September six of David's children had gone to Juarez to attend the Academy; the remainder of the younger ones, including the writer, attended the Guadalupe school taught by Rose Bunker. In Calvin McOmber's absence David took charge of the Sunday School until October 24th, when the Dublan Bishopric came to Guadalupe and re-organized it, appointing Ednor Allred as the new superintendent. David was no longer connected with the Sunday School but continued as class leader in the Y. M. M. I. A.

David left Dublan November 13 for Mexico City in charge of the cars of apples, arriving two days later. It was David's responsibility to find dealers who would buy these apples in large quantities. This was no easy task. Some of these dealers proved to be dishonest, forcing him to use the law to secure justice. These troubles and others caused delays which in turn resulted in a lot of fruit spoiling. This made it necessary to have the remaining fruit repacked before it could be sold. The last of the apples were sold December 11.

David found some time to visit the city. He could appreciate the famous points of interest since he had previously read considerably on Mexico's history. He made President Ray L. Pratt's mission headquarters his own, attending their services whenever possible.

David arrived home from Mexico City December 15th. In the final settlement with Mr. Bowman, David had \$60.00 in net profits. This, David says, "was \$60.00 more than he expected." David, no doubt, paid that sum in as tithing. With all the school children down from Juarez a fine Christmas vacation would have been enjoyed had it not been for Artie's serious eye troubles. This illness caused her to loose some of her schooling later. David writes that 1909 was a successful

year. During that year he read 19 books, which proves he believed in adult education.

1910—All the Juarez school students returned to their studies except Artie, whose sore eyes kept her out of school at least two more months. Since the fruit packing business was out of season David sought employment elsewhere. At that period the Mexican Northwestern Railroad Company was extending its line from Terrazas up the river to the new town of Pearson, then up the San Niguel River to Madera. By January of 1910 the construction was completed to a point beyond Pearson so it was necessary for David to go well up into the canyon 19 miles above Pearson to find employment. At that distance he found the camp of Samuel Jarvis, who had a contract from the railroad to build a portion of the grade. Mr. Jarvis, a resident of Guadalupe, was by trade a builder. He offered David a job at \$3.00 per day and board. He also offered to pay \$30.00 per month for the use of his team.

David accepted the Jarvis offer and returned to Guadalupe to make preparations for an extended stay in the mountains. After providing himself with ample provisions he started for the mountains (January 10). At the camp Jarvis set David up as a foreman over a group of Mexicans. He had various other tasks to perform. He served as time keeper for the Mexican employees. He drove his own team at times and sometimes acted as cook. Jarvis found that David served best as a freighter. A constant stream of supplies had to be hauled up from the colonies to provision the camp. Jarvis found that he could use David more effectively in that capacity than any other. On David's second trip for supplies he found Sarah in Guadalupe with a new baby, born the day before he arrived (February 6). This was the twenty-eighth and the last to be added to the family. With the appearance of Eunice there were then fifteen living children in the family, said number to remain for the next sixteen years. Eunice was indeed the last of his children to arrive, but her advent did not mark an end of David's posterity. On the contrary, his increase was only beginning. Already two of his grandchildren had arrived; others followed rapidly.

The freighting to the Jarvis Camp continued unabated till near the end of February. Returning to Juarez after seven loads to the camp, David found Daisie very sick, so to relieve her cares, he took his grandson David to Dublan where he

loaded up with supplies and journeyed on to Guadalupe. While Wayne delivered these supplies to the Jarvis Camp David went to Juarez and moved Daisie and Joyce to Guadalupe, where better care could be given.

While the demand for supplies at the mountain camp was somewhat relaxed, David made a trial trip to the San Pedro mines with produce. After selling out at Lione he bought a set of hammers, engine and drilling tools from his old friend, Mr. Turner. Taking all but the engine he returned to Dublan (March 3), sold the tools, gathered up a load of supplies for Jarvis and ended at Guadalupe. While Wayne was delivering these supplies to the Jarvis Camp David took Lyman to the San Pedro mines and returned with the engine he had purchased from Mr. Turner.

Before the 18th of April David had taken three trips to the Jarvis Camp and one to the Pedro mines. On that date Samuel Jarvis informed David that Mr. Dudley, the head contractor for the new railroad, would like to have him supply the construction camps with butter, eggs and other needed produce. Immediately David went to Dublan, bought up the produce and started for the upper camps. Mr. Dudley proved to be a real man. He bought David's entire load except his bacon; others bought that. Successful in this venture, he rushed home after a still larger load. That load too was easily disposed of. The profits from these sales convinced David he had found a real business.

The business of supplying the camps was doubled. He ordered a weekly shipment of produce from James Mortensen at Ciudad Juarez. The third trip saw two wagon loads filled with supplies for the camps. Dewey accompanied his father as the driver of the second team. In four different camps these loads were also disposed of. Passing through Mr. Jarvis' camp on the return trip he took back the old team "Kit and Doll," which Jarvis had hired. This team was put to good use. While Wayne made the fourth trip to the camps (May 17-19) David went to San Pedro after a load of rails.

Business was good during the summer months. Usually two wagons were necessary to fill the orders. It was common for one wagon to take the Juarez route, load up with fruit and meet the other wagon at Pearson. These wagons would travel up the river, selling enroute; when the equivalent of one wagon of produce was sold, one of them would return home, the

other go on up the river till all was sold out. Son Wendell often accompanied David on these trips. Donald Black was also employed till he left for his Mexican mission in late August. Before September came David saw the San Pedro mines twice more, each time returning with a load of sheet iron.

In the midst of this selling game some of the family enjoyed a real vacation in the mountains. Ten of the Stout and Black members went to Hop Valley on one excursion. Hunting and hiking proved to be a real enjoyment, not easily forgotten. Those making the tour were: Edward, Donald, and Geneva Black; Emerald, Wendell, Valeria, Juanita, Artie, Madona and Genevieve Stout. Soon after their return (September 3) Mary Jane and her two daughters left for Hinkley, Utah, to spend the winter. The two girls attended the Millard Academy while there.

At a stake conference held in Juarez (September 17-18) Apostle A. W. Ivins, who represented the General Authorities, made a fitting comparison between the Juarez Stake of 1896 and the stake in 1909. Said he, the stake in 1896 with a population of 2108, paid \$8,000 in tithing; in 1909, when the population was 4,117, the stake paid \$32,000.

All of David's children returned to school in the fall, the older ones to Juarez; the younger ones began in Guadalupe September 26. Martha Cox was the teacher in Guadalupe that winter. Calvin D. McOmber and wife Achsah returned to Guadalupe (October 14) after spending a year near Blackfoot, Idaho. They brought with them David's third grandchild, six months old Calvin junior. Two days later, B. H. Allred, who had been visiting in Utah and Idaho, reported that economic conditions in the north were unfavorable and stressed the advantages which the Mexican colonists were enjoying. In his absence David had taken charge of the religious services in Guadalupe.

With the boys in school David found it necessary to hire help. Since the construction work on the railroad grade was being rapidly completed the camps moved farther up the river. David found it necessary to change his tactics and ship his produce from Pearson by train to the end of the rails. then haul the goods on up to the camps by wagon. He hired Calvin sometimes to bring the produce to Pearson, then to ship it to him by train.

At the stake conference held in Juarez December 17th and

18th, Apostle A. W. Ivins was again in attendance. He warned the saints to be neutral in their attitude toward the political disturbances which were then beginning to show themselves in Mexico. In another talk he sounded the last echoes of the great polygamy controversy. He warned that those who had taken plural wives since April 6, 1904, when President Joseph F. Smith had through inspiration ended the practice were in sin and could only re-adjust their lives through repentance, re-baptism and righteous living. Certainly these remarks would not have been made if there had been no justification for them.

Christmas was joyfully celebrated in the Stout home and in the community. The year had been one of the most prosperous David had ever enjoyed. His payment of \$353.00 as tithing proves that. Eleven of his children were that year attending school. The family joined with the community in expressing their appreciation in song and dance for the many blessings their Heavenly Father had bestowed upon them. These celebrations were climaxed in a ball game between the married and single men, the former winning 26 to 20.

The political rumblings in Mexico became louder until open revolution was the result. The first expression of this unrest was made evident when on December 24th the railroad bridges between San Pedro and Ciudad Juarez were burnt. Like the French Revolution this was a struggle between the privileged and the underprivileged. Francisco Madero, the leader of the revolutionary forces, began his crusade at Casas Grandes, only three miles from Guadalupe. His platform was to take the land away from the rich and divide it among the land-hungry peasants. This slogan swept him into power.

David had interesting contacts with this revolution. Before the fall of Ciudad Juarez (May 10, 1911) the Casas Grandes area was infested with disorganized bands of rebels and federals who hardly knew which camp they belonged in. Late in December, while returning to Guadalupe from the camps, he was surrounded by a band of armed soldiers near San Diego and ordered to stop. He informed the men he was an American citizen and requested that he be permitted to move on. This request was refused. "Are you Madero men?" David asked. "Si senor" one of the men answered. Remembering that Brigham Young had said that feeding the Indians was better than fighting them, David started feeding the Mexican soldiers. He dished out four dollars worth of bread and cheese to the

group. This act noticeably improved their attitude toward him. When their captain arrived he asked David if he had a gun in his possession. After answering in the negative he was permitted to drive on.

1911—David's weekly routine was changed in January. Mondays were spent in collecting produce in Dublan. On Tuesdays he journeyed to Juarez where more eggs and butter were picked up. On Wednesdays the produce was shipped from Pearson to the different camps in the canyon. At times he would ride up on the train to collect his money from his customers. He usually returned to Guadalupe via Juarez. On one of those trips he moved Daisie to Guadalupe (January 6) since she was not feeling well. Later (March 8) she rewarded him by adding a fourth grandchild (Justin Veryl) to his rapidly growing family.

January 22 Guadalupe experienced its second tragedy. On that night about four Mexicans came to the home of Elizabeth Mortensen, a quarter of a mile from the Stout residence, and raped, robbed and finally killed her. George M. Kock, who came to her assistance, was also killed. These deaths brought to seven the number of colonists killed in cold blood without one of the guilty ever being brought to justice. The funeral was held two days later; Elder A. W. Ivins was the principal speaker. This incident had a profound effect on the people. A public meeting was held (January 29) in Guadalupe, attended by several members of the Stake High Council. These men counseled the people to live as closely together as possible, arm and prepare for defense at a moment's notice. In line with this advice Artimesia Black moved from her farm and occupied the north room of David's house. Byron H. Allred and Samuel Jarvis exerted all the pressure they could bear on David to induce him to take his two older sons out of school and bring them to Guadalupe for better protection. David took the matter up with President Junius Romney and Professor Guy C. Wilson, both of whom advised against taking them out of school.

Near the end of the school term David and Sarah visited (May 2) the Juarez Stake Academy. Guy C. Wilson, the principal of the school, in introducing David to the students, called him "the stoutest family in the stake". In response David spoke "as best I could, though I was too full to say much. I felt it was as little as we could do to manifest our gratitude to God

for opening our way to school our children and I felt all honor was due to our Father." Later in the day he and Sarah heard Wendell read his thesis, a paper required of all persons graduating from the academy. The subject of Wendell's thesis: "Does the study of physical science militate against religious belief?" Wendell took the position that true science aided in the cause of religion. David was much gratified by Wendell's attitude. "This gave me much joy as I considered these the right premises." David and Sarah were very proud of their son since he had made a fine record as a student and gave evidence that his potentialities were great. Wendell was the first of twelve children in the family to graduate from High School. Wendell was offered a teaching position in the Morelos school but declined, preferring to attend college instead.

Fully converted to the idea of educating his children, David bought the home belonging to Edward Eyring (May 5), paying \$2,000.00 for the same. This building was located less than two blocks south of the Co-op store. The little two-room house on the hill side was rented to Rose Bunker and her children. The little building had served the school children three winters, thus paying for itself.

The first trip to the camps after school had closed Mr. Dudley suggested that David establish a supply house in the main camp where the supplies could be stored and drawn from as needed. This proposition looked good to David so he began making plans to meet that need. From Guadalupe he started south with two wagons loaded with produce. At Pearson the goods were transferred on the train. Dewey returned one team to Juarez, Carnal Black took the other outfit back to Guadalupe, while David and Wendell went with the goods to the Dudley Camp. There a store house was established and Wendell was left in charge of it. When David was returning home he expressed these thoughts in his record; "I stop right here to tell you, Old Diary, that if my children or descendants care no more for me than they do now you will never be read and these blooming pages of risking life and all the tales of exposure contained will be like May flowers, 'born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air.'" At least one of his descendants has read every line of his 37 years of diary—otherwise this work could not be complete.

The Guadalupe Sunday School was again reorganized May 28th. Ednor Allred was replaced by Calvin D. McOmber

as superintendent. Willard Lake and Shirley Black were chosen as his counselors, Henry Allred, secretary, and David F. Stout, teacher of the Parents Class.

During the summer months Sarah and her four younger children occupied the newly acquired house in Juarez. She used her spare time in putting up fruit for the winter season.

Two teams were necessary to keep the supply of produce flowing into the railroad camps. The main source of supply came from Dublan. From there one wagon was dispatched through Guadalupe to Pearson, the other was routed through Juarez where more products were picked up. These teams would meet in Pearson; there the goods were transferred on the train. David usually accompanied the freight to No. 85 where Wendell had charge of the store house. During June Victor Iverson was employed as one of the teamsters between Dublan and Pearson. Returning to Pearson (June 17) from the camps David aided one Thomas C. Romney, a teacher at the Juarez Academy, to reach home. He had suffered a fall while working on the railroad and was returning home. It was this same Thomas who wrote the book: "The Mormon Colonies in Mexico."

Late in June the plan of procedure was somewhat modified when Emerald entered the business. Since school closed Emerald had been working with a bridge gang up the canyon. Instead of David accompanying the freight from Pearson, Emerald would go down from the camp to Pearson, meet the teams loaded with produce and return on the train to the camp with the produce. This released David so that he could remain on the purchasing end of the business while the boys handled the sales end. This plan continued through the summer except for a six-day (July 20-26) interruption due to a heavy flood down the St. Miguel River Canyon which washed away the store house and damaged the new railroad grade. During that period Emerald and Wendell attended the Pioneer celebration held in Guadalupe. The losses which David suffered from these floods amounted to more than a thousand dollars.

The teaching position at Guadalupe was a difficult one. No teacher lasted longer than one year. July 30 the trustees met and chose Calvin D. McOmber to teach the school the following winter.

Since David had provided larger living quarters for his student children in Juarez he decided to send for Mary Jane and

her two daughters, who were then in Hinckley, Utah. The girls had attended the Millard Academy (1910-11). He sent them one hundred dollars to pay their transportation home. They arrived (October 25) in Guadalupe and were taken to Juarez a few days later for school, entering a few weeks after the session had begun.

Wendell was replaced at the supply depot (September 22) by Shirley Black. Wendell was anxious to enter college so after attending the stake conference in Juarez (September 23-24), where he was ordained a Seventy by Rulon S. Wells, he took his summer wages and left for Provo, Utah, to attend the Brigham Young University.

When the school term began at the Academy in September, Julia replaced Sarah at the Juarez residence, serving as cook and guardian of the student group. Sarah and her four children were moved to Guadalupe. All the children, including Dewey the younger, attended the school taught by Calvin D. McOmber. Those attending the Juarez Academy were Emerald, Valeria, Juanita, Artie, Madona and Wayne.

A very fine Christmas season was spent in Guadalupe when the group met and participated in family and community gatherings which were enjoyed by all. Had it not been for the damaging flood of July, David's profits would have been as high as the previous year. As it was the year was generally successful. Peace was general since the resignation of Diaz in May. The reaction to President Madero's election was not felt in the colonies until the new year had begun, so the people were sensing a feeling of security as the old year passed on.

1912

The new year found the routine of the family unchanged. The academy students continued their studies as usual. David continued his deliveries to Pearson, then shipping them to Shirley Black at No. 85, who then sold them to the camps. Work at the construction camps ended in late January so Shirley sold the remainder of his supplies and returned to Pearson the first of February. During the balance of the season David supplied the hotels and stores of Pearson with eggs and butter, which he collected in Dublan and Juarez. He developed a weekly schedule which he adhered to very closely until the end of school in May.

On January 24 David welcomed into his rapidly expanding family George Emerson McOmber, his fifth grandchild.

Two days later Mary Jane left the Juarez home and returned to Guadalupe, where she remained until the exodus.

The incompetency of President Madero was soon recognized even by the ignorant masses of Mexico. His inability to inaugurate his land reforms produced counter revolutionary movements against him. The Zapata revolt in the south was followed by a greater one in Chihuahua under Pascual Orozco. At the time trouble broke out in the colonies one Jose Inez Salazar was commanding the revolutionary forces in the Casas Grandes area. One of his generals, Enrique Partillo, came into Colonia Juarez on February 5th with twenty-five men and demanded arms, horses and saddles from the colonists. Under the leadership of President Junius Romney these demands were stoutly refused. An appeal was taken to General Salazar, who sustained the position of the colonists. This settled for a period the demand for arms.

On March 14th President Taft placed an embargo on the shipment of arms into Mexico. This antagonized the Revolutionists all the more against the Americans. In April President Madero dispatched General Huerta to crush the Orozco forces in Chihuahua. This proved to be an excellent choice for the Federals. General Huerta administered Arozco a crushing defeat first at Terreon (June 9), then at Backimba (July 3). These defeats sent the rebel forces into disorderly retreat northward into the Casas Grandes area. When these guerrilla bands arrived in the colonies they were desperately in need of arms, horses and food supplies. Since these forces realized their cause was hopeless they preferred intervention on the part of the United States rather than the administration of President Madero, whom they considered a traitor. To bring about this intervention, they, the leaders of the rebels, planned to first disarm the Americans, then attack them in force, thus forcing the United States to intervene.

Before this issue is brought to a head it is best to take another picture of the Stout family and learn what part they played in the struggle. Most of the family attended the stake conference held in Juarez (March 23 and 24) and heard Elder A. W. Ivins give the people sound advice relative to their attitude toward the current revolution. At one of these sessions Emerald was ordained a Seventy. The Monday following conference, Apostle Ivins spoke to the Academy students. In his talk he referred to David's (who also had been invited to the

stand) wife, Henrietta said he, "when he was a little boy in school at St. George, she was the only one who could spell him down."

The Guadalupe school, under the direction of Calvin D. McOmber, ended April 19. David attended the closing exercises and spoke to the children. Ten days later, Albert Wagner replaced Samuel Jarvis on the school board. These trustees instructed David (also a member) to choose a new teacher for the following year. The man chosen was Ernest Clark a member of the current graduating class of the Academy.

Near the end of the school term in Juarez David moved Sarah and her children from Guadalupe to occupy the Juarez home during the summer months. They arrived in time to attend the graduation exercises. Emerald, Valeria and Juanita, who were graduating, each read their prepared thesis. David was pleased with Juanita's contribution: "Should education be made the basis of suffrage?" The graduating class presented Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale", Emerald, Valeria and Juanita all taking active parts in the play. At the graduating exercises (May 3) Juanita read a humorous selection describing each graduate's future role in life. Emerald played a violin solo and Valeria a piano solo. David was highly commended by Principal Guy C. Wilson for his determination to educate his children.

In Guadalupe the Sunday School was given a new lease on life. Calvin D. McOmber was retained as superintendent, Shirley Black and Jesse Mortensen, his counselors. The last stake conference was held in Dublan June 22 and 23. No one at that time realized it was to be the last.

David made a business trip to El Paso (July 11-14), which was connected with his Hinckley property. While there he attended a Democratic political rally. David was a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt and was in sympathy with the progressive movement which that year nearly destroyed the Republican Party. While in the city he visited the Smith Dairy, being very interested in their Jersey and Holstein breeds.

David's last twelve days on his old job of supplying the hotels and stores in Pearson with butter and eggs was increasingly difficult. Law and order was no longer the policy of the day. The rebels of Orozco were plundering and looting the stores in Pearson without restraint. For this reason his old customers could no longer buy from him. Strange, indeed, but

these rebels never robbed David, although he did considerable traveling between Pearson, Juarez and Guadalupe. The people in the little farming town of Guadalupe celebrated its last Pioneer Day little realizing what the next week would bring. David attended the celebration in Juarez with Sarah and Daisie.

We may now return to the national situation to examine the plan of Salazar to force the states to intervene. The situation of the rebels in late July was critical. The Federal Army was expected to arrive in Casas Grandes very soon. Salazar realized that he must have the arms of the Americans soon or it would be too late. He knew that a refusal would furnish him with a pretext to take them by force. This would bring on a conflict with the Americans which would force the United States to intervene.

The first demand for arms was made on the people of Colonia Diaz July 12th. The following day a friendly Mexican revealed a plot to loot the colonies for arms and ammunition. The rebels believed this would bring an American army into Mexico. A knowledge of this plot was a potent factor which guided Junius Romney and Henry E. Bowman in their crucial interview with General Salazar at Casas Grandes on July 26. The Mexican general bluntly informed the Mormon leaders he had withdrawn all guarantees of protection to life and property, and that the colonists must surrender unconditionally all arms and ammunition. Junius Romney then asked that time be allowed which would enable the colonists to evacuate their women and children from the country but that was firmly denied. Salazar then demanded the delivery of the arms immediately or he would remove all restraint from his men to ravish and plunder at will. Salazar's final blast was a warning that unless the demands were met war would be declared on the Americans immediately.

This ultimatum placed the colonists in a perilous position. There were upwards of two thousand soldiers stationed in the colonies waiting for the order to kill. In view of these circumstances it was decided to make a show of complying, while at the same time, rush the women and children to the United States border. In Dublan, where the Church officials made these decisions, it was arranged to have the people bring their old guns to one central point, there to receive receipts for them. Dublan was surrounded by large rebel forces. Northeast of town a large group was stationed with a battery of cannons

trained on the town. Three other detachments were located on the east, west and south parts of the town. To have put up a fight would have meant suicide for the entire population. This conference of Church leaders took place Saturday, July 27th. Sunday was the date for all persons to bring their guns to the public square.

David was in Dublan on that fatal day. "We drove home," David writes, "with sad hearts to Guadalupe and found the folks considerably stirred up by the news." The following day (Sunday) in Guadalupe no place had been designated to assemble the arms which were to be delivered up. The Mexican rebels who were dispatched to collect up the arms went from home to home, taking what arms the people were willing to give up.

A telephone message from the Stake Presidency was received that same day (2 p. m.) advising all Americans to pack up their personal belongings and move to Dublan. That message put Guadalupe into a panic. While the men folks were hitching up their teams and discarding hay racks for wagon boxes the women folks were packing the trunks with clothing, family souvenirs, and other precious possessions. Four wagons were necessary to take the belongings of the McOmbers and Stouts. Shirley Black and Artemesia had their wagons packed at the same time so that the caravan to Dublan reminded one of a company of pioneers crossing the plains. In that company there was one member who had crossed the plains in 1852, driven out of Salt Lake County in 1858, and now, for the third time in her life, driven again—Henrietta Janes Cox.

These homeless refugees arrived in Dublan just before darkness set in. Before midnight the old baseball grounds of the Union Mercantile were filled with campers from Guadalupe. A train from Pearson was expected at any moment to carry the people to Ciudad Juarez. This train did not arrive till daylight Monday morning. All members of the family left on that train except David and Emerald. Shirley Black remained also. Sarah and her children, who were living in Juarez, were brought to Pearson by kind friends and left on a later train.

With the removal of the women and children to El Paso, David, son Emerald and Shirley Black remained in Dublan with the rest of the men of that town. It was unsafe to return to Guadalupe since Dublan was surrounded by rebel forces who were undisciplined and dangerous. Relations between the

Americans and Mexicans grew more strained after the women folks left. The attitude of the rebel forces became more hostile after they had defeated a detachment of Federals who tried to take Casas Grandes, July 29th. That victory, however, was off-set by a defeat which the rebels suffered at Ojitos the same day. It became obvious to the colonists that the rebels were not fully satisfied with the arms which had been given up. More radical measures must be taken if American intervention was to be forced. The Mormon leaders felt it would be unwise to serve as scapegoats in such a cause. It was accordingly arranged for all men of the colonies to meet in the mountains at a rendezvous known as the "Stairs" about seven miles northeast of Colonia Juarez.

David and his associates from Guadalupe were in the flight from Dublan on one of those dark nights in early August under the leadership of Bishop Thurber. The company had no more than crossed the river going westward when their absence was discovered by the rebels who had been assigned to watch the town. A detachment of soldiers was sent in pursuit, but when fired on by the colonists, decided not to follow the Americans, whom they thought were unarmed. After a few days at the "Stairs" the company was joined by colonists from Garcia and Pacheco. After affecting a military organization the group, consisting of 235 men and 500 horses, moved toward the American boundary line which they crossed on August 10. A day or two later David left Emerald at Hachita and took the train for El Paso to find his family whom he hadn't heard from for fifteen days. He found them in the lumber yard with 2,000 other destitute refugees—penniless, but well fed by the U. S. Government.

Rettie, her daughter, Artie, and son, Dewey, had already left (August 3) for Logan, Utah, accompanied by Calvin and Achsah McOmber. A few days after David's arrival in El Paso, Mary Jane, her daughter, Julia, and three of her children, and Genevieve left (August 21) for Hinckley, Utah. Mary Jane and her two girls, however, went to Washington County, Utah. There Valeria taught school the following winter. David and Sarah and the four younger children were then left in El Paso to await future developments in Mexico. David was determined to return to his Guadalupe and Juarez homes if conditions would permit. August 16th, General Arozco, the rebel chief, was forced to evacuate Ciudad Juarez; then four days later the

Federal troops occupied the city. In late August President Romney made a trip to the colonies where he found conditions unfavorable for the return of the colonists. After the capture of Ciudad Juarez by General Huerta conditions began to improve. The future president of Mexico promised President Romney he intended to send strong garrisons into the Casas Grandes area to clear the country of rebel forces. This promise justified David and others to wait longer at the lumber yard believing that a return would eventually be possible.

Emerald, who had been left at Hachita since August 12th, saw no further need for remaining there, joined his father in El Paso (September 5th), and waited for conditions to improve. Charles E. McClellan, a member of the Stake Presidency, returned from a visit to the colonies about the middle of September and reported that conditions had greatly improved since the Federal Army had occupied Pearson and Casas Grandes and hence recommended that it would be safe to return and collect cattle, farm produce and furniture. The Presidency did not recommend that women and children be taken in at that time, however.

David accepted the advice of the Church authorities, returned to Hachita and took one of the teams (riding one of the horses) and went to Dublan. There he found his wagons and harness where he had cached them. With his complete outfit he drove through Guadalupe to Juarez and Pearson. He found that the Pearson hotels and stores could still use produce so he returned to his old game of buying the goods in Dublan and Juarez and supplying these needs to the Pearson market. Meanwhile Emerald and Donald Black, who had recently returned from his mission in Mexico City, left El Paso for Guadalupe, where they spent about a month harvesting crops, selling live stock and caring for the farm.

Much to David's disappointment conditions did not improve after Sarah and her children arrived (about October 1). The Federal forces under heavy pressure from the rebels began to lose control in the colonies. Rebel bands entered Juarez where Sarah and her children were then living and committed crimes on some of the people there. This incident convinced David that it was no longer safe to remain in the colonies. Packing all valuables in the wagon the family went to Guadalupe, where two wagons were filled with their possessions; then the journey toward New Mexico was begun. Emerald and Donald

Black joined the company at Guadalupe and remained with them until Hachita was reached. The sight which met their eyes in Diaz was pitiable. The town was in ashes. Lyman was shown what was left of the house in which he was born—a pile of ruins.

When the group arrived in Hachita Emerald and Donald Black separated from the group and went to Utah. Emerald joined his brother Wendell in Provo, where he registered at the Brigham Young University. From Hachita, David, Sarah and the four children moved (November 4) to Douglas, Arizona, where they lived in tents for a season. Leaving the family at Douglas, David and son Lyman made a trip to Naco to survey labor conditions there. Employment was no better there so before returning to Douglas David visited the grave of young David, who had been lying there for eleven years.

Having returned to Douglas Mrs. Lucian Mecham hired David to go to Juarez by train and assist her husband to reach the states. This trip lasted ten days. David stopped at Rodeo, New Mexico, where he met the family who had come by wagon from Douglas. George Martineau had driven the team for Sarah from Douglas. In Rodeo David found employment freighting lumber from Rodeo to Paradise, Arizona, a distance of fifteen miles up the canyon.

1913—In Rodeo the family lived neighbors to Mr. and Mrs. George Consforth, Seventh Day Adventists, who, like all members of their faith, stoutly defended their Sabbath. This gave David and Sarah an opportunity to do missionary work. There were no Mormon churches in Rodeo so the family attended a union church whose membership came from all faiths. In March Sarah suffered a severe attack of sickness which nearly proved fatal.

March 29th David's youngest son was baptized. In confirming the boy David changed his name from Abram Ward to Abraham Lincoln Stout.

Freighting was not regular until the mill at Paradise began operating in April. David found extra work doing various tasks. David hauled a load of furniture (April 6-12) from Rodeo to Light, Arizona, a distance of sixty miles, for the Lindsey family. When the mill at Paradise began operating David found it advisable to move the family (April 16) there. A tent was all the family had to live in but it protected them from the worst weather. During the three months in Paradise

David had good employment. He would make two trips a week to Rodeo hauling ore down and sometimes the mining company had freight for him to haul back to Paradise.

While thus engaged in the hauling of ore he lost one of his daughters by marriage. Valeria, Mary Jane's oldest girl, was married (May 14) to Roswell DeMill. After completing a second year at the Brigham Young University Wendell took the agency for a book during the summer of 1913 but failed to save enough money to re-enter school, so he accepted a position as teacher at Lewisville, Idaho, where he met his future wife, also a teacher there. Emerald found work in Nevada during the summer months. Rettie and her two unmarried children had spent the winter in Logan, Artie as teacher and Dewey as student in the Logan City schools. Dewey was employed by building contractors during the summer and delivered papers in the winter to assist the family financially.

The three-month period that David hauled ore for the mining company, Jesse Mortensen, who had been a Guadalupe neighbor, assisted David in the hauling. He drove one of the teams when two outfits were necessary to handle the excess ore. Jesse left for home July 7th. The mill closed down in late June so David rented a 40-acre farm at Rodeo and moved the family there (June 23). In Rodeo again he and the boys hastily prepared the land for the planting of a crop. The three months on that farm proved to be a total failure.

David's contribution to the Rodeo Union Sunday School was well recognized by the members of the community. At the reorganization of the school (July 6) an attempt was made to put him in as head but he declined the honor. Sarah, however, was appointed teacher of the primary class.

David felt considerable uneasiness for Daisie, who was still living in Colonia Juarez, so he started (September 1) for the Corner Ranch, intending to go on to Juarez and move her out, but on arriving at the Richardson Ranch was informed that rebel activities made such a trip very dangerous. Edmund Richardson and his sons-in-law were building up a community at the "Corner" and invited David to file for one of the few remaining homesteads. Before returning to Rodeo David inspected the lands which were still open, but made no decisions at that time.

Back in Rodeo again (September 8) David received a letter from Julia, who was then in Moapa, Nevada, strongly

advising against making that place a home for the widely scattered family. David's principal aim in life at that period was to find a suitable gathering place where the family might re-assemble. When Julia threw cold water on Moapa as a future home, then David and Sarah decided to accept Edmund Richardson's offer and take up the homestead at the Corner Ranch. Convinced that was the best course to pursue David and Sarah packed their earthly possessions in three wagons and started (September 25) for the Corner Ranch. The site chosen for their future home was, writes David: "A bleak desert where there is no water and no timber but some scrubby brush." The spot chosen for a building site was near a stake where four homestead entries met. Edmund had reserved one of those entries for Daisie to file on. Here, at the age of fifty-eight, David began to build a new home, the sixth attempt during his lifetime. His father, Allen J., made nine attempts during his lifetime.

Disadvantages at the homestead were many. Water for all uses had to be hauled one-half mile from the Richardson wind mill. Tents were the only protection against the wind, sand and rain. Fire wood had to be hauled from long distances. Hachita, forty miles away, was the nearest postoffice and store. Hauling posts, fencing, clearing land, and hauling rocks all needed to be done at the same time. It was pioneer life in its original colors.

The rugged pioneer life did not prevent the community from holding religious services. The large Richardson family, including the in-laws, and the Stouts, held weekly services where the children were taught the principles of the gospel. Even a day school was begun (October 21), with Elmer Johnson as the teacher; he had eight pupils in all.

The tension was greatly relieved when Daisie and her family arrived safely from Colonia Juarez, where brigandage was the order of the day. Edmund Richardson, Jr., had risked his life to make the trip to Juarez to bring her safely to the Corner Ranch. Daisie was much depressed when she saw her future home on the sands of desolation. David assisted in erecting a tent and clearing the desert brush, for a spot to live.

Late in November (20-23) David and five others made a trip to Colonia Diaz after corn. "Half the homes in Diaz", David wrote, "have been burned and many of the others have been stripped of their floors. Desolation reigns. I surely felt sorrow at heart to see the old home we lived in—where Irving

died." Such memories must have been distressing. Before the end of the year David made three trips to Hachita after supplies for the community. While on one of these trips Daisie added a sixth grandchild (December 18) to his rapidly expanding family. Facilities for caring for the confinement case were anything but what they should have been. Sarah served as



A NEW GENERATION - 1913

Standing: Wayne, Madona, Lafayette C. Lee. Sitting: Thurlow, Genevieve, Juanita.

midwife. During those last weeks in the year David began the construction of a dam across Sycamore Wash to create a reservoir to store water for irrigation purposes. While returning from Diaz with another load of corn the old year passed into history.

1914—The year 1914 saw David on the road traveling almost continuously. A trip to Hachita for a load of windmill parts for Edmund Richardson was followed by a trip to Colonia Juarez (January 15-25) after furniture and to execute other business. Filling his wagon with furniture in Juarez he journeyed on to Guadalupe to see the old farm again. Raphael Munoz, son-in-law of the high-tempered Lorette Garcia, was renting the old home. David made a settlement with Munoz and re-rented the property to him for the coming season. He left Jesse Mortensen in charge of the farm as his agent. "With a

bleeding heart," David writes, "he visited the old meeting house in Guadalupe. Oh, the heart burnings this trip has brought me to see the old scenes of by-gone days where my loved ones lived and where some of them died and lie waiting the resurrection."

On his birthday David wrote: "Fifty-nine years ago this evening at 9 p. m. my dear old mother gave birth to her fourth child and third son, who, after that many years of blundering both in spiritual and temporal things, confesses tonight that he is a signal failure before God and man. Had I been careful to observe fully all the commands of God He would not have struck me down in the depths of despair as at present. Yet though life is a burden I ask not a merciful God to take it from me but thank Him for a few more years in the hope that I may aid the tired, weary mothers of my children to finish our life's labor in rearing our little ones to man and womanhood."

Edmund Richardson hired David to make another trip into Mexico (February 10-16). At Diaz he loaded up with wheat which he took to the Jackson flour mill near Casas Grandes, where an exchange was made for flour and other products. After another visit to Guadalupe he returned to the Corner Ranch. Five days later (February 21) David was in Diaz to load up with trees and shrubs. He visited the graveyard and saw the graves of five of his children. "There at the grave of Irving I knelt in prayer, thanked God for my brief association with those lovely children, acknowledged His justice and mercy in taking them from me, and asked Him to preserve those left with us." At a later date (March 9) he cut the names of the five children on planks, repaired the graves, then placed the plank as head posts at each grave for identification.

February 27 David was in Hachita when Edmund Richardson left for Graham County to seek a site for a future home. This is the first indication that David was looking northward for a more suitable place for the family to assemble. Elmer Johnson, the school teacher, moved (March 2) to Thatcher, Arizona, to make his home. Lenore Richardson replaced him in the school room.

Valeria, the third to be married, added the seventh grandchild to the family. Faye DeMill was born February 14 in Rockville.

The distress of this family in their wilderness home is perfectly illustrated in a family group photograph taken March 17 among the tents on the homestead site. At the time of this pic-

ture David was suffering from an attack of rheumatism, his old enemy. Daisie and her children are there, including the infant child, Glenn Allen, age three months.

Four days after this picture was taken, Edmund Richardson returned from Graham County, Arizona, where he had gone to locate a more suitable home for his family. He recommended the country to David so highly that he also became interested. Since the valley contained several communities of Mormons and possessed a church high school where religious instruction might be given his children, David was soon converted to the idea of moving there.

Edmund decided to take Daisie to the Gila Valley and have her enter a homestead in her name. David was hired to move her there. This gave him an opportunity to see the country himself. Still suffering from rheumatism David and Daisie left for Safford March 24th. Edmund accompanied the caravan also. Four days later at Safford David and Edmund toured Lebanon and the bench land south of Safford and Thatcher. Daisie's homestead site was examined carefully. Another homestead site was located which lay adjacent to Daisie's. David decided to file for that one. April 3rd David was in Solomonville to make the official application for the land. David and Edmund visited the Thatcher Sunday School, and at the sacrament services Bishop Tyler called on both to speak. Andrew Kimball, son of Heber C. Kimball, and president of the St. Joseph Stake, gave David a very cordial invitation to settle somewhere within the stake.

When David returned to the Corner Ranch (April 9) he was very enthusiastic about his new prospects for a gathering place for his family. He wrote letters to his three wives in Utah, appealing for their support to make Thatcher a mecca for the family. The old homestead at the Corners was abandoned. Seven days of intense preparations were needed before the caravan was ready to move northward. Four wagons and a buggy were needed to carry the household articles belonging to the two families. A herd of cattle was driven at the head of this company. The pilgrimage cost nine days of difficult traveling which caused many hardships and suffering. When the caravan arrived (April 25) at Daisie's homestead south of Safford, they resembled perfectly an 1848 company of pioneers entering the Salt Lake Valley. David rented a city lot in Thatcher and moved the family there. The property belonged to a Mr.

Jacobson, who let him use the 100 apple trees growing in the lot on a ratio basis. Now that the family was located in an ideal Mormon community David used all the pressure at his command to induce his family in the north to join him in Thatcher.

The family settled in a temporary home. The first problem to solve was employment. The homestead furnished no income so David tried to do the only thing he could do at his age. He went to the Farnsworth and Romney store in Safford (whom he had known in Dublan) and purchased at wholesale eggs, butter and other products, and started for the Clifton mining camps. He found no sale for his load so the trip was a failure. He bought another load of produce and started in the opposite direction to Bowie and Wilcox. He was forced to sell below cost so that trip proved a failure too. Still determined he made another trip to Clifton, only to fail again. These setbacks greatly disturbed David.

The arrival in Thatcher (May 31) of Wayne from Hinckley, Utah, was the first step taken toward a united family. The same week witnessed the marriage of David's son, Wendell Snow to Estella Jensen.

The same day that Wendell was married, David rented the ten-acre alfalfa field located south of Thatcher, near the foot hills, known as the Knudsen place. This furnished the boys with all the employment they needed for the summer.

The Stout family was finally admitted into the Thatcher Ward June 21st. Since the exodus from Mexico the records of the family had been lost. Before David could establish his church membership again it required the sworn statement of Apostle A. W. Ivins, who testified that he was a member in good standing. The day the names were read before the members of the ward Bishop Tyler called on David to speak to the people.

For the last time David made another attempt to enter the produce business. Filling his wagon with produce he headed for Globe. There, at the Brewer Livery Stables, he made his headquarters (June 26). From these stables he made regular trips to all parts of the mining area attempting to find customers. Daily shipments from Thatcher were sent him by train. After a fifteen-day trial he pronounced the experiment a failure and returned home (July 9). The rest of the summer,

however, he continued to ship produce to Mr. Brewer, which netted him some income.

September 16th David left for a trip into Mexico—his last trip. When he saw the abandoned homestead at the Corner Ranch "Desolation and heart burnings were feeble words to express my feelings." At Diaz he saw groups of soldiers who belonged to General Villa, but they let him pass unharmed. In Guadalupe (September 26) he visited the old home and found the peach trees all dead. Journeying on to Juarez he found a family of Mexicans living in his old home. He tried to sell the place but failed. Returned to Guadalupe, where he gathered what fruit could be found, put the old kitchen range in the wagon and hauled it to Jackson's flour mill where an exchange was made for flour. In Juarez again (September 29) he gathered up all the fruit from the orchard, took the last of the furniture from the home and headed for Guadalupe for his last visit there. On October 1st he looked upon his old Mexican mud house for the last time. Memories of the old days could never be obliterated. The nine years in that home had been the brightest in his entire life. He felt like a Lot leaving Sodom lest he be consumed. The trip northward was not a straight one. He went out of his way to avoid meeting the Red Floggers. Reaching the United States line he straightened out his course until Thatcher was reached (October 12).

The balance of October David was mixed up in politics. Heber F. Johnson, whom he had known in Diaz and Guadalupe, came to Thatcher burning up with enthusiasm for the Progressive Party. He had been nominated by that party for state senator. David and Heber spent three intensive days in Graham County campaigning for the Progressive cause. David was specially interested in the contest for governor. On election day he exercised his right of franchise for the first time in sixteen years. Needless to say he voted a straight Republican ticket. He and Sarah both voted to make Arizona dry, but not a single Republican won in the state elections that year.

During the political campaign David found time to start working on the ditch he had contracted to dig for Edmund Richardson the previous May. This ditch was to carry water from a spring near the foothills of Mount Graham to the Richardson dry farm south of Thatcher. From October to May of 1915 David worked on the contract at irregular periods when better employment could not be found.

The second arrival from the north to join the family was Genevieve (November 1). She too had been living in Hinckley, Utah, since August, 1912. True to form David never shirked church work. In October David had been assigned a ward teacher. He performed that work so faithfully that in December Andrew Kimball recommended that he be appointed teacher in the High Priests' Quorum. Before the year ended the Stake Presidency called him and Sullivan C. Richardson to fill a short mission to Ft. Thomas. Some non-Mormons had requested that Elders be sent there. The missionaries held several cottage meetings with the investigators there.

The last month of the year the family made two moves. First from the Jacobson house on Main Street to the Duke home (November 30), then to the Thomas Kimball farm north of town (December 29).

David's only comment on 1914 was that it was filled with "mistakes, foolish failures and damnable disappointments."

1915—The first four months in the new year were spent chiefly in working on the Richardson ditch and preparing a foundation for the homestead home. Much time was spent clearing the land, hauling posts and rock, planting trees, and plowing the land. He found employment plowing the gardens for others also.

In January David made three more mission trips to Fort Thomas, completing the assignment and receiving the thanks from the Stake Presidency for his faithful services. The sermons of Apostle David O. McKay and President J. Golden Kimball at the stake conference (February 27 and 28) were highly appreciated by the family. Charles A. Hall, whom David baptized on his second mission in Kansas City, was a guest at the Stout home and attended the conference sessions with David.

Artie, who during the winter had been teaching in the Logan City schools, underwent a major operation in one of the Logan hospitals in January. Estella, the wife of Wendell, also went on the operating table that winter. Wendell was spending his last school year at the Brigham Young University and received his degree in June.

David's reaction to his sixtieth birthday is interesting: "I'm in poverty more dire and in suffering more acute than any I have ever experienced." Even these distressing conditions did not blight his ambition to provide a home for his scattered family. His supreme hope was that Thatcher might be another

Guadalupe for a united family. He set aside March 7 as a day to "unite our prayers to ask the Lord to prosper our efforts to get a home." The old homestead site on the bench lacked everything except a good prospect as a future home. A lack of water made it unfit for farming. Dry farming was out of the question since no rain fell during the growing season. Even if a house had been built the distance to a school house would have kept the children from gaining an education. Tents had been pitched near where Daisie lived, but these had only been used to camp in. In the face of these difficulties David struggled on to build a home for the scattered family, only part of whom ever came.

On March 14th David received a letter from David Brown of El Paso offering to buy his Juarez home. Believing the man meant business David bought a round-trip ticket to El Paso. Arriving in the city David found Mr. Brown, after considerable difficulties, only to be told the offer would have to be withdrawn due to conditions beyond his reach. Mr. Brown compensated David, however, by giving him the price of the ticket. The trip was not entirely a failure for he had friendly visits with James Mortensen, Samuel Jarvis and W. D. Johnson, his old Diaz bishop.

Early in May work on the Richardson ditch began in earnest. Wayne was the only help that David had at first. May 21st Thurlow arrived from Hinckley, where he had been attending school for three years. Thurlow's assistance on the ditch materially aided in the work. Later, John Ray, who had married Juanita (June 17, 1914) arrived (June 1) to help with the ditch work. Rapid progress was made after he joined the crew.

David's duties as a teacher of the High Priests' Quorum was not considered enough work for a man of his ability, so he was assigned (June 6) to be the teacher of the Theological Class in Sunday School. These two teaching positions, together with ward teaching, kept him very busy in the Church. Later (August 28) he was appointed second counselor to President Wilfred Moody of the Stake High Priests' Quorum.

While the ditch work was in progress David tried to learn the art of selling sewing machines. In July he accompanied Leland Haywood, who took him through the county teaching him the science of selling and repairing sewing machines. This experiment proved a complete failure.

Farnsworth and Romney Store of Safford offered (July 17) David \$1,500 for the Guadalupe farm. David's two wives were very much opposed to the deal. (Julia had recently [July 4] joined the family from the north.) After carefully considering the matter it was finally decided that the sum was better than nothing. One thousand dollars of this amount was paid in merchandise. The family went to the Safford store (July 20) and withdrew that amount in badly needed household necessities.

In August diplomatic relations between David and his son-in-law, Edmund Richardson, were tragically severed. Cause of the trouble was disagreement relative to the contract to dig the ditch. Each was equally certain that he had complied with the terms of the contract. Each was stunned by the evidence of bad faith demonstrated by the other. On David's part he could not understand why Edmund was unwilling to pay him for work which Edmund himself had accepted as fully completed. The greatest damage resulting from this controversy was the loss of mutual respect which each had held for the other. The case was later referred to the Stake High Council for judgment.

During those strenuous times joys were mixed with the sorrows. One of those joys was the arrival of David's ninth grandchild (September 3), John A. Ray, Jr. Juanita was very proud of her ten pounds of humanity. Dr. W. E. Platt was the attending physician while Julia served as nurse. Two weeks later, John, senior, left for Mesa, where a job had been offered him. Juanita joined her husband October 30.

Madona, who had divided her time between Hinckley, Logan and Rockville since the exodus of 1912, arrived in Thatcher September 25th, to attend the Gila Academy, her last year in high school.

In November David rented the Morris farm located one mile southeast of the main town and situated on the road that leads to Labanon. The remainder of the year was spent in plowing and preparing the land for planting. The family was moved to the new location a few days before Christmas. A fine dinner was served, all members of the family residing in the valley being in attendance. In spite of many adversities in 1915 David had cause to be thankful. He had paid \$32.00 as tithing during the year; this was seven dollars more than he had paid the previous year.

1916—During the early months of the year David divided his time between working on the Morris farm and a garden spot at the Claridge Goat Ranch located up the pipe line above the old homestead site. He did considerable work at the homestead site, putting in twelve acres of land under cultivation. Later in the season when these gardens began to produce he supplied the hotels in Safford with all the fresh vegetables they needed.

After Madona graduated from the Gila Academy (May 11) she left Thatcher for the Klondyke Ranch to work during the summer. It was there that she met her future husband, William W. Schmidt.

In August David was paid a two-weeks visit by his old friend, Mr. Rheumatism. After recovery he resumed his regular routine of gardening, supplying the Safford hotels with fresh vegetables, and assisting his wives put up fruit for the winter season. The children were all sent to school in the autumn. David was always a strong supporter of education since intelligence was one of his highest aims in life.

1917—The first death among the grandchildren of David occurred January 30th. Daisie's fourth child, Glenn Allen, passed away in spite of all Sarah and Julia could do to save him.

The new year saw little change in David's working program. He planted gardens at the Morris farm, the Goat Ranch and at the homestead site. As soon as these gardens began to produce he again supplied the hotels in Safford with vegetables. Wendell and his wife Estella joined the family in June and lived with the family for the next fifteen months.

The outbreak of war between the United States and Germany made a profound impression on David. Being a student of European history he understood the aims of our government, that it was a war between democracy and autocracy, freedom and slavery, and a contest between God and the devil.

After the crops were harvested at the Morris farm the owner did not want to rent the place a third year so the family moved to the Montieth farm located on the highway midway between Thatcher and Safford. The family lived there but a short time when the owner sold the farm, making it necessary to move again. Before the end of the year the family had settled at the Wilson Lively farm in Lebanon about five miles south of Safford near Mount Graham.

1918—The Lively farm in Lebanon was a dried-up place unfit for anyone who wanted to earn a living. Wendell and Thurlow did all they could to plant a crop, but the lack of water made it impossible to grow anything except a light crop of hay. The war had caused the Globe mines to boom so David thought he would try seeking employment there. He was greatly disappointed when told that men of his age could not be employed. He returned to Lebanon on Eunice's birthday, February 6.

Late in March David received a letter from his son, Dewey, who was then working at the Oneida Power Plant near Preston, Idaho. Dewey informed him of a job there as night watchman if he cared to go there. David took the train soon and arrived in Salt Lake City in time to attend the April conference. On April 6th Dewey joined the army and 26 days later was sent to an electrical school in Florida. Four months later Dewey was sent to France. Mainwhile David journeyed on up to Preston, Idaho, then to the power plant fifteen miles up the Bear River. David held his night watchman job until the end of the war.

After David left Lebanon in April the farm work was left largely under Wendell's direction. He and the younger boys carried on the work under very unfavorable conditions. The water supply ran out before the end of the summer so little was realized from their farm work. In September Wendell secured a teaching position at the Murdock Academy, Beaver, Utah, so he and his family left Lebanon. In October Lyman was sent to Preston to join his father so only Thurlow and Abraham were left to do the farm work.

When the war ended David soon found himself out of a job. Night watchmen were not needed in peace times. David and Rettie remained at the power plant until after the new year began.

1919—Early in January David and Rettie moved to Logan, Utah, where they occupied the home belonging to Donald C. Black at 231 East 3rd North. As soon as recommends could be secured David began working in the temple for his dead—a position he held the rest of his life.

In September David went to Oakley, Idaho, where his daughter, Achsah McOmber, then lived. For about six weeks he hauled freight with Calvin's team and wagon from Oakley to the Vipont mines in Utah. Returning to Logan in late

October he spent the balance of the year working in the temple.

In Lebanon Julia and Sarah struggled on during the summer to raise a crop. In July they received money from David for one of them to go north. Instead Julia and Sarah decided to send Beulah and Thurlow (July 10). The remainder of the summer the only help the two women had was Abraham, who was then fourteen years old. These two women worked



DAVID'S CHILDREN AND GRAND CHILDREN

Left to right: Justin Richardson, Abraham Stout, Beulah Stout, Daisie Stout Richardson, Joyce Richardson, Thurlow Stout, Eunice Stout, and David A. Richardson. Thatcher, Arizona, 1919.

like men to make the old dry farm produce, but the drought burnt up the crops so they sold the teams, wagons and furniture and left by train (November) for Gilbert, Arizona, to spend the winter with Juanita.

1920—The early months of the year David, Rettie and Genevieve lived in the home belonging to Donald C. Black on East 3rd North. David and Rettie spent the major part of their energies at the temple working for their dead. On one of those visits to the temple David met an old acquaintance of 1875, who also worked on the St. George Temple with him. Nephi P. Heward, a cousin of Mary Jane, had attended school

with Rettie. Nephi became a regular visitor at the Stout home. Genevieve and Nephi P. Heward were married in the Logan Temple April 15, 1920.

Soon as spring arrived David began working in his gardens. He rented a twelve-acre lot of Richard Bradshaw and more land of Mr. Crocket. These two gardens required all the energy he had to spare to keep them in peak condition. The family was happy to receive Sarah and Eunice (April 1) from Gilbert, Arizona, where they had been living during the winter. Twenty-nine days later Sarah left for Beaver, Utah, to assist her daughter-in-law Estella, who was very sick. She returned to Logan May 27.

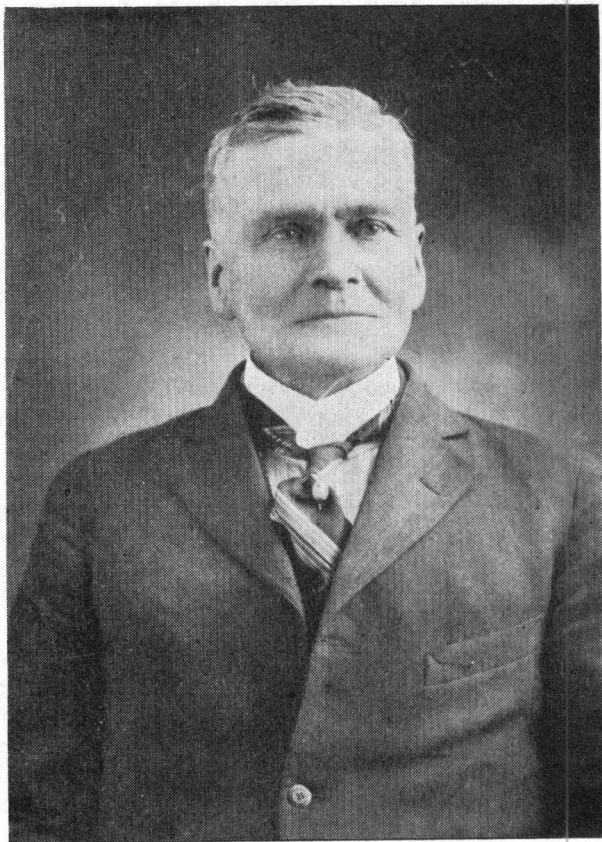
The first family reunion in eight years took place the first week in June. Dewey, who was employed in Grace, Idaho, paid his parents a visit. Artie and Donald Black, who were living at the Power Plant near Hyrum, were frequent visitors. Julia and Abraham arrived (June 5) from Gilbert, Arizona. Wayne spent a few days before leaving for his mission, and Emerald and Geneva were visiting from Rigby, Idaho.

The second week in June Mary Jane came from Rockville, so the four wives were together for the first time in eight years. Mary Jane was accompanied by her oldest granddaughter, Fay DeMille. Since the exodus Mary Jane had divided her time between Rockville, Hinckley and Salt Lake City, where her relatives lived.

Credit is due Donald Black for his many contributions toward the welfare of David. In 1919 Donald had been promoted to the superintendency of the Power Plant at the mouth of Blacksmith Fork Canyon, three miles from Hyrum. At every opportunity he gave David employment on jobs David was able to do. June 27, 1920, Donald was able to offer David employment as dam watchman at \$100 per month. This dam was three miles above the power station in the canyon. The same day that David began work (July 2) Artie added the 25th grandchild to the family; his name, Roy Donald Black.

David's daily schedule was as follows: Twice daily—8 a. m. and 4 p. m.—he walked up the river and measured the size of the stream of water entering the reservoir. On the hour, beginning at 9 a. m. till 9 p. m. he phoned the reading of the water level at the dam. This was not difficult work, but it kept him tied down near the dam. It afforded him time to study

and do genealogical research for which he was very thankful. He spent much time in re-arranging the names in his father's temple record book.



DAVID FISK STOUT - 1855-1932

Husband of four women; father of 28 children; grandfather of 79 children; great-grandfather of 41 children (October 1943). This generation has only begun to arrive. Taken in Logan, Utah, December, 1919.

David was made happy by the frequent visits of his children during the summer. Thurlow returned from the Vipont (July 6) mines where he had been employed for ten months. Dewey, his mother, and future wife (Viola Allred) paid him a visit (July 7). A few days later, Donald and Carnel Black

and Dewey paid him a visit en route to the mountains on a bear hunt. Rettie lived with Artie at the station most of the summer, so he saw her frequently.

After an absence of four months he paid the family in Logan a visit (November 2), where, for the first time since 1896, he voted for a presidential candidate who won.

The day before Christmas David was attacked by his old enemy—rheumatism. This forced him to leave the work in charge of Thurlow and return to the station. There he was tenderly cared for by Rettie and Artie for nearly a month. The year had been successful generally. During the first six months he had completed 127 endowments for his mother's people, the Fisk family. He had earned nearly six hundred dollars on the dam which materially assisted him in meeting his obligations.

1921—David remained at the home of Artie, gaining in strength, until January 18th, when he was removed to Logan for recovery. Due to the sickness of Lyman and Abraham he was forced to do outside chores, which caused a new attack of rheumatism. This new attack laid him up two more weeks. February 2nd he was returned to Artie's home where better care could be given him. By March 18th he was well enough to return to the dam to assist Thurlow with the work. Sarah also went to the dam to do the housework for the men. A shortage of water forced the power plant to close down (May 26) for the summer months, but David and Sarah continued to live at the dam, spending their time raising chickens and ducks. Thurlow left at that time (May 26) to find employment elsewhere.

Dewey was the third son to marry. June 22nd he and Mary Viola Allred were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Alvin F. Smith, son of Joseph F. Smith. The same day Dewey was ordained an Elder by Richard S. Horne.

Sickness marred the financial time table during the summer months. Beulah's tonsils were removed in July; Eunice had hers removed in August, and on September 14th Abraham had his removed.

After 76 days of idleness the Hyrum plant returned to service (August 10). David was only able to work two weeks, when he was laid off permanently. During that two weeks David and Sarah cared for the home of Donald and Artie while they, together with Emerald and Dewey (their wives), Carnal Black and Miss Butler, all went up into the

mountains for a week of rest and recreation.

The home of Donald Black on Third North was too small to house the large family of David, so David signed (September 8) a contract to purchase the home located at 242 East Fourth North, from H. A. Peterson. Considerable work was necessary to prepare the house for habitation, thanks to the untiring industry of Julia and Sarah who had the work in charge.

Valeria and her children, who had been visiting in Logan, left for their home in Rockville November 14th, Rettie went to Oakley, Idaho, to spend the winter with Achsah, Julia went to Arizona, so all that was left in Logan was Mary Jane, Sarah and her children, all of whom attended school. David found that he could not keep up the payments on the Fourth North home so rather than lose the home Emerald took over the contract. The latter permitted the family to live in the home indefinitely.

The year was generally successful for David. Sickness had cost him a lot of money, but he had managed to keep his children in school and keep Wayne on his mission. He had been endowed for 76 of his ancestors so that alone was an excellent record. It cannot be determined how many endowments were done by the women of the family. At least they did as many.

1922—David, Mary Jane and Sarah spent the major part of their time in the temple during those early months when garden work could not be done. Mary Jane and Sarah assisted Artie with her new son (Harold Reed, born January 27), Sarah remained with her three weeks, then later went to Beaver, Utah, to assist Estella when her fourth grandchild arrived (Jean Elaine, born March 24th), and helped her until April 25th. Meanwhile, Mary Jane helped Artie until she was able to do her own work (March 13).

After spending six weeks assisting the sick in Hyrum, Mary Jane returned to Logan to find David sick in bed—put there by his old enemy—rheumatism. It cost a month of hard work to nurse him back to health. In April David began his garden work. Gardens and temple work occupied all of David's time until August, when the temple closed for a season.

Two days after Wayne returned from his mission Artie suffered a serious heart attack (June 8). Sarah was sent for and remained with her until September 11, not regularly, however.

Mary Jane relieved her for short periods. Mary Jane left Logan (July 17) for Rockville to be with Valeria when her last child arrived (October 16).

September was usually the reunion month. Dewey and Viola spent a week assisting Abraham and Donald in shingling the house. Wendell and Estella spent a few days en route to Preston, Idaho. The Church had discontinued the Murdock Academy so Wendell was transferred to Preston as a seminary teacher.

David and the boys, Lyman and Abraham, were offered the janitor job (September 13) by Bishop Benson of the Fourth Ward. This proved to be a great assistance in helping the family to meet its obligations and aid the students through school. The salary was only \$40 per month. David henceforth divided his time between the ward building, his gardens, and temple work.

One of David's dearest friends came to Logan (September 20) to pay him a visit. Not since 1900 had David seen George A. Cole. Soon after George's baptism in 1894 he came to Utah and made his home at the Stout residence in Rockville. George made himself a fixed part of the family and shared the sorrows and joys alike which the family experienced. He first taught school in Dixie, then when the family moved to Hinckley, he followed. After the Stouts moved to Mexico he took up the study of law. For many years he was a practicing attorney in Utah. Finally he became a student of Chiropractic science and graduated as a chiropractor doctor. He practiced for many years in Ogden, Salt Lake and Los Angeles.

David always took an interest in public affairs. A Republican rally was held in Logan (October 17) where Senator Reed Smoot made a speech in defense of his public record. David attended that rally for he was a great admirer of Smoot.

A very enjoyable Thanksgiving was spent in the Stout home. David had much to be thankful for. He had paid \$67 as tithing, had been endowed for over 220 of his dead and had been able to keep his four children in school.

1923—The janitor work at the Fourth Ward cost a lot of work during the winter months. Eunice and Beulah did much of the cleaning, Lyman and Abraham did the heavier work, and David cared for the furnace and did the day work while the boys were in school.

Mary Jane arrived (January 24) in Logan from Rock-

ville, where she had been since July, 1922, helping Valeria with her new baby. She only spent three days in Logan, then left by train for Portland, Oregon, so she could be present when her seventh grandchild arrived (Velma June, February 14).

An attack of rheumatism early in February left David too weak to assist with the janitor work. He was able, however, to do some light genealogical research work. In April he attended a few temple sessions. In May he was strong enough to begin his garden planting. After the schools were closed (May 25th) the boys left Logan for summer employment. This left the janitor work for David and the girls.

The family began to assemble in August for the reunion. Rettie arrived (August 7) from Oakley, Idaho, where she had been living for nearly two years with Achsah. The latter came with three of her sons to pay the family a visit. John and Juanita Ray arrived August 21st, from Gilbert, Arizona, bringing Daisie and her children, who intended making Logan their permanent home. Dewey and Donald Black and their families returned from Yellowstone Park August 26th, and Emerald and family also came the same day, so all the family were present except Mary Jane, her daughters, Lyman, Abraham and Wayne.

The first session of the reunion was held August 27th, in which David presided. The objectives of the meeting were stated by David: "To unite us as families who are now living, to do the work in the temple that will unite us with our loved ones who have gone before us to the spirit world." David was elected president of the organization, Emerald Stout, vice-president; Daisie Richardson, secretary; Wendell Stout, corresponding secretary. It was decided that each member pay 1c per month to meet the expenses of the organization. The group voted to hold annual reunions.

David hated to see the family separate and go home. Wendell, who had been teaching in the Seminary at Preston, was offered a position at the Branch Agricultural College in Cedar City. John and Juanita returned to their home in Arizona, while the rest all returned to their respective homes. The first reunion had made a good beginning.

Donald Black offered David a few weeks work (October 9-November 9) at the Hyrum Plant Dam. Abraham and Lyman, who had returned to school, took charge of the janitor work at the ward building. Even though the work lasted but

a month it gave David an opportunity to do a lot of genealogical work which circumstances had forced him to neglect.

The last two weeks in December David and J. P. Johnson were called on a mission by the Bishopric to re-spiritualize 60 inactive families in the ward. This work required that the pair call on each family personally and preach the gospel of service to them.

The year was a very successful one. David was endowed for 223 persons. Sarah did at least that many more. Rettie had divided her time since coming from Oakley between working for Genevieve, Artie, and working in the temple.

1924—The first day that the temple was open for business in the new year David attended two sessions, then collapsed under an attack from rheumatism. This kept him in bed for two weeks. On his sixty-ninth birthday he records: "My poverty stricken parents welcomed to their humble home a male child. While my father was after a bucket of water, he testified that something said to him: 'He shall be called David!'"

After recovery from the attack of rheumatism David spent all his energies in the temple until garden work began in the spring. After his gardens were planted Donald Black offered him his old job at the Hyrum Dam. David then rented his gardens to Daisie and son Justin and moved up to the old shack in Blacksmith Fork Canyon. There he resumed his old duties of reading water levels. This work gave him an opportunity to again work on his much neglected genealogical studies. When it was impossible to do research work he spent his time reading Shakespeare and committing to memory sections of the Doctrine and Covenants. David ended his 106 days at the dam September 10th and returned to Logan and spent the remainder of the year harvesting his garden, aiding the family to put up fruit, and working in the temple.

A Life Certificate of Membership in the Genealogical Society of Utah was granted David October 27th. During that month he and Rettie performed the temple ordinances for the ancestors of George A. Cole.

On election day in November David ended an active political season by voting for Coolidge and Mabey and other "good Republicans".

During the year, David had been endowed for 200 persons; the women had done more than that number. He had also memorized 19 sections of the Doctrine and Covenants.

1925—Temple work was David's major occupation until the spring weather permitted him to work in the garden. Rettie left Logan (April 22) for Oakley to spend four months with Achsah and family. This prevented her from being with her husband to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary (May 17).

During the spring and summer the family was visited by many of its loved ones. Wendell, Emerald and Wayne, with



Courtesy, The Deseret News.

Golden Wedding Anniversary - 1925

their wives, all paid the folks a visit during the last days of May. In August Hosea Stout, David's most loved brother, came to see him. David didn't even recognize him at first. Twenty-five years had elapsed since they last met. This proved to be a most joyful reunion. The following day (August 11) another ancient friend came to exchange reminiscences with him, Martha Cox, the philosopher and female sage. Edward Black, son of George A. Black, came to the Stout home to pay his respects. Emerald and family brought Rettie home (August 18), then left immediately with Sarah for a pleasure trip through Zion's Park and a visit to Rockville. The party returned to Salt Lake in time to attend the funeral of Geneva Cox Cope (died August 24). Due to an attack of rheumatism David was unable to leave Logan for the rites.

The Fiftieth Wedding Reunion held September 1-6 was more successful than the one in 1923. Only three persons were

absent from the gathering: Thurlow, Juanita and Valeria. Mary Jane, Madona and her two children arrived (September 1) from Portland, Oregon. Mary Jane had been in Portland since January, 1923. The first session of the meeting began the following day. David was re-elected president. A fine program was enjoyed by all. Pictures were taken of the group. David was very sorry to see the family scatter. Mary Jane went to Rockville (September 17) to spend the winter. Madona and children accompanied her to Dixie for a visit before returning to Portland. Rettie went to Hyrum to live with Artie. In November Julia went to Arizona to live with Juanita.

George A. Cole, recently graduated from a Chiropractic school in the east, came to Logan (October 18) highly enthusiastic over his new science of treatment. He claimed he could even cure mental disorders. He gave each member of the family a free treatment and would have continued with many more if that had been possible. David's reaction to his efforts: "Never have I known a more true, devoted and generous friend."

November 20 David was saddened to hear of the death of his oldest full brother, Alfred Fisk Stout, at Hurricane, Utah. Alfred was the father of fifteen true Latter-day Saints, six of whom had passed on before his death. Alfred's life, better than his brothers, personified the ruggedness of the old pioneers. He died a true Latter-day Saint.

The last month of the year David spent at Artie's home, near Hyrum. Rettie, who had been there since the reunion, was sick, so he had gone there to offer what assistance he could. During his leisure hours he weaved willow baskets and memorized verses from the Doctrine and Covenants. At the end of the year he had completed the memorizing of Sections 122, 124, 132, and 133, a total of 294 verses in all. He had spent an active year in the temple. He was endowed for 252 persons, 112 of whom were on his own line or on his wives' lines.

1926—Early in January Rettie was well enough to justify David's return to Logan, where he resumed his temple work. The first five months he did 122 endowments; Sarah did about the same number. During the winter the family had made the acquaintance of two families destined to contribute an influence on the family: Theodore Martineau, whom the family had met in Mexico, and Joseph Henry Earl. Each of these men had a daughter whom Lyman and Abraham were interested in.

John Henry Fisk Stout, a younger brother of David, came April 30th to Logan with a truck load of Dixie molasses to sell. He spent several days in Cache Valley disposing of his product. John offered David a commission if he would take orders for the molasses. The next six weeks David divided his time between taking orders for molasses and working in his garden.

When the schools ended in the spring (May) Abraham graduated from the Brigham Young College, Beulah and Joyce Richardson from the Logan High School, and Lyman completed a second year of college work at the U. S. A. C.

It isn't often a person has an opportunity to be paid for doing his own temple work. David was offered that opportunity. Mrs. E. R. Nibley, a descendant of the Fisks, came (June 2) to David and offered to pay him if he would do some endowments on that line. "It's quite distasteful," David wrote, "to me to be paid for doing work for that sacred name of my dear mother."

David received the sad news while working in the temple (June 17) that Valeria was dead. Before the day was gone David and Sarah were speeding southward with Donald and Artie Black in an automobile headed for Rockville. At Salt Lake Dewey and wife joined the party, driving their own car. The two-car caravan arrived in Rockville Sunday at noon (June 20).

It was a strange experience for David and Sarah to meet their old friends after an absence of twenty-six years. While waiting for the funeral the party visited Zion National Park. Learning that Madona was coming from Portland, Donald rushed over to Lund and brought her to Rockville just in time for the funeral.

Bishop Jones presided at the services and gave a fine talk, highly praising Valeria's character. Oliver Gifford spoke of his long acquaintance with the family. James Jepson was too overcome with emotion to speak. Isaac H. Langston and David Hirschi were very inspiring in their remarks. Roswell was firm until she was being buried; then he fell unconscious to the ground. Mary Jane "mourned terribly after her death." David Terry said that "she didn't smile for five years." Five of her children had now passed on. At the age of sixty-nine it now became her duty to care for Valeria's five children; the oldest was twelve, the youngest four.

Dewey and Donald started northward soon after the

funeral. Friends and relatives were visited in Hinckley en route home. In Salt Lake David visited his brother Hosea; also Martha Cox and Rose Bunker. In spite of interruptions during the month of June, David did 20 endowments for his dead, which shows he spent a busy month.

Madona remained in Rockville two weeks; then started north, taking Edison, Valeria's oldest son, with her to Portland. She visited in Logan four days (July 9-12) before leaving for Portland.

Abraham, David's youngest son, was married to Nettie Earl August 25th in the Salt Lake Temple. Soon afterwards, Abraham was appointed a teacher of the Eighth Grade at Blanding, San Juan County, Utah. That was his first year teaching school.

Late in August John Stout arrived in Logan with another truck load of molasses. David later spent many days in Cache Valley taking orders for his molasses. He was able to make fair wages by this means. John returned with three more truck loads before the end of the year.

On election day (November 2) David, Rettie, Sarah and Daisie all voted a straight Republican ticket. Reed Smoot was re-elected for the last time on that day.

Although David was laid up with rheumatism in December he managed to perform 19 endowments for the dead. The total for the year was 242, 24 of this number being for his own dead. He committed to memory Sections 127-131 of the Doctrine and Covenants. He paid \$55 as tithing during the year.

1927—The first four months in the new year were spent mostly in the temple where he did the ordinance work for 104 persons, took orders for molasses, faithfully performed his ward teaching, and served as the Bishop's agent in the collection of ward funds. In May garden work occupied more of his time. Early in January Beulah joined the family in Logan and registered as a student at the U. S. A. C. Previous to her arrival she had been working in Salt Lake for several months. Late in February Sarah went to Pocatello to care for Achsah and be present when her eighth child and only daughter arrived (February 26). Sarah returned to Logan March 9.

April 30 was the seventy-ninth wedding anniversary of David's parents. Commenting on the event, David wrote: "Seventy-nine years ago today my dear father and mother were married in Winter Quarters, Nebraska. The ceremony was performed by President Brigham Young. Truly this period has

been tragic in the sickness, death, the poverty, want and the consequent bitterness engendered in the minds of the dear old parents of mine and their immediate descendants. But I firmly believe a wise beneficent Creator has by this very means kept my dear parents and their progeny from worse evils, even those of dissension, divorce, and worst of all, apostasy. If this be so, as I most devoutly believe, then all praise be to the great Creator, for this long and bitter experience."

The Church authorities had always advised the saints to reserve one night in the week as "Home Evening". For many years the Stout family faithfully complied with this advice. It might be well to cite one of those home evening programs:

Saturday, May 21, 1927
Home Evening
9-10 p. m.

Prayer by David F. Stout.

Recitation—Murray Richardson: "My Shadow."

Recitation—Carlyle Stout: "The Swing."

Recitation—Naida Richardson: "In School Days."

Reading—Wendell S. Stout, Jr.: "The Little Church."

Song—Justin Richardson: "The Mocking Bird."

Duet—Daisie and Justin Richardson: "Gathered in Time & Eternity."

Instrumental and vocal—Eunice and Beulah Stout: "Beautiful Bell."

Discussion led by Henrietta Stout—Topic: "How do we know there is a God?" Each member of the group was asked to make his contribution. After each had spoken Henrietta suggested that a solution to the problem might be found by singing: "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet."

Refreshments were served.

The Church could hardly expect to find a more perfectly conducted home evening than those held in the Stout home.

Mary Jane, who had been caring for Valeria's children in Rockville since her death, arrived (June 25) in Logan, exhausted both in spirit and in body. Mental suffering plus excessive physical strain had drained her strength. A few days after her arrival Donald Black took her to Malad, Idaho, for a period of rest. November 27th she left Logan for Rockville to continue her mission of mercy toward her grandchildren.

Twenty-two days after Mary Jane's arrival in Logan David had another wife return whose physical condition was

far worse than Mary Jane's. Julia, who had been in Gilbert, Arizona, since November, 1925, was a skeleton of skin and bones when she reached Logan. She was suffering from an advanced state of cancer. She gradually lost her strength until the end came on August 3rd. The funeral was held in the Ninth Ward Chapel (August 5); only two of her sons were present. Junita was unable to come from Arizona. Thurlow was in San Francisco when he received the word. Thinking she was still in Gilbert he rushed there, only to learn that she had gone to Logan. It was then too late to go farther. A large representation of Stouts and Coxes attended the funeral.

Wendell entered Columbia University about the middle of September to spend a year in graduate study under John Dewey. He had received his Master of Arts Degree from the Brigham Young University in 1924. Abraham, who had attended summer school at the U. S. A. C., left (August 28) for St. Johns, Idaho, (near Malad) to teach school. Three days later Lyman left to teach school in Milford, Utah. Lyman and wife Lucilla had been in Milford little more than a month when Sarah arrived to assist when her seventh grandchild arrived (October 10). The boy, Walter, died the same day.

David and Rettie were given an opportunity to attend the General Conference in Salt Lake City the first part of October. Calvin D. McOmber took them down in his automobile. Dewey and family acted as host during the four days they attended the conference sessions. An excellent family social was held at the home of Edward Cox. At that gathering he met his old missionary companion, Heber Bennion.

The problem of transportation never caused David any annoyance until he came to Utah in 1919. All his life he had owned a team and wagon which enabled him to carry goods hither and yon. This advantage or utility had been denied him since he came to Logan. Hence David was forced to adopt the only substitute within his reach. He purchased a small two-wheel hand-cart, which he used to haul groceries, fruit and other necessary needs. For many years the sight of David pushing that cart was a familiar one on the streets of Logan. His persistence in its use proved a great embarrassment to his younger children who lived in a different age. Their objections did not solve the problem of conveyance so David struggled on. He used the hand-cart until April, 1932, when he became too weak to push it any longer.

The year 1927 was a very successful one for David since he did the work for 261 persons who were unable to do the work for themselves.

1928—Unfortunately the writings for this year were lost so it will be necessary to depend on other sources, hence its brevity. David concentrated all his energies in temple work until spring weather permitted him to work in the garden. As usual a fine garden was planted, which contributed greatly to the sustenance of the family. Mary Jane remained in Rockville during the entire year, caring for her grandchildren. Rettie and Sarah spent most of their time in the Logan home and attending temple sessions when their health permitted.

In October David attended the General Conference in Salt Lake City. While in the city he spent much time in studying genealogy, visiting friends, including his brother Hosea, who at that time operated the elevator in the Tribune Building.

On election day in November David had his last opportunity to vote for a presidential candidate. It can be safely assumed that he voted for Herbert Hoover. Wendell returned from a year spent in Columbia University and continued in his position at the Branch Agricultural College, Cedar City.

The number of temple endowments which he performed is unknown, but it can be safely assumed he did an average number. Rettie and Sarah were also very consistent in their temple work. December 29th David fell and hurt his foot badly which forced him to bed for several weeks.

1929—This is the last year that David wrote his daily diary. This history is indebted to those writings for its accuracy and completeness. Few of his sons will be able to duplicate or match his contribution to family history. These worldly descendants have egotistically pursued false objectives, forgetting the finer ideals of life.

The new year found David, Rettie, Sarah and Eunice living in the Fourth North home. Beulah was away teaching school. David did not recover from his accident until January 16th; then he spent the next 100 days working in the temple, completing 108 endowments for his ancestors. Rettie's health was very poor during those early months. Most of the home responsibilities rested on Sarah, who was kept busy caring for her newly arrived grandchildren.

In May David's garden work began. His garden work did not stop him from an active season in the temple. He com-

pleted 36 endowments in May and 31 in June. When not occupied otherwise David spent his "idle" hours memorizing the scriptures. During the season he memorized 3,113 verses, which he continued to repeat several times weekly.

The first and only pension ever granted David was made by the Cache County commissioners (July 17), effective August 1. It allowed him five dollars per month.

The first death due to physical violence among the descendants of David occurred August 22nd, when little two-year-old Marilyn was run over by a truck and killed. David, Rettie, Sarah and Daisie rode to Salt Lake City with Donald Black to attend the funeral. Marilyn was the daughter of Dewey and Viola.

The Christmas season was enjoyably spent at the Stout home. Beulah, who had been teaching in Greenville, spent the holidays with the family. Abraham and family came from St. Johns, Idaho, to enjoy a vacation with his parents.

Mary Jane, who was still in Rockville, fell and broke her elbow in December. She was taken to Dr. McFarlan in Cedar City, who set it in a cast. After six weeks in the cast the bandage was removed, only to leave her arm permanently crooked. She never regained proper use of the arm again.

The year 1929 David made his best known record. He was endowed for 309 persons. He could have done better in 1928, 1930, but not likely in 1931. His health was too poor during that latter year to have made a record. Many of the names endowed in 1929 were on the Cox, Jane and Slafter lines. He and Rettie did many sealings for parents and children to parents for those three lines. On the Day of Judgment no man can accuse David of neglecting his dead, at least none of his own children can, for they have been very neglectful themselves.

1930-1932—In 1930, Mary Jane, faithful to her grandchildren, gave her last pound of energy to give them what no one else could, motherly care. During her struggle she developed (1930) "an irritation on her face which spread. She feared cancer and went to Salt Lake to have the spots removed by electricity. She said this was the most painful ordeal she had ever undergone—yet she did not bat an eye." In July, 1932, she visited in Logan a few weeks and found David weak and thin, but improving slowly. She felt at that time "he would finally recover and live a few years longer. She

was very sad and shocked to hear of his death." (Madona.)

From Logan Mary Jane went to Portland, Oregon, where she lived with Madona until May 31, 1933.

THE LAST TESTIMONY OF DAVID FISK STOUT

GIVEN AT LOGAN, UTAH, AUGUST 15, 1930

I am glad to greet once more your interesting and diversified views on current topics and family interests.

Sarah thinks I am to blame if any of my children doubt the divinity of Mormonism because I have been neglectful in my duty of bearing my testimony to them. It may be true. When I received a testimony of the gospel I was so overwhelmed with the flood of light that descended upon me I thought I'd tell it to everybody and that no one could doubt it. But I read from a sermon delivered by President John Taylor about that time that personal testimonies given to people who sought them diligently were for their own personal guidance, not for everyone.

It was brought to my mind how in the great debate President Taylor had in France they sought to entrap him and brow-beat him to make him tell the details of his vision, but he positively refused to give it. I was also reminded that the prophet Alma when preaching to the wicked city of Ammonihad said something like this: "It is given unto many to know the mysteries of God, nevertheless they are laid unto a strict admonition or constraint not to import only certain portions of his word."

As I said it was overwhelming but I cannot give you but a small portion of it. Suffice it to say the past and the future were laid before me in equal plainness and vivid display. I was shown that every prayer I had ever uttered had been heard and the evil deeds I had been guilty of were all brought back to my mind till my blood felt cold in my veins. The mercies of God were so vividly depicted before my spiritual vision in their granting me a remission of my many sins that I wept like a child and have done so many times since.

Now I might tell you a few things I saw for the Holy Ghost tarried with me nearly two months; not constantly but every day during that time when I sought it in earnest prayer, until it seemed as though it would consume my flesh and dry up my blood and I could see that a little more of that same power and spirit could change mortality into immortality in the twinkling of an eye. I was shown if I would obey the

fullness of the new and everlasting covenant I and my children and descendants would be heirs of the blessings promised to our progenitors, Allen Joseph Stout and Alfred Fisk.

Read the words of Joseph the Prophet to Brigham and Joseph Young. He said something like this: "I have seen the estate, the glory given those who died in Zion's Camp (of whom Alfred Fisk was one), and the Lord knows I will be satisfied if I attain to the same blessing as they." Five or six of the Fisk family died of the exposure and suffering in the expulsion from Missouri in the winter of 1838-39.

Read Doctrine and Covenants Section 38:18-20; 64:29-32. You will see some of the Lord's promises to our parents. But as the Lord says: "All these things must come in their time."

This is said in all SOLEMNITY of my living testimony and will be my dying testimony. The children of MINE WHO CURTAILS THEIR POSTERITY WILL DIMINISH THEIR GLORY AND INHERITANCE.

(Signed) DAVID FISK STOUT.

The last testimony of David should be read and re-read by his descendants. It was his last and supreme attempt to awaken his sleeping children to a sense of their responsibilities.

The last three years of David's life are difficult to record. The writer was in Idaho and Virginia during those years so he is unqualified to describe adequately those critical years. Two accounts have been written which describe truthfully his last struggles. Sarah and Daisie were his constant protectors during his final days.

Daisie writes: "Two years before he died he would have sinking spells. He never fainted or lost consciousness, but he would go deathly pale and very weak. He would usually lie down and sleep awhile or rest and then be as usual. He began to have a pain in his side, I think, about February, 1932. On March 30, 1932, he had one of these sinking spells in the Temple when in the last room, I believe. A woman told me she thought he was going to die right there. He was so deathly pale, she said, his ears were white as wax. She wasn't the only one who was scared. The Officiators helped him finish the ceremony, and then helped him downstairs, and then sent for Aunt Sadie. I assure you she was startled and lost no time going there. She found him asleep, as usual. A Brother Reuben Perkes (a missionary who worked under him when father was president of the Northern States Mission) took him and Aunt

Sadie home in his car, and it proved to be the last trip to the Temple for him in this life.

"When I went over to their place about noon (I believe it was) and was talking to Aunt Sadie, he called in from the other room, and said: 'Can you come over tonight and play Rook?' I exchanged glances with Aunt Sadie and answered: 'Are you able to?' and he said: 'Oh, yes,' and I said: 'All right, I'll come.'

"He attended one more fast meeting (April, I'm sure), and bore his testimony, which was the last time for him in this life.

"I mentioned about him and his cart. Well, I thought, 'He'll never again push that cart around,' when, to my astonishment, I saw him pushing it along our block on Second East. I thought 'Skeleton father time pushing that cart.' Later, I asked him about it, and he said he only went to Brother Griffin's with it. He walked downtown once after his collapse in March. His side hurt him all the time. On the night of May 17, he had a fearful attack. Aunt Sadie and I were alone with him. He could, and would, bear rheumatism in silence, but his moans were heart-rending on this night: 'Just like a red-hot knife plunged into my side.' Well, Aunt Sadie gave him soda and rubbed his side and prayed silently and fervently for the pain to cease. I placed my hands on his head and prayed silently and fervently that he might be relieved. Pretty soon the pain began to ease, and he called for Rook. I thought: 'What a foursome—Father, Aunt Sadie, myself, and Death.'

"Well, we played, and once when we were bidding, father shrieked: 'Pass!' when a pain tore his side. When we finished, he was quite easy, and next morning said he had had the best night he'd had for weeks. He never had another bad attack until July 24. Aunt Sadie worked at the Temple on baptizing days, but she quit and spent all her time at home, and I quit attending the Temple and spent the nights playing Rook with father. I would stay until twelve, one, and even two o'clock playing with him, and then he could go to bed and sleep. I kept this up until the night of July 8th, when Murray came home from a Sunday School party smitten with pleural pneumonia. I never played Rook again until Murray came home from the hospital, and then only three or four times, as Murray had to go back to the hospital. When I was able to leave Murray, father was too weak and far gone ever to play again.

"Maybe you remember father having nose-bleed. Well, a Brother Drinkwater gave him some medicine which he said would cure cancer. One night, perhaps ten months or even a year before he died, father said triumphantly: 'My nose is well. For 17 years I have had a sore up my nose, and now it's well! I wouldn't even tell my folks about that sore, but it's well now. When my breathing became obstructed, I had to do something about it,' Not so very long after, I noticed his upper lip was bloody, and I said: 'Is your nose bad again? And what about Brother Drinkwater's medicine?' and he answered: 'Oh, Brother Drinkwater thinks he can cure anything.'"

Daisie.

Sarah writes: "He hadn't been well but he kept on with his daily work, attending temple sessions and doing genealogical work. One day (March 30, 1932) word came to me from the temple that he was sick and would have to be brought home. I went there and found him asleep, and deathly white. We got Reuben Perks to bring him home. He never went to the temple again. He was very anxious to do just one more name—the last name on the sheet. He tried to do the chores but discovered he couldn't do any work except work on temple records. Later he couldn't even do that. Finally the last thing he could do was reading the papers, but failing strength soon stopped reading. I bathed and dressed him every day so he could rest better. He complained of a pain in his side. I put hot packs on him until he complained his side was too sore. Coming home from the temple one day I found him having a bad spell; he was bent over with pain. I immediately put his feet in hot water, gave him soda, put a hot pack on his side, and soon he felt better. Gradually these spells came closer together. I prayed one day that the pain would leave his side and it did leave for weeks. They finally came back and never left again. He couldn't sleep well at night. He loved to play Rook, so Daisie and I played until I was too tired and retired, but Daisie would stay up till sometimes 2 a. m. because the cards made him forget his pain—then he could sleep better.

"About this time he took down with rheumatism which caused him to limp while walking. Once while Daisie was assisting him, she remarked: 'Here comes the limping brigade!' This even made David laugh. One day while lying on the front porch, he called to say he had fallen out of bed and struck his head. I thought he was stricken with death. Henceforth he

grew steadily worse. He lost his appetite and couldn't find anything he could eat. Sister Robert Smith, who lived next door, was so thoughtful and kind. She used to bring nice dinners over to tempt his appetite. She called the doctor and reported his condition. The doctor told her it was only a matter of weeks since his heart was bad. He passed away October 1, 1932. Artie and I sat by the bed side until he breathed his last."

Donald Black, who had recently moved his family from Malad, Idaho, to Logan, took charge of the funeral arrangements. The funeral was held October 5th in the Logan Fourth Ward. Bishop S. B. Benson conducted the services and was the last speaker.

FUNERAL SERVICES OF DAVID FISK STOUT

First song—*Rock of Ages*, by the choir.

Prayer by Brother Joseph E. Cardon.

Second Song—*Come, Come Ye Saints*, by the choir.

Professor C. E. McClellan:

I feel very greatly honored, my brothers and sisters, at this privilege of saying a few words on this occasion, and if my tribute to my good friend and brother, David F. Stout, is to be in keeping with his life, it must be simple, it must be sincere, and it must be straightforward, for that is the life of this good man as I have known it for thirty years or more. I have no desire at all to make any extravagant claims in behalf of the character of this good man. He would be the very last of all to wish that such a thing should be done, and indeed there is no occasion for any extravagance. The simple recital of his characteristics as I have known them, and as you have known them to the extent that you have been acquainted with him, will be quite sufficient for any man. And yet, I want to say this afternoon, after careful thought and deliberation, and I want to bear this testimony and this tribute, that I believe in all of my life, I have never known any man who came more nearly accepting in full in belief and in practice the commission given by Christ at the close of that greatest of all sermons, when he said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and Its righteousness, and all these things shall be added."

This was the guiding star in the life of David F. Stout, and I know of no man who has more consistently, day in and day out, year in and year out, through all his life, lived up to the principles of the Gospel as determined by the Ten Com-

mandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Golden Rule. I appreciate the fact that this is a high tribute, but I have lived to see it. In thinking it over, I do not know of a single principle of the Gospel that Brother Stout did not accept in full in faith and belief, consistently attempting to carry out, and with a high degree of success.

Brother Stout had a very keen and intelligent mind, and though deprived, like most others of his time, of the advantages of much schooling, he was a very well-read and well-informed man—a widely-read man, an intelligent thinker and conversationalist, very well-versed, especially in the field of religious literature, and especially sound in the doctrines of the Gospel.

He had full faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, none was more loyal to the Priesthood than Brother Stout. His integrity was never questioned at any time; an honest man, a very kind man, considerate of others, and generous to a fault in his dealings with others. These are the things that characterized his life—a brave man, a humble man, a modest man. He did not accumulate in his lifetime a great deal of this world's goods, but that was not because he lacked in industry or frugality—it was rather because he chose spiritual values of life as his goal, rather than the material.

I want to illustrate that by referring to certain things in his life, and in the life of his wonderful family. About the time the Church school at Juarez Stake Academy was established in Mexico, Brother Stout was beginning a home for his family, which consisted of quite a number of growing children in a little Mexico town of Guadalupe. It was the site that he selected for his home. He had many acres of rich, fertile soil. He had the foundation of a good home and living for his family, and he and his wives set the example of industry and frugality for the children, and had he set his mind and his efforts towards the accumulation of this world's goods, a few years would have made him very comfortable, but when the Church school opened, among those who first enrolled were some of the children—those that were old enough and far enough advanced.

Brother Stout might very easily have argued that he had need to keep some of his boys out, keep them on the farm, and help pay for it to get started, but he was a great believer in education—a great believer in spiritual values; and he and those wonderfully loyal and diligent wives of his, agreeing in their

desire and hopes for their children, took upon themselves the additional labors and efforts of carrying on the home, the work of the family, to put those children through school. It was marvelous. Year after year, those who were connected with the school in an official way marveled how the Stouts could keep their children in school as they did. We often spoke of that in private, and commended them, and, as I recall it now, I do not think there was one family in all the colonies who ever sacrificed more to put their children in school or showed greater devotion to the school. I used to wonder how they could do it.

As I saw the children grow and graduate, I remember earlier I had sometimes wondered whether they were doing the wise thing with their children, but, when I saw the results later on, I thought they had chosen wisely. Of course this great burden of sending the children off to school, paying for the board and room, school books, clothes, made a heavy drain on the family in their pioneering conditions, and prevented them from accumulating the world's goods, but even at that they would have succeeded as the years went by in establishing themselves in a good home, and would have been financially very comfortable, but then came the Civil War in Mexico. Brother Stout's farm and home was right in the path that the rebels and soldiers traveled over, destroying crops, taking possession of the crops and Brother Stout's family suffered their share of the losses, and finally when we were driven out, Brother Stout and his family were driven out, leaving everything that they possessed of material wealth, with the necessity of making a living for their large family, having to start out without anything in the way of material wealth, but, even then, the older boys had grown to be almost men, and they and the girls were all industrious, intelligent, and even then they would have succeeded in a little while in establishing themselves in any place in which they would have settled and might, in a few years, have become comfortable here, but those desires for spiritual and educational things were too permanent in their lives, and too fixed in their aspirations to be lost because of this little misfortune, and so we find them, after they came out, all imbued with these same desires and ideals, determined to go on and to find things they could with spiritual value; and so we not only find them graduating from high school, which in those days was equivalent to a college education these days, but we find them going on and going to school when they couldn't

afford it, we might say, and one after another of them graduated from college and then some of them went to some of the best institutions in the land, and they have kept that up, and they have served in many capacities. Not only do they love education and pay society big prices for that, but all this time in their character and in their lives, they were exemplary men and women.

As I ran over the list a little while ago, I think I have had about ten of Brother Stout's children in my classes, and they have been men and women who would do credit to any community—intelligent men and women—men and women with clean lives, good habits, keepers of the Word of Wisdom, obedient to the laws, never causing trouble. In all the time that I remember the boys and girls, none of them ever caused any trouble. They did their best, and the best was good. They were always loyal to the school and community in which they lived. They have become that kind of citizens, and so they are a credit from the standpoint of citizenship, and they are a credit to the Church in their faith and devotion, and so I say these things, my brothers and sisters, in thinking over the life of this good friend and brother, I used to enjoy visiting with him very much, so kind, so sweet a disposition, so hopeful always—never heard him complain, never saw him lose his temper, never saw him but what he seemed to have that control of himself and so fixed was his determination to live according to the Gospel Plan, that he was an example. I marvel at him.

He has been an inspiration from the standpoint of his personal life, and what he built into by the way of character, habits, spirit, knowledge, and, judging him by the fruits of his family, the size of his family, and the kind of a family as I have briefly characterized them, I say that Brother Stout might very well rest content with that other saying of the Savior, that "by their fruits ye shall know them." He can well afford to be judged by that, and I want to, in closing, pay a tribute to those wives of his that have stayed with him through all the trials and troubles they have had; they have helped to carry the burdens and with such wonderful cheer, they have met with trouble always full of hope, always cheerful; and while their life has been quiet, they have been unassuming; while they haven't attracted a great deal of attention, because of their modesty, those who knew them, knew them to be

sterling women of character. I am saying this because of my acquaintance over a period of thirty years.

I feel certain of this—if the Gospel of Christ is true, and if we are to be judged, then David F. Stout will be infinitely more honored in the mansions of our Father in the world to come, than he has ever been honored on this earth, and he has deserved it, having lived a wonderful life; and I am sure he would blush at this—so modest he didn't want praise, he didn't want anything like that at all—just unassuming, and living a life as he thought it should be, and I am glad to pay this tribute.

I hope that we shall all cherish the memory of this wonderful Latter-day Saint. He never sought for wealth or honor or fame, but for the Kingdom of God, and I hope that we may seek to emulate the example of his life and may find in the memory of his life a constant inspiration for the things for which he stood. May God help us to do this, I pray in Jesus' name. Amen.

President Joseph R. Shepherd:

I have listened this afternoon with a great deal of interest to what has been said concerning the life and character of our dear Brother Stout who has passed on to his reward and whose body is with us, and which we soon expect to consign to our mother earth. My acquaintance with Brother Stout has not been as extensive as that of Brother McClellan, but from what acquaintance I have had with him, I believe every word that has been said, and I can say "Amen" to all of the splendid things that have been said of him.

I want to say to you, my brothers and sisters, this afternoon we are paying tribute to one of the great men of Israel; he was not one that either sought for public display, nor was he one that was very well known outside of his immediate circle, but those who knew him, learned to know that he was a man among men; in fact, I am quite sure I am justified in saying that he towered above a great many.

For the past few years, Brother Stout has been working in the Temple, and there is probably no place on earth where we can learn to understand men and women better than in the House of the Lord, and we evaluate the qualities they possess.

Brother Stout, though making no pretenses, was one of the best informed men that I have met. When it came to an understanding of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ as it has been

revealed in this dispensation, I know of no one that understood it better than he, and he was capable of explaining it, too.

I was just thinking as I remembered him in the last few years of his life, as he came to the Temple, crippled as he was in his physical body, I was just wondering and almost wishing that I could see him now in his spirit form. I am sure that I would see him a magnificent spirit. He would not be handicapped by the ailments of the flesh as he has been the past few years, but in the dignity and majesty of his spirit, I would see him marching on and associating with such characters as the Prophet Joseph and Brigham and all of the leaders of Israel that have passed on before, because Brother Stout, in his lifetime, was true as steel to the Church. He was true to the Priesthood in the Church, and he showed it by his works.

As has been stated, Brother Stout was not possessed of great earthly wealth, but he did possess that which is of greater value than all of the gold and silver, houses, and lands that we know of. I thought of the words of the Savior when he said, "Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves break through and steal, but lay up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal," and looking upon the acquisitions that we make in this life, Brother Stout is a rich man, because the things that he acquired and possessed and encouraged are those things that are of an eternal character.

Brother McClellan has told us of the ambition of Brother Stout in not only acquiring information himself and procuring what I would call a liberal education, though he did not receive it at school, but that he devoted so much of his energy and his time and means for the education of his children. What a noble thing, and the boys and girls that may be here this afternoon, I am sure that they love and honor and respect their father, and will do so as long as they live, because of that wonderful thing that he has done for them, and if he has not been able to leave them money and lands or wealth of any earthly character, he has bequeathed them riches that are of greater value because that which they have acquired by reason of their education and by reason of his teachings are of an eternal character, and all that we learn and all that we acquire in the matter of information is of an eternal character, and death is not the end of it. Wealth of this world will do us no good when we pass on and I often think that wealth that is left to children,

too, is of but little value in many instances. It may in some instances, but there is a safer thing to bequeath to our children. There is a better thing to bequeath to our children than gold and silver and lands and monies, or the cattle on a thousand hills, and that is to bequeath to them that knowledge and information that is of an eternal character and which will be with them throughout eternity.

Now I am quite sure of one thing, and that is that Brother Stout has bequeathed to his family a testimony of the divinity of God's inspired work—of that I am sure, because I know the man. There could never be any doubt in the minds of any one as to where he stood in that regard, and these children and the members of the family that have received that, and that is something that will be a blessing to them throughout eternity. Membership in the Church of Jesus Christ is an eternal blessing. It is something that does not end with death. We do not leave our membership here. The Church is on the other side, just as it is here, and when we go on to the other side in full fellowship of the Church here, we are received on the other side in full membership there. This is one of the riches of eternity.

These children—that is the wives and children that are left—they will be wives and children throughout eternity, too, another of the riches of eternity that he has bequeathed to them, and, in passing, may I say that this is a distinctive family today—very few in the Church today remaining that has stood where this family has stood in reference to their integrity to each other and to God and his laws. I know today that there is rising up in the Church some ideas that I am sorry to see prevail regarding some of the laws of God that were given to this people in early days, and which were lived by good men and good women. I want to say to you all, all honor to those who have been true and faithful to their covenants and there are few remaining today of the type. You know to what I refer; Brother Stout had three or four families, as I understand it. I am not altogether familiar with his family relations, but I want to say to you from the knowledge that I have of the man that he would rather have given his life up any day than he would have proved untrue to God's law and the covenants he made with Him. God permitted that thing to be done, and this family—this family ought to be proud of that distinction, and I presume they are proud of that distinction, and it is a refutation to the world of the charges that have been made

against those that did live in that relationship. Always honor and uphold the sacred principles that God has revealed and which gave you life upon this earth. Never say a thing disrespectful of that condition that has existed in your family by reason of obedience to the law when God permitted it. It is a distinction that has come to you, and I pray that you may ever uphold and sustain the principles that God has revealed.

Now, my brethren and my sisters, upon occasions of this kind, there is one thing that always stands out as comforting to us, and that is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I care nothing about what a man may have on deposit in the bank. He may have it on deposit in the bank today, and tomorrow it may be gone. We don't know anything about that. We may have any other kind of worldly wealth and it fades away, but there is one thing that gives us consolation and peace when our loved ones are called home, to know that they possess a splendid character, that they were true and faithful, and they go into the other world having proved themselves saints to God and to their family and to their country. Now that is a great tribute.

I was thinking a while ago how in the newspapers there are accounts frequently of wealthy men, who because of losses, have taken their own lives. What good did their millions do them? I believe in the Scriptures that he quoted, that we should lay up treasures in heaven because they will be ours throughout eternity. Whatever we acquire in the way of knowledge and understanding and learning will go with us. It belongs to the spirit. The body dies—the spirit lives. Brother Stout is alive today, and everything that he has learned, his testimony, has gone with him. The record of his good works has gone with him. All of the relationship that he held with you still exists with him, and he has a claim, and the members of these families will be his, and your father will be your father, and he will preside over you by reason of the Priesthood that he holds and because he has been true and faithful to the end.

God bless this family, and may unity and peace be in their midst. We love Brother Stout at the Temple. Though he, no doubt, was racked with pain many times, there was always a smile upon his face, and he came regularly, and he did his work well. He was an inspiration to us, and we miss him at the Temple, and may I say to the family there would have been many at the Temple here, had the funeral been at an hour when they could have been spared. They loved him because of his

devotion to the work of God. He was loved by the Church, because he was true to the Church. I am sure he was loved by God, because he was true to Him, true to his family, and may his life be an inspiration to all of us, especially to this family, that they may remember his teachings, remember his testimony, and remember that which he did for them, and that they may carry it on and bequeath the same thing to those of their children that have come after them. In the morning of the Resurrection, when Brother Stout's body, by the Power of God, shall be called forth from its grave, it will be a perfect body, not crippled, a perfect body, a most glorious body, an immortal body, into which his noble spirit shall enter.

I pray that when he shall call forth, by the authority that he holds, his family to surround him, that there will be no missing links, and that they will all be there, and, with him, enter into the glory of our Lord, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Bishop S. B. Benson:

The Master stood on the Mount of Olives, the 5th Chapter of Matthew says, and these are his words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Are there any words that can express the life and character of my friend better than those? I felt as I looked at him in his casket, when the Master chose disciples, especially when he chose the Twelve, he chose men of that type—most of them. When the rich man came and asked Him, "Master, what must I do?" "Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and follow me." This man, I am sure, would gladly have given all at any time of his life and follow the Master.

He was loved most by those who knew him best. For twelve years, about, now I think it is, he has been very dear to me. Ten years I was his Bishop, and I never found one who was truer to God, to his friends, and to himself than David F. Stout—true to principle and true to friends—a man that all would trust if they knew him. I never once have felt that I would fear putting my life in his hands, because I knew he was my friend. He stood by me—upheld my hands, and always did my bid, and another thing that I have observed in his life is his love for little children. My children loved him, and since he has been sick, lying upon his bed, and I went to see him, and

my little baby girl when she knew I was going, it was her desire to go, too, and she stood by the bed, and held his hand. She enjoyed it as he did. He loved the association and love of little children, and he was entitled to their love, because his life was so pure and so sweet. I have never known a man who got into my heart more than Brother Stout. Just as long as his poor limbs would carry him, he did what he could, and his greatest sorrow, while he was upon his bed, was that he couldn't go to that old house on the hill. His heart was there—his heart was in the work of the Lord.

I remember a little circumstance when I got word and read in the papers that the postage on letters and on periodicals would be almost fifty per cent more than what it used to be, my thoughts went to this man. Nobody knew the dollars that he sent away in the mail on postage that he sent back where he filled an honorable mission, and whenever he read an article, he thought of some good person who was either Saint or who should be, who was honest and he wanted them to read those good things, and he would fold them up and put the money on them that he needed himself. For about eight years, I think I have always seen that he got the Conference pamphlet—the sermons that were given in Conference. While I was in Los Angeles, they were sent to the High Council, and I sent them back to Brother Stout, and he digested every word and then it went on, and I don't know how many read those sermons, because this man wanted every good person to get the good that he had gotten out of it. There are so many beautiful things in his life, so many lessons that he has taught me.

He was industrious, very industrious, and tears have come to my eyes when I have seen him go down to town with his little cart to get some of the things from the backs of the stores to feed his cows and chickens. Anything that was honest was his work, and I am sure that he would divide the last piece of bread in his home with a friend, and that meant any of God's children, because they were all his friends, and all the time that I have ever known him, I have never heard one word spoken against a human being. How many of your friends and my friends can we say that of? It is true that he didn't always approve of things that some people would, but he was long suffering and kind and slow to condemn any of God's children.

There were only a few members of the family who could not attend the services. Mary Jane and Madona were in Port-

land, Oregon; Juanita in Gilbert, Arizona, and Wayne in Fort Eustis, Virginia. Most of the remainder of the family were able to be present. David's oldest granddaughter, Joyce Richardson, took down in shorthand the funeral sermons as delivered.

David was survived by three of his wives, fifteen children, and 60 grandchildren. In 1942 his grandchildren numbered 78, nine of whom have passed on. Three brothers and a sister survived him. At the time of death he was 77 years and eight months. He had lived three years longer than his father, Allen Joseph Stout.

At the time of David's death Rettie was in poor health. She gradually lost her memory and had to be cared for as a child during her last three years. She died in Logan September 9, 1935, and was buried three days later beside her sister, Julia and her husband. She was fourteen months older at the time of her death than David was when he died. She was survived by 18 grandchildren.

Early in June, 1933, Mary Jane had visited in Logan enroute to Rockville from Portland, Oregon. Late in the year (1933) Mary Jane suffered a fall and broke her hip. This caused a lot of suffering and pain. When she finally recovered from this accident she began her last illness (October, 1934).

Madona writes: "Her last illness was long and sad because she was too ill to be about, but she kept on going. She wrote that she was delirious at times. Finally Ida Millet, Roswell's sister, came and took the responsibility of the family and gave mother the kind of care she had needed so long. I guessed from her letters that she suffered untold pain. I arrived the afternoon before she passed away." She died at the age of 77 years and four months. She was survived by one daughter and nine grandchildren. The end came March 5, 1935. Two days later she was buried in the Rockville cemetery.

In 1944, David's youngest brother, Marion, is the only representative living of the Allen Joseph Stout family. Allen Joseph Fisk Stout died April 24, 1933. John Henry Fisk Stout passed away September 15, 1933. Rebecca Alvira Fisk Stout Dennett died November 16, 1934. David's most beloved brother, Hosea, had completed his life's mission a year and nine months earlier, January 22, 1931.



THE STOUTS IN 1941

Sitting: Genevieve Heward, Eunice Bryner, Achsah Mc Omer, Daisie Richardson, Sarah L. Cox Stout, Aureta Black, Juanita Ray and Madona Schmidt. **Standing:** Wayne, Dewey, Abraham, Lyman, Emerald, Wendell, and Thurlow.

JULIA COX STOUT

Julia, the second daughter and third child of Isaiah and Henrietta Janes Cox, was born June 30, 1861, at Fairview, Sanpete County, Utah. Her older sister, Henrietta, or better known as Rettie, was nearly five years old when Julia joined the family. Her older brother, Isaiah, was two years her senior, and proved to be her favorite brother and confident.

Her father, Isaiah, was called to settle Dixie soon after Julia arrived so her memories of Sanpete were scanty. The family arrived in St. George late in the autumn and started to build a new home in one of the most rugged countries ever pioneered by man. The ruggedness of the country had a profound effect in developing the character of Julia and her brothers and sisters. The great task of making a living in that barren country demanded sternness and rugged individualism. Isaiah Cox personified the best in pioneer characteristics and injected these qualities into his children. These stern realities of a hard life were forcibly impressed on Julia early in life. When she began school she was given to understand that she must not play, not even at recess. Obedient Julia consequently remained to study while the rest of the children went out to play. Her help was needed so badly at home that she was held to her tasks until it was necessary to run all the way to school. Early in life she was given a garden hoe to use. This instrument proved to be a life companion. She early learned the use of carpenter tools from her father—a trade she continued all her life.

In her youth she possessed one of the most beautiful heads of hair ever seen in Dixie. It was long, dark and thick, the pride as well as the horror of her mother whose duty it was to comb it daily.

Julia was more than nine years old when she was baptized (October 6, 1870) by Walter Granger, and confirmed the same day by Henry J. Platt.

Schooling was begun about the age of eight in those pioneer days. The fifth grade was the highest education a person received in Dixie during the seventies and eighties. Julia graduated from the fifth grade about the year 1875; then she taught school a few years without pay. She was a great lover of music (and considering no training) she became a fair player on the organ, and a good singer. At the dances she was always very popular.

Very soon after the St. George Temple was ready to give endowments Julia was endowed (March 14, 1877), three months before she reached her sixteenth birthday.

January 17, 1880, Julia received her patriarchal blessing from William G. Perkins, Patriarch. This good man gave her



MISS JULIA COX - 1883 -

a wonderful blessing. He told her she would become a prophetess, that her greatest work was to redeem her dead, and that she would "rear up a posterity that will become very great in the priesthood, and one of them will be a Prophet, Seer, and Revelator." A greater promise could not have been given. This much is certain, the promise will never be fulfilled during the lives of

her own children. Her grandchildren or later generations may produce the man worthy of the honor.

Julia was nearly fourteen years old when Rettie left home to marry. The eight years following Rettie's departure, Julia was the principal housekeeper in the Cox home. During that period her mother added two more babies, Elizabeth two, and Aunt Martha added three. At the end of this period (1883), when she left home to teach school, her father had thirteen children all between the ages of two and thirteen years (two of whom had died during the interval). The greatest number of the Cox children passed through their infancy during that very period when Julia was the principal help in the home. Such a practical course in home training could not have been offered by the best school in domestic science.

Julia was on the best of terms with her only brother-in-law. She said she felt freer around him than any one else (excepting her own brothers). She once made the remark that she wasn't afraid of him because she knew he wouldn't propose. If this remark was made in July, 1882, it was a dangerous boast for at that very time her future husband was making the long journey from Rockville to Overton, Nevada, to make that very proposal. The very first time she saw him after making that vain-glorious speech he put the decision up to her. The suggestion was stunning; it completely upset her equilibrium. Her answer was a double negative with all the emphasis she could command. Her parents were willing but Julia knew her own heart much better than they.

Julia and her mother had been in Overton during the summer assisting Isaiah to build a new home. She and her mother returned to St. George early in August with David Cox, her brother. She remained in the Temple City until January 28, 1883, when she returned to the Muddy to be with her father. In the meanwhile (September 20, 1882), she received a letter from David Stout of Rockville pleading with her to change her mind. She answered that she was not changing her mind. During the six months (January to July, 1883) she lived on the Muddy she wrote to her sister Rettie in Rockville that she was much discouraged with life and wanted to go off where no one knew her. This remark is indicative of the great struggle raging within.

Soon after her return to St. George from the Muddy (July 18, 1883) she visited in Rockville with Rettie. She had

several long conversations with Rettie relating to her future. Before leaving the Muddy her health hadn't been good, but in Rockville she became quite sick so that the Elders had to be called in. While recovering (August 11) she had an "interesting" talk with David but whether any mutual agreements were made is unknown. September 26th Julia and Rettie left Rockville for the Muddy to have a two-weeks' visit. Soon after her return to Rockville she began teaching school in Shoonesburg (October 29, 1883) and continued in this school until April 4th. During the winter she made three trips to St. George on business. Nearly every week end she spent in Rockville visiting with the family. David usually took her back to Shoonesburg on Sunday evenings. This gave him an opportunity to break down the barriers between them. David wrote in his diary for January 13, 1884, that her attitude toward him had greatly improved.

After the school closed in Shoonesburg, her father, Isaiah, took her home to St. George (April 5, 1884), where she kept up a lively correspondence with David until their marriage, June 18, 1884.

Willingness to become a polygamous wife required the courage of a stout heart, the faith of a fearless Christian, sacrificing physical satisfactions for the spiritual, subordinating selfish for charitable attitudes, and finally, all instinctive jealousies, and covetousness had to be replaced by candidness, sincerity and frankness. Julia's decision to assume these responsibilities cost her one of the most bitter mental struggles in her entire life. It truly was the turning point in her life.

After the marriage the couple scattered as widely as possible. David returned to Rockville while Julia returned to Pine Valley, where she had been previous to her marriage. She continued in Pine Valley about two months before proceeding up to Rockville via St. George.

More than three months after marriage she arrived in Rockville. The problem of adjusting herself in this new set-up must have been a strange experience indeed. Her sister, the first wife, did everything possible to make her feel right at home. Mary Jane, the second wife, did not join the family for another month.

After five weeks in Rockville she signed up to teach school in Duncan (November 9, 1884) for \$30 per month. She had thirty pupils. It was her custom to return to Rockville on

Friday evenings to spend the week ends. After the school had closed in March, 1885, she went to visit her parents on the Muddy, returning in July to Rockville.

The evening of September 29th her long, expected sickness commenced, which continued throughout the night. Before the crisis arrived her husband came in from his seven months exile in Leamington. A few hours later the first and finest child she ever had came to bless her home. When she first saw the baby she remarked that "there is absolutely no name fine enough for this baby". "How do you like the name of Irving Waldo?" observed her husband. "Oh, that's just the name," cried Julia, so on December 7th following the boy was named Irving Waldo Stout, James P. Terry acting as mouth.

For a few days after the child's arrival Julia made fine progress, but later suffered a set-back. By November 7th, however, she was well enough to be taken for a ride. Before the end of that month she was able to start teaching in Duncan again. It would have been impossible to teach had not Artemesia (eight years of age), her youngest sister, not accompanied her to Duncan to serve as baby tender. Mesia, as she was known, developed into a very efficient and trustworthy assistant.

During that school year, which only lasted sixteen weeks, Julia and Mesia usually spent their week ends in Rockville. Julia was a member of the ward choir and rated the best singer in the group.

School closed in Duncan February 19, 1886; Julia, Mesia and Irving returned to Rockville where she divided her time between the garden, the home and church activities.

David left for his mission in June so the ten acres of farm land was largely left in Julia's care. There was never a female gardener her equal. Work—she never knew the meaning of rest—she couldn't rest until the last weed was uprooted. She spent all summer doing her best to raise a garden and preserve fruit. In the autumn she went to St. George and passed the teachers' examination, then started teaching in Grafton (1886-1887). The summer of 1887 was again spent in the Rockville garden, returning to the school room in the late autumn. Julia spent the summer of 1888 at the big orchard in Grafton drying and bottling fruit. October 14, 1888, she returned to her school room in Grafton. After school closed in 1889, Julia returned to her beloved garden work in Rockville. While occupied in that glorious work (June 10, 1889) she stopped

her pea picking to add another son to the family. The new son was named Emerald Wycliffe, with the implied hope that he would be not only a precious jewel but a reformer as well.

The presence of two children did not stop Julia from teaching school. In the autumn of 1889 she was back at her school desk in Grafton teaching the children their three R's. When school ended in 1890 she took her two children to Mt. Trumbull to serve as cook in her husband's saw mill camp. In August she returned to Rockville; there she left her children with Sarah, while she went to St. George to attend school. She boarded at the home of Fred Blake, paying for her keep by assisting the family in work. When she returned to Rockville in the spring (1891) her son Emerald did not even know her nor would he speak or be friendly with her. This reception greatly upset Julia. She promised herself never to leave her children again.

About two months after her return to Rockville her first daughter arrived. This girl was considered a "gift from God" so Julia named her Juanita, which means "Grace of the Lord". Her arrival on Independence Day (1891) implied more than liberty and freedom; her coming instilled into Julia a feeling of fearless fortitude.

When little Juanita was about three months old her mother moved to Grafton, where she taught school that winter (1891-1892). The summer of 1892 Julia and her three children divided their time between Rockville and Mt. Trumbull. The seven weeks at the mountain camp were highly enjoyed since many hikes up among the pine and cedar trees served as a refreshing tonic for their over-worked bodies. September 16th Julia and Mary Jane and their children were all taken to Rockville by a Brother Crawford. Three weeks later (October 7th) Julia was moved to Harrisburg, where she spent the winter (1892-1893) teaching school. Daisie accompanied Julia to serve as baby tender while Irving and Emerald were left in Rockville to be cared for by Sarah. Twelve days after Julia had left Rockville (October 19th) Emerald's clothes caught fire. He was severely burned before Sarah could extinguish the fire. Sarah's fingers were injured severely in the act. Emerald wore the scars from that accident the rest of his days. Julia, Juanita and Daisie spent Christmas in Rockville with the family and enjoyed a fine vacation of rest. The last day of February

(1893) the Harrisburg school closed so they moved back to Rockville.

A high water mark in the life of Julia was her opportunity to witness the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple April 6, 1893. She and her mother, Henrietta Cox, took a team and wagon belonging to her husband, but driven by Marion Stout, and made the long journey to Salt Lake City. The hard trip well paid for itself since they saw and heard things they never forgot. While in the city they were kindly entertained by the Woolley family. April 17th the party returned to Rockville.

April 27, 1893, Julia and Irving, accompanied David to Mt. Trumbull to spend a month assisting in the operation of the saw mill. About two weeks after their return to Rockville both Julia and Sarah and their five children started (June 6) for the Millet Ranch in Long Valley. Six weeks were spent on the ranch trying to rehabilitate its appearance so that white people would be willing to live there. On July 18th David moved Julia and children back to Rockville, leaving Sarah on the ranch.

Julia did not teach school (1893-1894) but remained in Rockville awaiting the arrival of a fourth child.

Under date of March 18, 1894, David recorded the following in his diary: "Just after midnight Mary Jane came up to my room where I was sleeping with sweet little Achsah and Snow and said to me: 'Come on, Julia is sick.' I came down, made a fire, went down to Sister Kezior Halls, who came up within a few minutes. At 1:45 a. m. Julia gave birth to a fine son. So regular and natural does everything seem with her that it requires but a little time for her delivery. At 3 a. m. all of us were in bed and the proud, happy, blessed mother was resting quietly."

With such a problem son on her hands Julia appealed to her mother and husband for a name which would most accurately describe his character. Henrietta supplied the second name "Dunham", which was the maiden name of her great grandmother, Sarah Dunham, whose ancestry could be traced to the royal line in England. David supplied the first name since he was a great admirer of General "Mad" Anthony Wayne, who on August 20, 1794, decisively defeated the Indians at the battle of Fallen Timber, thus ending a 40-year struggle for the northwest. "Mad" Wayne was a name which described his character perfectly.

Julia was sufficiently recovered from her illness to witness her husband bless the infant the very day (April 8) he left Rockville to go on his second mission. Ten days later Julia gathered up her strength for a hard trip to Mt. Trumbull. She went there to cook for the saw mill hands under the direction of John Stout, who managed the mill in David's absence. Julia left her three older children in Rockville and took Daisie to assist her in the cooking and baby tending. It was late autumn before they returned to Rockville.

Julia spent the next two years in Rockville (1894-1896) as chief gardener on the Stout ten-acre ranch. She and the balance of the family in Rockville attended Isaiah Cox's funeral in St. George (April 12, 1896). The loss of her father came as a great shock to Julia and her sisters.

The summer and autumn of 1896 was not spent in physical comfort, but suffering was richly rewarded in human dividends by the arrival of the most beautiful golden haired female ever to grace a home. Julia chose the most appropriate name which described beautifully her physique. Ruth, which means in Hebrew "beauty" aptly fitted her description. October 16, 1896, the day on which she arrived, was a red letter day in the life of Julia since she was then the proud mother of two boys and two girls. Ruth was blessed and named by Jacob H. Langston, December 6, 1896.

Julia was barely well when she had her first opportunity to vote for a president of the United States. She voted for McKinley and all other good Republicans. When she was fully recovered she attended the stake conference in St. George (December 12-15).

Little Ruth was eleven months old when Julia and her four children were moved to Hinckley in a wagon driven by young David (September 24, 1897). In Hinckley she and Mary Jane and their families lived in the home purchased from Mr. Black, remaining there nearly two years.

Late in July, 1898, Julia and husband made a business trip to Fillmore. Returning home one of the horses took seriously sick. Being stranded in the middle of the desert with only one horse was no pleasant experience. Julia and David sought aid from the only source by bowing "together in prayer asking the Lord to spare our horse to us if it was His will. Within ten minutes the horse was relieved; we gave the praise for our deliverance to our God."

Julia was privileged to attend a second general conference of the Church in October, 1898. She took with her Grant (Sarah's second son) and Wayne. Grant, who was six years old, slipped out of Julia's hands and became lost in the crowds. He was found by the Tabernacle employees and taken up to the stand and advertised before the entire audience as a lost boy. Julia recognized him from her seat deep in the rear and went up to claim him. October 11th Julia and Mary Jane both returned to Hinckley.

Soon after Julia returned from Salt Lake, her mother, Henrietta Cox, took sick with typhoid. Her illness became so serious that Artemesia, who was attending school in Provo, was called home. She recovered, however, in late January, 1899; then Julia had her turn in a sick bed. Shortly after her recovery she and children were moved to the Elders' farm north of town (March 28, 1899).

This sickness had come upon Julia when she was less able to sustain drains on her strength. May 26th her sixth child arrived, whose health was never good due to her pre-natal physical condition. David was anxious to give him an honorable name so he chose Thurlow Weed after the great statesman (1797-1882) by that name. Thurlow was never strong during his infancy, and due to no fault of his, was weaned too soon. Emily Black, wife of George A. Black, died soon after giving birth to a baby (November 25, 1899) so Julia, taking pity on the child (Victor) took him to rear. Victor was even in poorer health than Thurlow. Between the screams of these two babies Julia enjoyed but very little peace.

After more than eight months of caring for these two sickly babies she started for Rockville (August 10, 1900), taking Juanita and leaving her other children in Hinckley. Rettie, her sister, also went, taking Daisie along, to see if a warmer climate wouldn't improve her rheumatic condition. David junior was the teamster, who returned the outfit to Hinckley. Rettie and her children only remained in Rockville a short time, then went on to St. George. Julia, Juanita, and Victor stayed in Rockville for two months putting up fruit.

The art of preserving fruit had been mastered by Julia. Her skill was matched by an energy which knew no rest. She accomplished as much work during those two months as some women would do in six months.

David and her son, Irving, arrived from Hinckley October

6, 1900, bringing two wagons. After two days of intense preparations the dried fruit was packed into one of the wagons and the trip northward was begun. At Toquerville the wagons separated. David started on his trip to Mexico; Irving, his mother, sister Juanita and Victor started for Hinckley, arriving there October 9th.

Within two months after her arrival in Hinckley Julia's sister Artemesia married (November 30, 1900) George A. Black, so that shortly afterwards Artemesia relieved Julia by taking Victor off her hands.

In January, 1901, Julia and Sarah began receiving letters from David, who was then in Mexico. David was well pleased with the country and had bargained to trade his Hinckley property for a farm in Colonia Diaz. The three wives then in Hinckley were advised to dispose of the furniture and leave for Mexico in the near future. Irving left Hinckley by train in February for Mexico to join his father in Diaz.

Preparations completed, the three wives and twelve children left Hinckley in late March, 1901, for Mexico, via Provo, Pueblo, Colorado and El Paso, Texas. Before Provo was reached Julia decided to leave the train in order to make enough tickets for the others to reach El Paso. She took with her Juanita and the two-year-old baby, Thurlow.

Left in a strange city without sufficient funds in the middle of the night with two dependent children was no pleasant experience. After the train had gone, taking the family on toward Pueblo, Julia sought a place to spend the balance of the night. They found a vacant building and proceeded to make a bed with their few quilts. Thurlow began crying so loudly a policeman was attracted to the spot. He warned them the building was unsafe to sleep in so he led them to a drug store where better sleeping accommodations were found. The next morning a kind friend gave them lodging until they were able to return to Hinckley. George A. Black and Mesia gave them a home until money could be supplied for the journey to Mexico. Diaz was finally reached May 5, 1901, in the midst of a town celebration.

Soon after her arrival in Diaz her second son Emerald became very sick with typhoid fever. He was unconscious for three weeks, but finally recovered. Early in November, while David was making a second trip to Naco, Arizona, to assist Francis Bunker, who was ill there, Julia's beautiful golden-haired Ruth became ill with typhoid and died November 19, 1901.

Martha Cox writes in her journal that a few days before Julia and the family in Diaz received word that young David had died in Naco, little Ruth said she saw young David come to her (not in a dream) while she was playing "in the yard, and told her he had come for her. (Ruth had always been David's favorite). Ruth was delighted with the message and described the pretty white clothes he (David) wore."

Martha Cox is authority for the following side-light on Ruth's death: "The incidents pertaining to Ruth's death were too sad to relate while Julia, her mother, was living. She was naturally a nervous, timid child, a beautiful girl of six with auburn curls. She was coming from her Primary meeting when she was met by two boys. One of them, a vicious, big-mouthed fellow named Earl, showing his teeth, caught her by the arm and threatened to take her off into the brush and eat her. She screamed and begged for her life. Earl's mother, from a distance, saw the scene and ran to the child's help. She scolded the boys and took Ruth to her mother's gate. Ruth told her mother 'the big ugly Earl boy was going to eat me.' This she kept repeating through the fever that followed her experience, a fever in which spinal meningitis took hold and in three or four days she was no more.

"While I was in the store buying the burial attire for the child, Mrs. Earl, the boy's mother, came in and in a quiet way, recited the story of Ruth's fright to me. I became possessed of a terrible fury and would have said some awful things to that mother but a spirit of peace whispered to me: 'Keep still for Julia's sake, she will go insane if she learns how her child was killed!' I said to the woman only this: 'Never tell that again.' The Earl family was driven from Diaz on account of that ugly son."

During the winter Thurlow was sick. By spring (1902) he was a mere skeleton. Early in January Julia and David made a trip to Colonia Dublan, taking Thurlow and another child to examine the country as a possible place to settle the family.

Six weeks after the return from Dublan Julia was called on to make the greatest sacrifice of her lifetime. Irving, who was nearly seventeen years old, had been working away from home where he had been forced to sleep on damp ground. This caused a serious cold which rapidly developed into typhoid fever. Seven days after his fever began (March 7) Irving's

father called in Patriarch James A. Little, who gave him a fine blessing. A week later Irving was struggling for his very life. March 15th Irving suffered two severe sinking spells. Recovering, he said "the devil was trying to get him." He requested his father and Francis Bunker to administer to him which they did. The next day he was in a precarious condition and was delirious most of the day. March 17th, Bishop Johnson and Francis Bunker administered to him two different times. On that St. Patrick's Day Irving saw plenty of red. The losing battle was nearly ended when the day passed into history. A few minutes after the new day arrived (March 18) the best son Julia ever had breathed his last. David ably described the tragedy thus:

"Oh! Day of grief. Another thunderbolt from the source of life and death. My noble, faithful, energetic, hard-working boy, Irving, who has been my nearest counselor in all my temporal matters since David died and who has been one of the reliable lights and joys of our oft-stricken household for the past sixteen years, breathed his last precious breath with the first minutes of this day. It was almost too hard to bear for his mother. She said she could not live and retain her reason. It seemed at first that she could not endure the strain. Our dear friend, Martha (Cox) was next to God her best aid in the terrible ordeal."

The funeral was held the same day at 5 p. m. The speakers were Charles R. Fillerup, his teacher; J. J. Adams; Patriarch James A. Little was called on but was too grief-stricken to speak; and Francis Bunker, who had known him since infancy. Each could not speak too well of him.

Three days after this great loss Julia and her children were moved to the Acard farm, where Mary Jane and her children were living. This change of surroundings aided Julia to forget her great sorrows. It was noted that her health had been affected by those mental experiences so the Bishop advised David to take her to the mountains for a rest and a change. April 15th Julia and her four children started with David on the southward journey. April 21st the family arrived in Pacheco and a house was rented near the Black sawmill. The family lived in that place nearly three weeks before being moved (May 9) to Hop Valley.

The seven weeks that Julia lived in Hop Valley she spent mostly in the garden, where she always felt at home. This open

air work did much to restore her health and aided her to forget the past. June 26th Julia and her three youngest children were moved to Juarez. There a house belonging to D. E. Harris was rented and Julia and her children moved in.

The fruit season was just beginning so Julia plunged into that work with all the energy at her command. The children were sent to the fruit orchards where wind-falls were picked up and hauled in a handcart home. Julia salvaged what was usable by first sulphuring, then drying the fruit. After July 14 she was assisted by Daisie and Achsah, who greatly contributed their part in the work.

In August Julia was too near her confinement period to expend all her energies in the fruit-drying business. The girls assumed most of the work when not in school. When her last child arrived (October 31, 1902) she named it Derby Emer. He was golden-haired but very frail. Three days after the baby arrived David returned from Hop Valley, bringing Emerald and Wayne. Emerald remained in Juarez until December 22nd, then joined the other members of the family in Guadalupe. Julia and her other children remained in Juarez till April 18th. On that date she and Sarah were moved to Guadalupe (1903), where she was to call it home during the next nine years.

In Guadalupe Julia soon made her influence felt. Through her inspiration fruit trees were planted on the farm. These trees were just beginning to bear in 1912 when the exodus took place.

May 12th and 13th, 1903, Julia made her first trip to El Paso. She returned with trunks filled with clothing and shoes for the family. The children soon learned to await her returns from the city in the same spirit that they awaited Christmas.

Derby was very delicate in health during his nine months sojourn on earth. August 5, 1903, he became very sick. Everything possible was done for him, but it seemed God wanted him so he went (August 8th).

David writes: "Julia bears the blow with as quiet resignation as is possible for any one to endure such a blow so severe, so crushing. He was one of the loveliest, sweetest of children, so full of deep, quiet affection."

The funeral was held August 9th in the family home in Guadalupe. Bishop Robinson of Dublan presided; speakers

were B. H. Allred, A. B. Call and Arthur Hurst. The child was buried in the Dublan cemetery east of town.

Ten days after the death of little Derby, Julia took Juanita and Thurlow to Juarez for a seven weeks' "vacation" putting up fruit. Julia, by the way, never knew what a vacation looked like. Any person who tried to do the same work Julia did would more likely call it slavery. She returned to Guadalupe October 8, 1903.

October 26th she and Thurlow left for El Paso. She had contracted to teach the garment cutting chart to a certain group in El Paso. She returned to Guadalupe January 2, 1904, with her trunks filled with clothing and presents for the children. Her arrivals were more thrilling to the children than the coming of Santa Claus. Two days later she again left for El Paso for a ten weeks' stay, returning to Guadalupe about March 14, 1904. During her short stay at home she paid her husband a twelve-day visit at his camp in the mountains where he was cutting ties for the railroad. March 31st she returned to her work in El Paso, spending twenty-six more days there before returning to Guadalupe.

April 27, 1904, her husband moved her to Juarez, where she spent the season putting up fruit. The length of her stay in Juarez is unknown, but she was back in Guadalupe in late October (31st) and left for El Paso. December 29th she went to the hospital where her sister Rettie was sick with smallpox and cared for her until Rettie could return home. Julia was back in Guadalupe May 28, 1905. She spent the rest of the summer on the farm directing the boys in the fine arts of agriculture. The four women worked in that home like a perfect ball team. Sarah directed the kitchen work, Mary Jane was commander-in-chief of the chickens, while Rettie directed the perpetual overall mending factory. The strange thing about this team was there were no jealousies between the women. Cooperation was spontaneous and instinctively unconscious. No child was neglected because its mother did not happen to be present. So perfectly was the nursery managed that the infants did not know who their real mothers were until they grew older.

During that summer (1905) it was arranged that Julia be the school teacher in Guadalupe for the school term following. To prepare for this work she attended (August 21-27) a summer school held at the Juarez Stake Academy. In Septem-

ber (16th and 17th) she attended the stake conference in Juarez and heard President Joseph F. Smith dedicate the academy. School was begun in Guadalupe shortly after her return from the conference in Juarez. Her school was well attended. All the pupils of school age in the town attended, including some Mexicans. Julia had all of her own children as pupils. Thurlow was in the first grade; Wayne, the third grade; Juanita, the sixth, and Emerald the seventh, the few days he attended. This school closed in March, 1906, and was considered a very successful year.

The summer months of 1906 found Julia hard at work directing the farm work. She had a natural aptitude toward agriculture. Few women had a more practical mind or a greater capacity to solve farm problems. She believed strongly in education also. It was principally through her influence that her husband, David, was persuaded to send his older children to the Juarez Stake Academy in the autumn of 1906. She went up with the six children to assist and serve as guardian of the group. A house belonging to Ella Stowell was rented. In that small crowded place an education foundation was laid whose dividends can never be measured in terms of dollars and cents.

In April, 1907, she left the school children to serve themselves while she went to El Paso to work. She hadn't been gone more than a month when Juanita contracted typhoid. Sarah left Guadalupe and went to Juarez to care for her. Julia did not hear of her illness until the critical period was passed. Julia returned to Juarez about the time the Academy closed. During the summer of 1907 she divided her time between Juarez and Guadalupe.

When the Academy opened its doors in the autumn of 1907 Julia served again as guardian of the Academy students. She had no more than begun her winter work when she broke down (September) with typhoid. Rettie came up from Guadalupe to nurse her and care for the children. She finally recovered in December and went directly to El Paso again to find employment. She returned to Juarez in May, 1908, to witness Juanita's graduation from the eighth grade.

Soon after school closed in May, 1908, she went up the river from Juarez and worked for Will Sevey for several months. There she began drying and preserving fruit, her old favorite occupation. In the autumn of 1908 she returned to her old employment in El Paso, where she remained all winter.

When she returned in the spring of 1909 she started in the chicken business and made a fine success of it. She changed the chickens' tune from "I lay an egg every day," to "I lay two eggs every day and go barefoot." These chickens were so well satisfied with their contract they neither asked for overtime pay nor better living conditions.

In the autumn of 1910 she accompanied the Academy students to Juarez, where she resumed her old role of guardian and cook. As noted elsewhere the students had been living in the little house on the hillside near Cowley's residence. Soon after arriving in Juarez the old Redd house up the river on the east side was rented. The family had been living there but three weeks when Miles Romney purchased the house and asked Julia and the children to move out, which they very unwillingly did. The remainder of the winter was spent in the little house on the hillside. The summer of 1911 she spent in Guadalupe, but returned in the autumn to Juarez to spend her last winter in Mexico. During the summer her husband had purchased the Daniel Skousen home south of the postoffice, so living conditions were much more favorable.

That last winter in Mexico was a memorable one for Julia. She enjoyed her associations with the young people. After Mary Jane's return from the north she assisted Julia with the work and made good company for her. Julia was proud to have her oldest son ordained a Seventy March 23, 1912. In May she was made supremely happy when Juanita and Emerald were both graduated from the Juarez Stake Academy (May 3). She was the first mother to ever have two children graduate at the same time from that Academy.

The day following the graduation exercises she and her three children returned to Guadalupe for the summer. Thurlow had been in Guadalupe all winter attending school. David had rented the old Heber F. Johnson farm, which was located across the street west from the meeting house. Julia and her three youngest moved into the place to operate the farm that season. Emerald had found employment with a farmer who lived across the river from Guadalupe so he did not spend much time at home.

The old Johnson farm furnished Julia an opportunity to express her ideals by raising a garden and starting a poultry business. She planted a large tomato patch, some sweet corn, and other garden vegetables. Hundreds of chickens were hatched

out and were maturing rapidly when the thunderbolt struck causing her dreams to fall like a house of cards. July 28th the home was searched by rebels who took Emerald a war prisoner because they could find no guns of value. One of the searchers was a young aristocrat whom Juanita recognized as a former fellow-student in Juarez.

That same day orders were received to pack up and go to Dublan. Imagine Julia's reaction when she went to bid her three hundred chickens good-bye! Her last act of kindness toward them was to leave all doors open that they might have free run of the premises that water and feed might be obtained. Months later she often thought of those chickens and wondered how many survived. During the summer she had made a ton of home-made soap. That, too, was left for the Mexicans to use as they saw fit. Packing up was no easy task. What could be taken and what must be left behind was a snarly problem to solve. At length all trunks were packed with clothing and other personal effects. When the wagons were all filled with their human cargo and the journey toward Dublan commenced, the caravan resembled a funeral procession. The people in that company could appreciate the meaning of the exodus from Nauvoo in 1846. To leave all of one's earthly possessions behind was no pleasant experience to undergo. Enroute to Dublan the company met their old neighbor, Loreto Garcia, the high-tempered Mexican who lived between the Johnson and Stout farms. Even he, in great sadness, bade his white friends an affectionate "good-bye".

After an all-night wait in Dublan Julia and all the family (except Emerald and David) found seats in railroad box cars and the long hot ride to El Paso began. At four o'clock in the afternoon the train crossed the Rio Grande and the Stouts were once more in the United States after eleven years absence. The refugees were taken in taxicabs to the lumber sheds. (This was the first automobile ride some of those Stout children had ever had.) Three weeks in those hot sheds was enough to cure the hardest-shelled grumblers.

Shortly after arrival in El Paso, Julia, knowing the city well, found employment in private homes. After the middle of August, when David joined, the family in El Paso, friends supplied funds with which Julia and her three youngest children bought tickets for Hinckley, Utah, arriving there August 23, 1912. Mary E. Lee and son, Lafe, met the train at Oasis

and took the family to Hinckley. Mary, the half-sister of Julia, was one of the finest women this earth was ever graced with. She took Julia and the children in her home, housed and fed



FOUR NOBLE WOMEN

Left to right: Julia Cox Stout, Mary E. Cox Lee, Mary Jane Terry Stout, Artemesia Cox Black. Taken in Hinckley, Utah, March 9, 1913.

them, treated them as one of the family. The community in general was very sympathetic toward the refugees. In true Mormon style the people did all they could to put the family back on their feet. Hosea Stout, brother of David, offered Juanita a teaching position in the Hinckley grade school. Bishop William Pratt gave the family a vacant lot to build a house on. A Brother Pederson, an old friend of the family, furnished lumber at cost to build the house, and all the men of the community assisted with their labor to build it. That was a fine demonstration of Mormonism as taught by Joseph Smith. In November the house was well enough completed for occupancy. Artemesia Black and her four children shared in this gift from the community and lived with Julia in the new home. During the winter Julia found employment at the Thomas Pratt store as clerk.

In May, 1913, after school had closed, Julia went to

Moapa, Nevada, to be with her mother and brother, Isaiah Cox. She spent the summer there working in his garden. She wrote a letter to her husband, then in Rodeo, New Mexico, suggesting that the family make that town their future home. Her letter made a favorable impression on David. He was in the very act



Julia and her daughter, Juanita
1913

of making arrangements to move there when she wrote another letter recommending that the idea be given up. David had a lot of confidence in Julia's judgment, so he gave up the idea too.

In the autumn of 1913 she returned to Hickley to care for her children, who were teaching and attending school. Juanita had attended summer school in Salt Lake and was again teach-

ing in the Hinckley grade school. Artemesia and Julia exchanged places. Artemesia clerked in Thomas Pratt's store while Julia did the cooking and managed the home. Two women never got along together better than they.

In the spring of 1914 Julia first sent her son, Wayne, to Thatcher, Arizona, to assist his father; then accompanied Juanita to Salt Lake City to witness her marriage with John Alexander Ray in the temple. The marriage took place June 17, 1914, the man officiating was Adolph Madson. John was the son of James Wilford and Elsie Margaret Mortensen Ray, born November 10, 1888 in Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico. John had attended the Juarez Stake Academy before 1912 and completed his high school work at the Millard Academy in May, 1915.

In the autumn of 1914 Julia again went to Moapa, Nevada, to care for her sick mother who was living with her son, Isaiah Cox. She remained all winter in Moapa, leaving the next summer for Thatcher, Arizona, arriving there on Juanita's birthday (July 4th). Thurlow and Juanita were already there. The very day she arrived she grabbed a saw and cut a window in the dark kitchen. She never liked the darkness but preferred the light, spiritually as well as physically.

In Thatcher Julia spent most of her first six weeks up at the homestead.

A high point in the life of Julia was the arrival of her first grandchild, John Alexander Ray, junior, born September 3, 1915. "She earned all the glory," writes Juanita, "there is to being a grandmother by staying up night after night tending him, trying to find some way to stop his colic."

Three days before she was a grandmother, her oldest son, Emerald, who had been teaching in Manassa, Colorado, for a year, was married (September 1, 1915) to Geneva Black, in the Salt Lake Temple. Geneva was the daughter of George A. and Emily Partridge Black, born September 10, 1895, at Hinckley, Millard County, Utah. Soon after his marriage Emerald took his young bride to Manassa, where he taught one more winter.

About two months after young John had arrived, Juanita followed (October 30) her husband to Mesa, where he had gone to find a home. After Juanita's exit from Thatcher, Julia went up to the homestead, where she lived more than a month

trying to make the primitive surroundings a fit place for white people to live.

The early months of 1916 Julia divided her time between the Morris farm and the homestead, planting gardens and preparing the land for cultivation. Juanita ended a three months' visit (September 3) when she returned to her home in Mesa, taking Lyman along to serve as chore boy for a school term beginning in September, 1916. During the harvest season Julia was busy at the Goat Ranch caring for the crops and preparing for winter by bottling all the fruit they were able to obtain. In January Julia assisted Daisie during the sickness and death of Glenn Allen, who passed away January 30, 1917.

Julia remained with the family at the Morris farm until September, 1917, when she went to Oakley, Idaho, to visit with her son, Emerald, and family. Enroute home she visited another son at Logan (October 9). Soon after Julia's return to Thatcher the Morris land lease ended so the family moved first to the Montieth farm, then a few weeks later to the Lively farm near Lebanon, five miles south of Safford.

Early in 1918 Julia went to Gilbert to aid Juanita and be present when her third grandchild arrived (Verda, born March 3, 1918). After Juanita had fully recovered from her illness Julia returned to the dry cactus farm in Lebanon and was soon given full command of its operations when David left for Preston, Idaho, and Wendell left for Beaver, Utah. Julia had Abraham, Lyman and Thurlow as her only assistants. The harvesting was no more than completed when Julia received an appeal from Juanita for help. Her son, John, was very sick. Julia lost no time in reaching Gilbert, but she found the child beyond help. He died the day following her arrival (December 2, 1918). This was Julia's first loss among her grandchildren. Sickness in the family kept Julia in Gilbert until spring (1919), when she returned again to the cactus ranch in Lebanon.

In July, 1919, her husband, David, who was then in Logan, Utah, sent Julia and Sarah enough money for one of them to buy a ticket to Logan. Julia and Sarah thought otherwise, so Beulah and Thurlow were sent instead.

Sarah and Julia were then left on the Lively farm with only the assistance of fourteen-year-old Abraham or "Abe" as he was better known. They harvested what little crops had not been burnt up by the scorching sun; then sold it at any

price. The furniture, teams, wagons, and all other unmoveable property was sold to the highest bidders. With this money the two women and two children went by train to Gilbert, Arizona, to spend the winter with John and Juanita Ray.

The winter season in Gilbert was no vacation for Julia nor Sarah. They entered the butter-making business and did very well with their sales. These women served as nurses in the midst of their butter-making. Julia was highly pleased to welcome her fifth grandchild (Winona, born March 1, 1920). This kept the women working double time to feed the boarders, do the house work and care for the sick. Early in April Sarah took Eunice and left for Logan, Utah, leaving Julia and Abe to keep the creamery moving. Julia and Abraham, however, only remained two more months in Gilbert, then they also left for Logan, arriving June 5, 1920. Emerald and Geneva arrived the same time from Rigby, Idaho, to see Wayne leave for his mission to the Northwestern States.

Those six months following Wayne's departure for his mission, Julia divided her time between the family garden on Third North, assisting Artie to care for her sick children, and helping her husband do his work at the Hyrum Power Dam up Blacksmith Fork Canyon. December 1, 1920, she went to Ogden to assist her brother, David Cox, whose wife had left him stranded with two little girls to care for. Her length of stay cannot be determined, but in the spring of 1921 she was again in Logan spending all her spare time in the temple. During the summer Emerald and family came to Logan to attend summer school at the U. S. A. C. During that period Geneva assisted Julia in the temple by completing a lot of names on the Janes line.

It was Julia's initiative that led to the purchase of the home at 242 East Fourth North (September 8). The need for a larger home was so imperative that Julia could not rest until the purchase was made.

Julia's greatest ambition was to serve those whom she loved. October 7, 1921, she started out on one of those missions of mercy. She arrived in Blackfoot the same day her sixth grandchild made his appearance (David Wycliffe). The child died the next day (October 8), making her second grandson lost within three years. She remained with the family more than a month before taking (November 10) the train for Gilbert, Arizona, so she could assist when her seventh grandchild

arrived (Lurline, born November 21, 1921). Juanita writes that when her mother arrived she and John were "flat" broke, so she coaxed us to make and sell butter. We did and in a short time we were getting a few clothes and other needed things." In practical affairs Julia was a wise counselor; in the face of adversities she was a sympathetic instructor, and when prosperity touched her life she personified wisdom in the use of money.

Julia spent a year in serving her daughter's family before setting out on another errand of mercy. In the autumn of 1922 she and John Ray went to Thatcher to assist Daisie Richardson, who was in distress. Daisie and her five children were packed into John's car and taken to Gilbert. Julia remained in Thatcher until she had sold Daisie's furniture and other personal effects; then returned to Gilbert by train.

Those nine months which Daisie spent with Juanita and Julia were very happy even though they were very crowded and suffered many other privations. In August, 1923, John and Juanita decided to take Daisie and her family to Logan, Utah. Three of the children were sent north on the train with Sims Ray while Julia and the other three adults went by automobile through Rockville, where Valeria gave them a royal welcome. The travelers paused for a Sunday rest (August 19) and attended the sacrament services where Julia was called on to speak. Two days later the party arrived in Logan, where a regular family reunion was in progress.

The reunion lasted twelve days for Julia. John and Juanita started south September 2nd, taking Julia as far as Cedar City, where she was left to visit her brother, Jedediah Cox. Later she went on to St. George and spent the winter working in her brother Warren's hotel as cook. She returned to Cache Valley July 20, 1924, and visited her husband a few days at the Hyrum Power Dam before arriving in Logan to attend the Jim Bridger celebration July 24th.

Her visit in Logan lasted but four days, at which time she started for Salt Lake, then went on to St. George with Warren Cox to work in his hotel for about forty days. In mid-September she returned to Salt Lake, where she became ill for about two weeks. On election day, November 4, 1924, she returned to Logan, but couldn't vote since she hadn't registered.

Temple work was Julia's principal occupation during the winter (1924-25). She spent twenty days working for Ada

Wall, a sister of John Ray, in late November. Beginning February 20, 1925, she spent nearly a month at Hyrum Power Plant assisting Artie Black, whose children were sick. Soon after her return to Logan she accompanied Calvin and Achsah McOmber to Blackfoot, Idaho, where she spent about seven weeks visiting Emerald and family. She returned to Logan May 5, and three days later she attended the wedding reception of her son, Wayne. The three months following the wedding reception she worked full time in the Logan performing endowments for her ancestors.

Jedediah Cox, Julia's half brother, was a Logan visitor August 11, 1925, and took Julia to Salt Lake for a period of rest. She spent several days visiting her son, Wayne, who was then attending summer school at the University of Utah. She returned to Logan for the family reunion (September 1-6), then for two or three weeks she worked at the Cutler Dam, returning to Logan September 24th to assist Genevieve Heward at the birth of her second child, Florence. After Genevieve's recovery Julia went to Salt Lake, then Park City, where she was employed about a month in a private home. With the money she saved she bought a ticket for Gilbert, Arizona, to pay Juanita a last visit, November, 1925.

Those four months from November till March, 1926, she assisted Juanita, who awaited the arrival of her sixth child (Kathleen, born March 25), and Julia's thirteenth grandchild. Those thirty-seven days ending March 25th Julia had received three grandchildren into her family. She took charge of Juanita's home during her sickness and for a month or so after. In the summer of 1926 she left Gilbert for Long Beach, California, where she worked for a month or two. Returning to Gilbert she was a sick woman. In spite of her illness she worked in the Chandler Cannery, where grapefruit juice was put up. The work did not improve her health. Finally she became so weak she was forced to quit. Juanita writes: "It was a great trial to her to lie around while work was going on. She must stir gravy even though she had to sit on a stool while doing so."

Her paleness and weakness had reached an alarming state by the spring of 1927. She went to Dr. Jordan of Chandler for an examination, who pronounced it stomach trouble. If the doctor recognized her case as cancer he dared not say so to her. Later when she met an old friend she was asked if she

had been sick. Julia laughingly replied: "No, I'm just going to be."

In April, 1927, Julia attended her first and last Old Folks' Party. At its close she visited her husband's niece, Maggie Dennett Hastings, whom she had known in Rockville. While a guest in Maggie's home she saw an advertisement in a Phoenix newspaper requesting the services of a woman to be a companion for an elderly woman. She answered that advertisement and insisted on accepting the position when it was later offered her. She served that woman about three weeks.

By this time the June heat was more than her frail body could withstand. She was rapidly losing her strength so she made up her mind to return to Logan, Utah. Juanita assisted her to pack up and at the Chandler depot Juanita writes: "As I looked up at the car windows and saw that white face under her new lovely hat I knew I'd never again see my own dear mother—and I didn't." She left Chandler June 27th and arrived in Salt Lake City two days later. No one in Salt Lake had received any word of her coming so her reception there was a very cold one. She struggled with her heavy luggage to Dewey's home, three and a half blocks from the depot. She was so weak and exhausted when she reached his place she could only say: "I'm sick." She was tenderly cared for and given every attention possible. The next day she celebrated her sixty-sixth birthday.

Emerald was attending summer school in Salt Lake City that season so Julia went to live with his family for a few days. Emerald took his mother to a doctor for an examination. This physician diagnosed her case as cancer, but for good reasons did not reveal to her this fact. July 8, 1927, David, Rettie and Daisie entered the prayer circle in the Logan Temple in Julia's behalf. July 16th Julia was given an opportunity to ride up to Logan by a Brother Hall.

Those last seventeen days in Logan Julia gradually lost her strength. Beginning July 30th her condition had become alarming. She was administered to several times but it seems her Creator had decided otherwise. Several hemorrhages sealed her fate. Her husband and her three associate wives were all present to "wait on her most tenderly. It would be impossible," continues Juanita, "to find more love and devotion than was manifest in that home toward mother."

Those first two days of August life was at the precipitous.

At 1:30 a. m., August 3rd, David writes a parting prayer on her life: "Julia is sleeping so quietly I could hardly hear her breath. . . . Mary Jane is in the same bed with her so alert to every move or sound that she is acutely sensitive to every quiver of change in the tension. The faintless death that is slowly but surely sapping the life that has for forty-three years been part of my own. O God! . . . thou wilt not refuse a heavenly crown to this noble wife and mother, who in her beautiful blooming girlhood refused to wed wealthy suitors and joined her life with my unworthy poverty-stricken family because she thought and knew Thou didst so direct her course. Whatever my lot may be a crown of glory awaits the dear, beautiful one now lying so lowly ill."

Those first seventeen hours of August 3, 1927, Julia lay in a semi-conscious state. David ends his writing for that day in the following words: "My dear, sweet Julia died at 5:30 p. m. so calmly, so quietly, so faintlessly, we could hardly tell when the vital spark was extinguished."

Two of Julia's sons arrived in Logan about two hours before the end. Juanita, who lived in Gilbert, Arizona, was unable to make the long journey to attend the final rites. Thurlow, who was in California, was notified of her death. Believing she was still in Gilbert, rushed there only to be disappointed to find she had died in Logan. It was then too late to make the trip to Utah.

President G. W. Lindquist of the Cache Stake Presidency was the funeral director. The services were held in the Logan Ninth Ward, Friday, August 5, at 11 a. m., Bishop Serge B. Benson of the Fourth Ward presiding. The speakers were ex-Bishop Albert D. Thurber, of Colonia Dublan, Mexico, and Charles E. McClellan, formerly of the Juarez Stake Presidency, and Bishop Serge B. Benson of the Logan Fourth Ward. All paid tribute to the sterling character and virtuous life which she had lived.

Present at the funeral besides the Stout family were two of her brothers, David and Edward Cox, her sister, Mary E. Lee, and Martha Cox, the school teacher of sixty years' experience. At the time of her death, besides her four children, she was survived by eleven grandchildren. In 1942 the total number of grandchildren had grown to 18; three others died in infancy.

Julia personified every virtue that a man would want to

find in a wife. She was endowed with those characteristics which every child associates with a divine mother. She considered no sacrifice too great, nor service too difficult for those whom she loved. Patience and long-suffering were the chief corner-stones in her character. In purity, morality, rectitude, honor, innocence and decency she was one hundred per cent a Christian.

DESCENDANTS OF DAVID FISK STOUT

This history could not be complete without a short description of the progress and present status of father's children who have reached full maturity. These sketches will be recorded according to the chronological age of the children.

DAISIE STOUT RICHARDSON

The change of climate aided Daisie's health when she was taken from Hinkley to southern Nevada in 1900. In 1901 the warmer climate of Colonia Daiz aided her to gain her previous strength and vitality. The move to Colonia Juarez in 1902 enabled her to attend the Juarez Stake Academy for two years. Before the close of the second year she married Charles Edmund Richardson (March 12, 1904). Charles E. was the son of Edmund and Mary A. Darrow Richardson, born October 13, 1858, at Manti, Utah. Edmund purchased a home in Colonia Juarez for Daisie, where she spent the next eight years.

The first child born was David Anthony, September 21, 1906. Joyce, the first daughter, joined the family August 1, 1908. Daisie's father took her to Guadalupe, where the second son and third child was born March 8, 1911. His name: Justin Veryl. Daisie experienced the distressing exodus from Mexico in 1912, but returned to Juarez in the autumn. She remained there until it was no longer safe for white people to live there. Her husband's son, Edmund, Jr., brought her and children to the Corner Ranch in New Mexico, where several weeks later she added a fourth child to the family, Glenn Allen, born December 18, 1913. Late in March, 1914, she moved to Graham County, Arizona, where she took up a homestead south of Thatcher. Living conditions on that desolate flat were very severe. Due to financial difficulties, she was sadly neglected. After much suffering she was moved into Thatcher, where her second and last daughter joined the family, Naida, born April 18, 1916. Nine months later her son, Glenn Allen, died, January 30, 1917. The last child to join the family was Volney Murray, born November 20, 1918, nine days after the World War ended.

The next four years were very tragic for Daisie and her family. Starvation and neglect best describe the conditions under which they lived. Finally John Ray came over from Mesa and hauled the family back to his home (autumn of 1922) in his

automobile and gave them a home and plenty to eat. They remained with the Rays for nine months and shared their hospitality. In August, 1923, John loaded the family into his car and started for Logan, Utah. Daisie had decided she could no longer depend on her husband for support so she wanted to be where her own people lived. They arrived in Logan in time to attend the Stout reunion. Daisie and her children lived with the Stouts for about a year, then found a home on Third East in the same block. After a period Daisie purchased the home of Donald Black at 231 East Third North. Daisie has since lived in that home. In 1941 a new home was built in front of the old one, a blessing well deserved.

In 1932 Daisie's children began to go their separate ways. David was the first to marry. He married Elaine Earl March 3, 1932. Elaine is the daughter of Orange Wight and Effie Jane Jones Earl, born June 18, 1908, at Bunkerville, Nevada.

The children of David and Elaine are: David Earl, born January 27, 1933; Eva Elaine, born March 3, 1934; Orange Edmund, born June 15, 1935; Effie Daisie, born September 3, 1936, died November 20, 1936; Darrow Wight, born October 18, 1937; Thomas Fisk, born February 9, 1939; Walter Wilbur, born December 26, 1940—the last were boy twins born February 13, 1944—(Allen Hart and Owen Hall.) Two years later Justin married the sister of Elaine, Miss Hortense Earl, August 23, 1934. Hortense was born August 23, 1918, in Delta, Utah. Not till June 18, 1941, did Daisie lose another by marriage. On that date Murray married Miss Wilma Gilbert, the daughter of Frank J. and Matilda Barlow Gilbert, born at Fairview, Idaho. April 8, 1920. Murray and Wilma have one child, Bruce Murray, born August 3, 1942.

Naida was Daisie's first daughter to marry. On Christmas day, 1942, she married Eugene Dickson, the son of Elsie Alice Dickson, born August 20, 1912, at Richland, Kansas. Daisie's oldest daughter, Joyce, never married. She completed her commercial course from the L.D.S. Business College, then was asked by that institution to serve as one of its teachers. After serving many years in that capacity she took advanced training in eastern universities, after which she qualified as a court reporter. She is now a reporter in the Third District Court, Salt Lake City.

EMERALD WYCLIFFE STOUT

Like his second name implies, Emerald was born to be a reformer. Since childhood his entire life has been directed toward improving conditions around him. His early educational opportunities were very poor. In 1906 he entered the Juarez Stake Academy as a preparatory student at the age of 17. This course gave him the training which qualified him to enter the regular high school the following year. After two years at the Juarez Academy he remained home to run his father's farm at Guadalupe, Mexico. In September, 1909, he returned to the Academy and spent three years, graduating in May, 1912. Emerald took a special interest in music. During those five years he learned to play the violin. When he completed high school he was considered the best violinist in the Mexican colonies. He also played the clarinet, playing the leading parts in the Academy band. Emerald did very well in physics and chemistry.

Emerald was ordained an Elder by Rudger Clawson December 12, 1908. March 23, 1912, he was ordained a Seventy by A. W. Ivins. After the exodus from Mexico in 1912, Emerald went to Provo, Utah, where he entered the Brigham Young University, remaining two years. In 1914 he was offered a teaching position at the Manassa High School, Colorado, where he remained two years. September 1, 1915, he married Geneva Black, daughter of George Ayers and Emily Partridge Black. Geneva was born at Hinckley, Millard County, Utah, September 10, 1895. Emerald was offered another position at the Cassia Stake Academy, Oakley, Idaho, in 1916. He held that position two years. October 6, 1916, soon after he began teaching in Oakley, his first child, Helen Beth, was born. In 1918 he was offered a better position at Rigby, Idaho. He held that position for two years also. While in Rigby, his second child, Ruth, was born (February 25, 1919). In 1920 he accepted a teaching position at the Blackfoot High School. He remained there for nine years. Three more children were added to his family while there. David Wycliffe was born October 7, 1921, and died the following day. Marvin Lowell arrived January 9, 1923. Dorothy Mae was born March 21, 1926.

August, 1929, Emerald and family moved to Salt Lake City, where Emerald attended the University of Utah, part time, for two years. In 1931 he secured a teaching position at

the Moab High School, where he has remained up to the present. January 16, 1936, Edward Dean was born.

Helen Beth, Emerald's oldest daughter, after graduating from the Brigham Young University, taught at the Richfield High School for two years, then married William LeRoy Warner, Jr., in the Salt Lake Temple, June 18, 1941. "Bill," as he is known, is the son of William LeRoy and Martha Theurer Warner, born November 12, 1916, at Wellsville, Cache County, Utah. William is an F. B. I. agent.

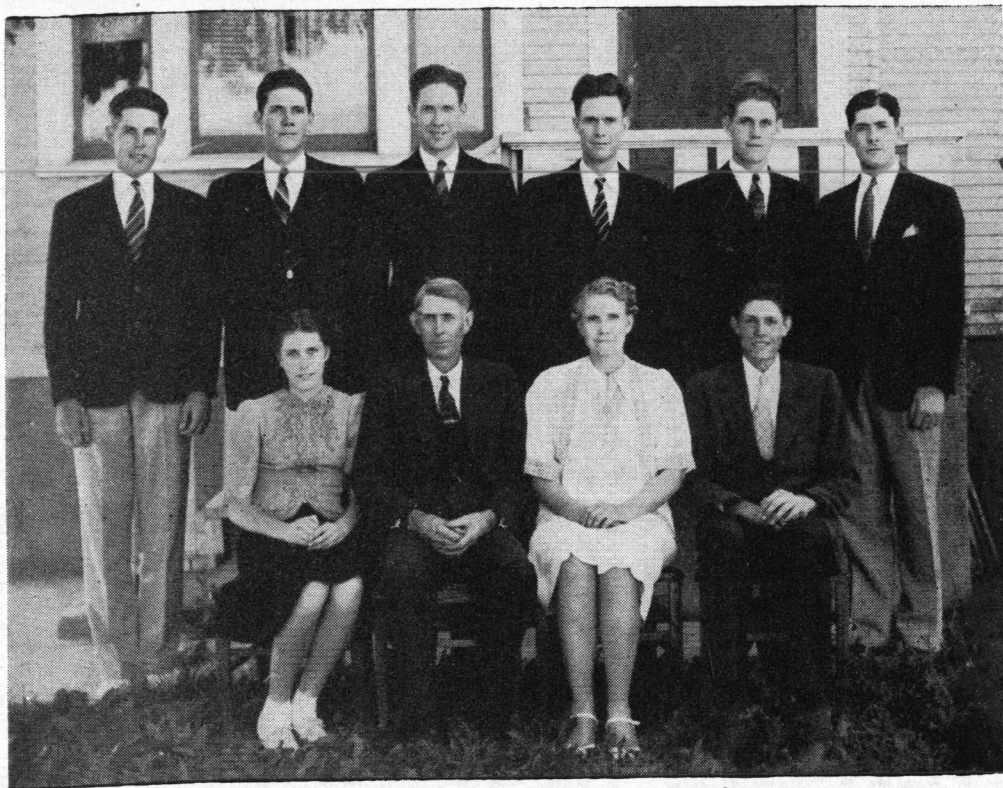
Ruth, the most beautiful of all father's grandchildren, attended the Brigham Young University about three years, then was sent to the Texas Mission for nearly two years. Immediately after her release she married (November 28, 1942) Alvin Berthel Bergeson of Blackfoot, Idaho. "Bert" is the son of Alvin Frederick and Millie Mae Jones Bergeson, born March 22, 1919, at Blackfoot, Idaho. His mother, Mae Jones, was a close friend of Geneva Black when they were students at the Juarez Stake Academy (1910-1912). Her first child, Sharon, was born September 4, 1943. Lowell is now serving his country in the Army.

ACHSAH STOUT MCOMBER

Achsah was well named since the Hebrew meaning of the word is a woman who can charm or one who entertains the public. Achsah lived up to her name beautifully since she developed into an excellent elocutionist. After completing three years in high school she was the star reader at the Juarez Stake Academy. At the end of her school career she married Calvin D. McOmber, June 24, 1909. Calvin is the son of Orange and Marinda Griffith McOmber, born August 22, 1885, at Hyde Park, Cache County, Utah. The marriage was performed at the Stout home in Guadalupe, Mexico, by Bishop Albert D. Thurber of the Dublan Ward. Three months later the couple went to Salt Lake City where a Temple marriage was performed October 7, 1909. From Salt Lake the couple went to Groveland, Idaho, where Calvin was employed as a carpenter.

It was in Groveland that Calvin Delos, Jr., made his appearance April 11, 1910. Since employment became more difficult in Bingham County, the McOmbers decided to return to Mexico. Late in October, 1910, the family was in Mexico again. Calvin purchased part of the Stout farm and lived in part of the old house where George Emerson, their second son, joined the family January 24, 1912.

See note No. 1, page 389.



ACHSAH STOUT Mc OMBER AND FAMILY - Sitting: Velma, Calvin D. Mc Ombler, Sr., Achsah and David Ivins Mc Ombler. Standing: Winston, Adrian, Emerson, Calvin D. Jr., Arthur, and Ferryle.

In the Mormon exodus from Mexico, Achsah and husband lost all their property to the Mexicans and fled to the United States, where they were happy "to again be under the protection of the good old United States flag." After two weeks in El Paso they took the train for Logan, Utah, arriving August 12, 1912. The family lived in Logan two years before filing claim to a one hundred and sixty acre dry farm south of Oakley, Idaho. For eleven years the family fought drought and poverty but increased in spiritual prosperity since five more sons were added to the family. Arthur Fisk was the first to arrive in Oakley. He was born July 28, 1914. Ferryle came two years later, October 30, 1916. Winston Isaiah, named in honor of the present premier of England, arrived December 27, 1918. Adrian Stout, January 29, 1921. Finally, two years before the family left Oakley, David Ivins joined the group (January 24, 1923).

In 1925 the family decided to leave the farm and try business, so they moved to Pocatello and went into the orange juice business. This business was not successful so they rented a farm and went into dairy farming, which proved very successful. About the time they started selling milk their last and only daughter came into the family. Velma was born February 26, 1927. The family was very active in Church affairs. Calvin, the oldest son, was called on a mission to Czechoslovakia, where he met and later married Miss Frances Brodil, a church member whose sister also married a missionary from Utah. Calvin and Frances were married April 30, 1937. Frances is the daughter of Francis and Frances Vesely Brodil, born December 22, 1904, in Vienna, Austria. She is a Czechoslovakian, however, and not an Austrian.

Early in January, 1934, Emerson left for a mission to the southern states, where he was made District President during the latter part of his mission. June 21, 1939, he married Miss Josie Clara Tindal, who lived in the same mission. Miss Tindal is the daughter of George Washington and Nancy Cutter Tindal, born December 18, 1910, at Hampton, South Carolina. Arthur was later sent to the Southern States Mission, and soon after his return, married June Martineau, June 21, 1940. June is the daughter of Howard Nephi and Mary Clark Martineau, born June 9, 1916, at Montpelier, Idaho.

Ferryle left for his mission to Germany in October, 1937, so his mission was incomplete when the great war broke out in September, 1939. He experienced many difficulties returning

to the United States during those early days of the war. He finished his mission in the Central States, returning home in 1940. He joined the U. S. Navy in 1942. Ferryle married Merial Lambert, November 27, 1943 at Oakland, California. Merial is the daughter of George Cannon and Avery Clark Lambert, born March 18, 1916 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Winston served in the New England Mission from 1940 to 1942. At this writing Adrian is serving in the North Central States Mission; will probably return in 1944.*

Achsah's five sons who have served on missions is a remarkable record. These boys are a credit to any family, community, or nation. Achsah has been more successful in raising a large group of true Latter-day Saints than any of her brothers and sisters. For this reason a picture of her family is shown in this book.

WENDELL SNOW STOUT

Wendell was always the intellectual type and took to learning and books as a young duck takes to water. His struggle for an education ranks high in Americanism. Opportunity for schooling in the grades was very poor, but when he began his high school in September, 1906, he worked very hard so that when he graduated in 1911 he was considered the most promising student in his class. It was Guy C. Wilson, principal of the Juarez Stake Academy, who inspired him to continue his education on into college. It was Professor Wilson who required all his graduates to write a thesis before leaving school. Wendell was assigned the topic: "Does the study of physical science militate against religious belief?" Wendell probably did a lot of hard thinking before coming to the conclusion that true science aided in the cause of religion. Armed with these conclusions Wendell left Guadalupe (a few days after he was ordained a Seventy September 24, 1911) for Provo, Utah, to attend the Brigham Young University.

In Provo, Wendell put to a test his theory that true science should strengthen religious belief. Wendell chose the very subjects in science which challenged Mormonism's position relative to man's origin. Wendell found after careful study that religion and science are not reconcilable and that science had a more rational explanation for the origin of life. The absorption of these false conceptions have destroyed Wendell's usefulness in the Church. Instead of developing into a man of Guy C.

*See note No. 2 on Page 389.

Wilson's level—which he could have done—he is now a hopeless cynic, ridiculer of temple ordinances, and a scoffer of genealogy.

After two years study at the Brigham Young University, Wendell taught one year at Lewisville, Idaho, where he met Estella Jensen, who also taught in the same school. They were married in the Logan Temple June 3, 1914. Estella is the daughter of James J. and Mathilda Scroder Jensen, born May 17, 1891, at Pocatello, Idaho. The following year (1914-1915) Wendell again attended the Brigham Young University, graduating in June, 1915.

Soon after school closed, Wendell and family moved to Logan where their first child was born, Wendell Snow, Jr., July 24, 1915. Wendell taught in the lower grades of the Logan City schools (1915-1916). The following year he taught at Bunkerville, Nevada. In the spring of 1917 he moved to Lebanon, Arizona, where he worked with his father on a farm for a year. July 21, 1918, his second son, Carlyle Fenton, arrived. He was offered a position in the Murdock Stake Academy, so he moved to Beaver, Utah, where he taught for four years. March 24, 1922, his only daughter was born, Jean Elaine. He taught in the Church Seminary at Preston, Idaho, for one year (1922-1923), then went to the Branch Agricultural College at Cedar City, Utah, where he remained seven years. June, 1924, he received his master's degree from the Brigham Young University. The school year 1927-1928 he was given a year of absence at full pay so he attended Columbia University, where he studied under John Dewey. In 1930 he lost his position at the Cedar College, so he moved to Salt Lake, then to Medford, Oregon. In 1933 he worked in Rupert, Idaho, on his father-in-law's farm. In 1935 he was employed by the Carbon County School Board, where he remained until 1943 when he resigned.

November 27, 1943 Wendell left Salt Lake City for Phoenix, Arizona. For many years he had been suffering from a weak heart. The change of climate was recommended as a means of improving his health.

Wendell is not an orthodox Mormon. Morally he is a man with high ideals, whose standard of ethics is unimpeachable, a strong defender of his convictions, but whose religious philosophy is self-made. An insight into his philosophy is seen by his response to the question: "Was Joseph Smith a true Prophet?" His reaction to this challenge is the inquiry:

"Is God good?" What can Wendell mean by this insinuation? Obviously he means that if God is good He certainly wouldn't call Joseph Smith to be His Prophet! This conclusion is supported by Wendell's condemnation of the Temple ordinances, his attitude toward the garments, his dislike for generology, and his complete lack of church activity.

Wendell has assumed a great responsibility in taking the position he has. The salvation of all his descendants is at stake. At the Great Judgment Day he must demonstrate to God that his self-made religion is superior to the teachings of Joseph Smith! Wendell's descendants, who have placed their trust in his teachings, will rise or fall, with Wendell's teachings!

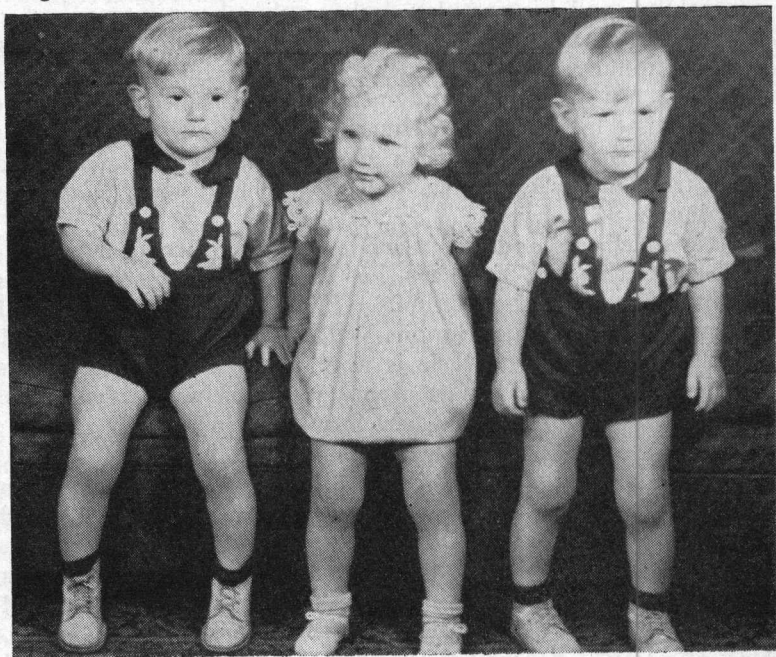
Wendell's second son, Carlyle Fenton, married Dr. Frances Margaret Willie, February 12, 1944. This ceremony was not performed in the Temple. Frances is the daughter of Henry Albert and Rhea Simons Willie, born February 5, 1921 in Salt Lake City. Carlyle is now a medical student at the University of Utah. The Army is financing his expenses. Carlyle will probably be the first Stout to win an M.D.

VALERIA STOUT DEMILLE

Valeria graduated from the Juarez Stake Academy in 1912, a short time before the move from Mexico. She and her mother and sister, Madona, left El Paso in August, 1912, and went to Rockville, Utah, to be with the Terrys. Valeria was offered a teaching position at LaVerkin. During the school year she met Roswell DeMille, whom she married in St. George, May 14, 1913. Roswell is the son of Oliver and Emily Beal DeMille, born October 1, 1882, at Schoonesburgh, Washington County, Utah. Roswell then owned the old Stout home where nearly all the children were born. He and Valeria moved into the old home, where they remained for many years. Their children arrived in the following order: Faye, February 14, 1914; Edison, December 16, 1916; Horace September 2, 1917; Abner, May 1, 1919, and Melvina Agnes, October 16, 1922.

Valeria's death (June 17, 1926) was the result of fire works, which eventually caused her death. The children were cared for by Mary Jane, her mother, for several years after Valeria's death. Faye, the oldest child, married Merle Joel Campbell January 28, 1937. Merle is the son of Elick and Wealthy Merriar Hall Campbell and was born June 10, 1915, at

Vernal, Uintah County, Utah. Their first child proved to be triplets, second, a single, and finally in 1943, twin girls were born. Edison, Valeria's oldest boy, married Vartan Gifford September 20, 1937. She is the daughter of William Henry



THE TRIPLETS

Children of Faye De Mille Campbell. Grand-children of Valeria Stout De Mille. Left to right: Ronald, Ginger and Clifford. Born December 12, 1937. Age, 2 years.

and Eleanor Hepworth Gifford, born November 28, 1918, at Springdale, Utah. Horace and Abner never married, but Melvina, the youngest child, has been married and divorced twice.

JUANITA STOUT RAY

Juanita was the best alto singer in the Stout family—she excelled in humorous readings, and was the life of every social party. Graduating from the Juarez Stake Academy in May, 1912, she accompanied her mother to Hinckley, Utah, the August following. Her uncle, Hosea Stout, a school board member, offered her a teaching position at the Hinckley grade

school. In that school she remained three years. The summer of 1913 she attended the summer school at the University of Utah. After the second year of teaching, she married John Alexander Ray in the Salt Lake Temple June 17, 1914. John is the son of James Wilford and Elsie Margaret Mortensen Ray, born November 10, 1888, at Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico. John and Juanita continued in Hinckley one more winter, Juanita teaching while John attended the Millard Academy, graduating in May, 1915.

June 1, 1915, Juanita and John arrived in Thatcher, Arizona. John had been offered employment by his father-in-law, David Stout, constructing a ditch. The first addition to the family was made September 3, 1915, when John Alexander, Jr., arrived. Juanita joined her husband in Mesa, Arizona, October 30th, where they made their home.

The family lived in the neighborhood of Mesa for two or three years, then moved to Gilbert, a rural community south of Mesa. Their first daughter, Verda, was born there March 3, 1918. Before the year ended, John A., Jr., died of influenza. While still in Gilbert, five more children were born: Winona arrived March 1, 1920; Lurline, November 21, 1921; Irving John, April 18, 1924; Kathleen, March 25, 1926, and Ila Valeria, February 19, 1928. Later the family moved to Chandler, where two more children were born: Kennard Dewey, January 6, 1931, and Donetta Pearl, May 11, 1933.

Juanita's children began marrying in 1938. First, Verda married Wendell Haws Eyring June 10, 1938. Wendell is the son of Andrew Theodore and Edith Haws Eyring, born September 23, 1918, at Mesa, Arizona. The children of Verda and Wendell are: Wendell Haws, Jr., born March 17, 1939; Shirley Juanita, born September 2, 1940; Sandra Sue, born March 21, 1942; and Michael Ray, born January 14, 1944. Winona married Alma Wesley Millet, Jr., June 15, 1938 in the Mesa Temple. Alma is the son of Alma Wesley and Merle LeBaron Millet, born June 18,, 1917, at Mesa, Arizona. The children of Winona and Alma are: Alma Wesley, born July 6, 1939; and Pamela, born October 6, 1943. Lurline married Cyrus Cox Russell, August 17, 1940, at Torrence, California. Cyrus is the son of Frank and Julia Fisk Russell, born September 9, 1920, at Mesa, Arizona. To date Lurline and Cyrus have one child Gary, born October 5, 1941. Juanita's youngest child, Donetta Pearl, died November 2, 1941. At the



JUAREZ STAKE ACADEMY STUDENTS - April 3, 1912

end of 1942 Juanita had five grandchildren. This number is rapidly increasing.

Irving, Juanita's oldest living son, married Ethlyn Andersen, June 8, 1943, in the Mesa Temple. Ethlyn is the daughter of Hans and Mynoa Richardson Andersen, born December 15, 1925, at Thatcher, Arizona.

AURETA STOUT BLACK

Artie was known for her perfect poise, calmness and patience. She never excelled in any one direction, but did well in all aspects of life. She was an excellent singer, faithful church worker, dependable housekeeper, and teacher. She had finished three years of high school when the exodus from Mexico took place. In mid-August, 1912, she and several others left El Paso for Logan. There she was enabled to attend the Brigham Young College, where she graduated in the spring of 1913. The following two years she taught in the grade schools of Logan.

Artie and Donald Black had been more than merely friends in 1910 before Donald went on his mission to Mexico. A few months after Artie arrived in Logan (1912) Donald returned from his mission and found employment in Utah. For two and one-half years he made frequent visits to Logan, which finally resulted in their marriage, June 9, 1915, in the Logan Temple. Donald is the son of George Ayers and Emily Partridge Black, born July 17, 1892, at Hinckley, Utah. Donald, at the time of marriage, was an employee of the Utah Power and Light Company, serving as a power plant operator, located at Riverdale, near Ogden, Utah.

Their first child, Emily, arrived May 9, 1916. During the same year Donald was transferred from Riverdale to the Oneida Power Plant, located on the Bear River, seventeen miles north of Preston, Idaho. Here the family lived about two years. In 1918 Artie's husband was transferred by his company to Terminal, Utah, a distribution station six miles west of Salt Lake City. On the very day the World War ended, November 11, 1918, a second daughter was born. To honor the great Frenchman who led the allied armies, she was named Focha.

The late summer of 1919 Donald was placed in charge of a small power plant located at the mouth of Blacksmith's Fork Canyon, three miles from Hyrum, Utah. The family moved to their new location, where they spent the next seven years. July 2, 1920, Artie's first son was born, Ray Donald.

Nearly two years later, Artie's last son joined the family. Harold Reed was born January 27, 1922. A third daughter was added to the group when Mary made her appearance July 12, 1924.

In 1926 Donald severed his connections with the power company and went into business for himself. The family moved to Malad, Idaho, where the family went into the root beer business. As a side line Donald served as the town's electrician and general repairman. It was in Malad that Artie's last child joined the family. Barbara was born September 19, 1931. During the late summer of 1932 the family moved to Logan, Utah. Donald built a home a few feet east of the Stout home on Fourth North. Artie was present when her father died October 1, 1932. Donald found employment with the City Power Department and served as operator at the power house at the mouth of Logan Canyon. In 1935 Donald was offered a position as guard by the Bureau of Prisons and was sent to El Paso, Texas. The prison was located at LaTuna, twenty miles up the river from El Paso. The family first lived in El Paso; then in 1940 the family lived in a government building at LaTuna.

Focha was the first to marry. Her marriage to Artel Ricks took place in the Salt Lake Temple September 3, 1941. Artel is the son of Hyrum and Alice Cheney Ricks, born July 26, 1920, at Rexburg, Idaho. The children of Focha and Artel are: David, born July 21, 1942; and Richard, born September 9, 1943. Ray Donald, Artie's oldest son, was married to Eveletta Skouson, September 14, 1942. Eveletta is the daughter of Peter James and Alpha Matron Spinhoward Skouson, born January 7, 1925, at Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico. Mary's marriage to William E. Bowers, Jr., took place April 15, 1943, in El Paso, Texas. William is the son of William Edlage and Prudence Mae Richins Bowers, born February 17, 1920, at Hatchita, New Mexico.

MADONA STOUT SCHMIDT

Since 1926 Madona has been the only surviving child of Mary Jane Terry Stout. She is the meekest and the least pretentious within the family.

Madona completed the eighth grade in the Hinckley schools while she and Valeria were visiting in Hinckley, 1910-1911. Returning to Mexico in the autumn of 1911 she attended the Juarez Stake Academy for her first year in high school. After

the exodus she went to Rockville for about a month, then went to Hinckley, where she attended the Millard Academy. When school closed in 1913 she worked in Salt Lake for fifteen months, then attended the Brigham Young College for her third year of high school. September, 1915, she went to Thatcher, Arizona, and attended the Gila Academy and graduated May 11, 1916. After school she found employment in a hospital at Phoenix. It was there that she made her acquaintance with W. W. Schmidt, her future husband. In September, 1916, she went to Logan and registered as a normal student at the Brigham Young College. Completing the requirements to teach in the grade schools of Utah, she taught at Seviere Station the following winter. The following winter (1918-1919) she taught in Springdale, near Rockville, Utah.

Early in August she left Utah for Vancouver, Washington, where she met William Werner Schmidt, and married him August 14, 1919. William is the son of William and Emma Biugaug Schmidt, born April 28, 1889, at St. Gallin, Switzerland. After their marriage the couple lived in Wauna, Oregon, for some time, then moved to Portland.

William Werner, Jr., arrived January 2, 1921. Three girls followed: Velma June, February 14, 1923; Virginia, February 18, 1927, and Ida Dolores, December 18, 1929. Werner was the first to marry. His marriage to Pearl Mae Jenson took place July 7, 1943. Pearl is the daughter of Ole Edwin and Bertha Mae Bratton Jenson, born August 29, 1925, at San Fernando, California.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WAYNE DUNHAM STOUT

I, Wayne Dunham Stout, the fifteenth child in a family of twenty-eight, will attempt to give my posterity an inside view of my life's impressions, experiences, defeats, successes and struggles for recognition, security and social achievement. My greatest battles have been waged against handicaps of speech, mannerisms, and misguided social concepts. Since life is a never ending educational process, and since "life begins at forty" there is still hope that a few of my ideals can be realized before the curtain is finally drawn.

I am my mother's fourth child, and third son, born March 18, 1894. My mother, Julia Cox Stout, was the third wife of my father, David Fisk Stout. At the time of my advent my parents were living in Rockville, Washington County, Utah,

a small frontier town, near Zion National Park, the very heart of the Rockies—it was truly “Springtime in the Rockies”.

There were eleven other children alive in the family when I came, none of whom were older than thirteen. Within six years (1900) eight more children came to swell our numbers to twenty. Since I was but one child in twenty, I never grew up under the same handicaps which the one child in a family does. I had my handicaps, truly, but not the egotism and selfishness so easily developed where one child rules the home.

The very day my father left Rockville (April 8, 1894) to serve as president of the Northern States Mission, he gave me a blessing and a name, which I have since been known by. I was just one month old when I made my first journey. Mother took me to Mt. Trumbull, Arizona, where I spent several months, not helping her, but burdening her to the limit.

I do not remember when my sister, Ruth, arrived (October 16, 1896), but I do have faint recollections of playing among the large rocks which were near our home in Rockville. When I was three and a half years old my mother took me to Hinckley, Utah, (September 24, 1897) where we lived nearly four years. Two events in Hinckley are clear in my memory. I caught my finger in the washing machine, clipping the end off. That finger still wears the scar. My mother took me to Salt Lake City to attend the October (1898) General Conference. My brother, Grant, was also with us. He became separated from us and was lost in the great crowds. After a hard search mother and I entered the Tabernacle completely exhausted from our hunt. A session of the conference was then under way. Between the singing a small boy was lifted upon the pulpit and advertised as lost. “Does any one recognize this boy?” was the speaker’s inquiry. Mother and I did; it was Grant, freckles and all.

I was only a child of six when my parents decided to move to Mexico. Hence I was too small to appreciate the real reason for making the move. In February, 1901, the family started toward Mexico in groups. Ten of us children were taken on the train to Mexico with Mary Jane and Sarah as our guardians. Personally I greatly enjoyed the train ride, which took us through Provo, Pueblo, Colorado, and El Paso, Texas. We arrived in Colonia Diaz April 11, 1902.

As a child of seven I was highly pleased with the country. Instead of biting winds and alkaline dust Diaz was warm,

pleasant and balmy. Grant and I explored our new home together and decided we liked the place. In the autumn of 1901 I started to school for the first time in my life. Sickness and death that winter greatly interfered with my school work. The death of my oldest brother, Irving, on my eighth birthday (March 18, 1902) was a crucial event in my life. The mental suffering of my mother was indescribable, and deeply impressed me with the mystery of death.

Irving's loss affected mother's life so profoundly that Bishop Johnson advised father to take mother to a new country where a change of scenery would help her to forget the past. Accordingly, soon after Willard's burial, father took mother and her four children to Pacheco, arriving April 19, 1902. During that twenty-day period, Emerald, Juanita and I enjoyed ourselves climbing mountains, collecting pine gum, and watching the saw mill operations. May 9th father took us to Hop Valley, where Mary Jane, her daughters and Grant had just arrived from Diaz. Grant's presence made me very happy since he was nearer my age. He and I became bosom pals. Wherever Grant went, I followed.

This close companionship lasted but seven weeks when I was moved to Colonia Juarez with mother, Juanita and Thurlow (June 26, 1902). The fifteen days I spent in Juarez were filled with activities I shall never forget. Mother started the fruit drying business, Juanita and I being her assistants. Using an old two-wheeled handcart, we hauled wind-fall apples from practically every orchard in town. In addition my duty was to find all the dead tree limbs, drag them home and cut them up for fire wood.

I was very happy when father returned (July 10, 1902) from Diaz with the balance of the family for I saw an opportunity to return to the mountains so I could be with Grant again. Although I was needed more in Juarez than in Hop Valley I teased my parents into letting me go. The three and a half months I spent in the mountains were the happiest in my entire life. We five boys spent our time working on the farm, herding sheep, and hunting wild game. Dewey usually followed Grant and me, helping the James boys herd sheep. These happy days came to an end when father took me (November 1) to Juarez, where I entered school for my second year. My teacher was Ann C. Clayson, the first teacher whose name I can remember. I question whether I was advanced

sufficiently to take the second grade that winter. The only fellow student I can remember in that group was Marion Romney, who is now (1942) an assistant to the Twelve. A month after school began (December 6) I was baptized in the river, which cuts the town in half. Mother took me down to the home of John C. Harper, who officiated. The next day I was confirmed by Bishop Joseph C. Bentley.

I doubt whether I made very much progress during that five months of school. My chief occupation at play was playing marbles. One Sabbath afternoon while playing keeps with a group of boys a prominent man of the community came up and asked us if playing keeps was the right thing to do on Sunday. The gentle reprimand made a deep impression on me. His name was Anthony W. Ivins. My school ended April 18, 1903, when mother and her children were moved to Guadalupe, where I saw for the first time the old Mexican mud house, which was to be my home for the next nine years. Grant was already there so we rapidly made our adjustments to the new environment. We made our acquaintance with the Allred boys, Henry and Orson, who became fast friends. For a few weeks after arrival, I attended a school taught by Aunt Rettie, which completed my education for that winter.

As a child of nine my contribution to the farm work was small. My duties were to herd cows, hoe weeds, ride the horse which pulled the cultivator, and assist in hauling hay. The arrival of the threshers in June was a big event in my life. Grant and I were assigned to work under the tail to remove the straw. Our faces were blackened by the flying dust which we even enjoyed. We felt well repaid when permitted to take a swim in the river near by. These swims proved to be the principal recreation for the community.

Early in September I made a trip to the San Pedro mines with father to sell produce. There I was given my first lessons in the fine art of selling. Later in the month I assisted father and Emerald run the Taylor molasses mill in Juarez. I served as feeder during the morning hours and attended school in the afternoons. This school term lasted one week for me. We returned to Guadalupe (October 8) where all my brothers and sisters attended the school taught by Aunt Rettie. For me it could hardly be called a school term since there were so many interruptions. I made another trip with father to the San Pedro mines (October 19-22) and a trip to the mountains (December

21-23) for lumber. The teacher was sick several times during the winter so actual schooling amounted to about three months. I should have been in the third grade that winter, but more likely I did second grade work. The seven school years (1901-1908) I should have completed seven grades, but the truth was I only completed four, which shows I lost the equivalent of three years. Thus I was retarded in my struggle for an education, but I kept up the fight, encouraged by the fact that I was not always the oldest in my class.

The school year which ended in April, 1904, had one bright spot which none of the other years had. I had as my bosom companion, Grant, the only real brother I had. I was two years younger than he so I clung to him like a parasite. He was the only brother who was charitable toward my weaknesses and imperfections and tolerated my childish habits. He had all the qualifications and characteristic of a big brother. Hence he was my only counselor and confident.

Well do I remember that day in July, 1904, he and I were down in our orchard eating green fruit. This unsuitable food did not affect me, but it caused Grant indigestion, weakened his resistance, then brought on a fever which proved to be typhoid. His death (August 26, 1904) was a personal loss to me for I never fully recovered from its effect. Henceforth I was denied all companionship of the trustworthy variety. My younger brothers were too young, while my older brothers were too old to play with. Wendell was the very opposite of Grant. He was not only intolerant, but cruel in his attitude toward me. Since my reactions were less developed than his he savagely criticized and persecuted every act and thought emanating from me. Intoxicated by his own wisdom, the egomaniac made life unhappy for those around him by his excessive dogmatism. Emerald exercised a far more sympathetic attitude toward me. Five years my senior he was old enough to realize I needed brotherly instruction, not persecution.

The school year (1904-1905) was a complete failure. What few weeks school was held, Aunt Sarah was the teacher. She was sick much of the time, hence little progress was made. The following year (1905-1906) mother was the teacher. For me it was more successful since it lasted longer with less interruptions. Those years were very critical for me. I was not concerned with the problem of securing an education. I preferred hunting ducks or rabbits. I spent much of the time

on the cattle range, driving our dairy herd to and from the fields. Part of that period I rode a donkey or burro. This dumb animal served as my only companion on many a cow hunt.

Family life during those years before the older children left to attend the Juarez Academy was very unique. There were thirteen children between the ages of one and seventeen (1906), all living in the same house. Our dinner table was set for eighteen when all were present. Every meal was preceded by a blessing on the food, and twice daily by family prayers. On Sunday morning a special family gathering was held. On that occasion father gave us instructions, family problems were discussed, and future plans were made. As a spiritual leader, father had no equal. His strong faith and humble demeanor were the factors which won obedience and respect from wives and children alike. His decisions were the same as revelations to the family. These family gatherings were concluded by prayer, father or one of the wives acting as mouth. After these services we all marched off to Sunday School as Saints should. Until early in 1908 these services were held mostly in our own home, the north room, where all our community dances were held.

Frederick J. Clark was the musical leader in the community. He led the singing in Church and played the violin for the dances. That was the age for the square dance, the waltz and two-step were tabued. I learned the art by dancing with my sisters—Artie, Juanita and Valeria were my favorite victims. Had it not been for Emerald I would never have had the money to enter these socials. Realizing how green I was socially, he insisted on my attendance to cure my excessive timidity. On one of those Sundays (March 4, 1906) that Fred Clark led the singing in Sunday School, he was called home hurriedly, where he found his wife with a new baby girl. This child eventually became my wife. How thrilled I would have been had I known it.

Life on the farm in 1906 was much the same. My older brothers and sisters left Guadalupe in the autumn to attend school in Juarez. This left Dewey and me to do the chores on the farm. No school was held in Guadalupe that winter so our summer vacation lasted at least fifteen months. In the late spring of 1907 Donald Black and myself secured a job at the brick kiln, where the brick for the new meeting house was prepared. We worked there the entire period while the work was

under construction. I was thirteen years old but had never been ordained a Deacon. Finally on April 7, 1907, Byron H. Allred came and asked me to be one. I indicated my willingness if he thought me worthy. My father was mouth in the ordination. I was informed that I had more authority from God than the King of England.

In September, 1907, father and I started for Temocockic with a load of produce, but before we reached Galena I took sick, so father turned around and rushed home. I was too sick to appreciate the losses which he suffered on my account. After my recovery I divided my time between attending school taught by Irene Allred held at the home of Matilda Allred and working on the new meeting house, then under construction.

In the autumn of 1908, our school building having been completed, we began to hold a regular school. Geneva Cox, my mother's half-sister, was teacher. She had recently graduated from the Juarez Stake Academy (May, 1908). Geneva placed me in the fifth grade with pupils younger than I. I worked very hard that winter. Considering my handicaps, I did very well by passing my grade. School came to a close March 26, 1909.

My first attempt to write a daily diary was begun April 27, and ended two months later. The writings were of little value, but indicated a future trend. The only satisfaction I derived from the effort is its evidence that I have made progress since that time.

Most of the summer of 1909 was spent on the Guadalupe farm. My older brothers were employed on Black's header, father was in California, so Dewey and I did most of the field work. I spent several days at the river dam, where Guadalupe's water supply was obtained. In September, while working on that dam, I had a serious accident which nearly cost my life. I was hauling rock from the hillside with a boxless wagon which only had loose planks resting on the running gears. Descending the hill with a load of rock, and defective brakes, the rocks naturally began rolling downward and off onto the horses' heels. Since there was no endgate to stop the rocks they frightened the horses to run faster and faster. With all my might I tried to hold the horses back, but the lines were jerked from my hands. Soon the horses were running at full speed down the hill. The rocks and planks were flying in every direction. There I sat helplessly trying to hold on. My

only chance was to work myself down to the front, walk on the tongue between the horses and mount one of them. This I tried to do. Losing my balance I fell behind old Maud's feet. Lucky for me, one leg only was run over by one wheel. The worst could have happened under such conditions. Shirl Black put me in his wagon and took me home. I laid in bed for three weeks before I could even use my leg. About the time I could use crutches school began so for three more weeks I rode the old mule to school and used the crutches to walk with. Rose Bunker was my teacher that winter. I completed the sixth grade.

The last act of 1909 worth recording was my ordination to the office of Teacher (December 26, 1909) by my father. I remember very well how Henry Allred and myself were assigned to do ward teaching together. We were both very green. Before venturing into the first house we held a street prayer. If ever two mortals needed wisdom to teach, we did. The people we visited may not have been benefitted spiritually by our teaching, but it supplied us with experiences which insured our growth. The two years and a half I had served as a Deacon were filled with services toward the Church. There were about four or six of us who were given the responsibility of caring for the meeting house each Sunday. Orson Allred and I were usually paired off together. Every second Saturday afternoon we met at the church, cleaned it up by sweeping and dusting and arranging the benches properly. Then we prepared the sacrament dishes for use.

Before school closed (March 18, 1910) I was sent two different times to the Jarvis R. R. Construction Camp with a wagon load of supplies. After school closed I made two more trips with loads of supplies for the camps, which were building the railroad up the San Niguel River Canyon to Madero.

April 24, 1910, just fifteen years before I was married, I was called upon in church to make my first speech. The walls of that building probably rang with my eloquence! We witnessed a great spectacle in the heavens during the month of May. For about twelve days (May 12-21) Halley's Comet was plainly visible to our naked eyes. Its tale was billions of miles in length. It comes in view of the earth every seventy-five years. In 1985 when it returns I'll be 91 years old!

In June and July (1910) I worked on Black's header. Emerald operated the machine, Donald Black drove one of

the wagons, and I drove the other. Orson Allred loaded the wagons while on the move. We were very successful that season, cutting several hundred acres of wheat.

The Guadalupe school opened its doors September 26, 1910, with Martha Cox as teacher. The pupils must have been hard to handle since each year a new teacher appeared on the scene to tackle the job. I was there long enough to appraise her teaching ability and noted with astonishment her strong personality.

Mother went to Juarez to cook for the school children and took me along to attend the Juarez Stake Academy. That was a great day for me. I had dreamed for years of attending that school. I joined the seventh graders, all of whom were younger than I. I was really unprepared to do the work required of me. My neglected education was fully evident since it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep up with the class. George S. Romney taught my arithmetic class, Thomas Romney history, geography and reading, while Ernest Hatch taught me penmanship, which I surely needed. I probably made some progress that winter, at least socially.

Most of the winter we lived in the small house on the hillside, seven of us called it home. We were very crowded in that tiny place but we had learned how to tolerate one another. When not in school or studying I spent most of my leisure time playing baseball. I was just at the age when I would rather play ball than eat. Doyle Lee from Morelas was my standby. He and I would play catch by the hour. This exercise served as an excellent means of physical development.

Soon after school closed in the spring of 1911 I was ordained a Priest by my brother Emerald (May 7) at Guadalupe. July 22 I received a letter from the President of the Church, Joseph F. Smith, requesting that I take a two-year missionary course at the Juarez Stake Academy in preparation for a mission. This call I gladly accepted. Accordingly I made plans to attend school the winter following.

There was a very unique Pioneer celebration held in Guadalupe on July 24. Jesse Mortensen, Henry Allred, Levi Iverson and I dressed up as Indians and made a sham attack on a "company of Mormon pioneers". But we Indians were captured by a specially appointed "posse" who imprisoned us in the Church and there forced to listen to the pioneer program.

The "Indians" were taught a valuable lesson. They made no more attacks on the pioneers.

Neil Bunker, son of Rose Bunker and a cousin of mine, was killed August 15, 1911, near Pearson when thrown from a horse. Neil, who was near my age, had been a close companion of mine since my brother Grant had died in 1904. He had lived in Guadalupe since his parents moved from Morelas, a month after Grant's death. Although Neil was eccentric and a born egotist, he was the life of the party and had a pleasing personality.

Early in September I registered as a missionary student at the Juarez Stake Academy. I was only one in a class of 49 who took the missionary course. Charles E. McClellan was the teacher. We missionaries were required to take the regular theology Church History under Principal Guy C. Wilson. Other courses were: Agriculture, taught by Ray Oberhousley; penmanship and choir from R. T. Haag; carpentry from Edward McClellan, and I joined the beginners' orchestra led under the direction of Walter Burgener. I learned to play the violincello that winter. Charles E. McClellan was anxious that the members of his class attend regularly the ward services so he announced at the beginning of the year that he would offer a prize to the student who attended the most sessions during the year. I won that prize—a book: "Joseph Smith's Teachings." John Ray was second and Henry Allred was third.

Soon after school started Valeria and Madona joined our happy family in the Eyring home where we were then living. We were a happy lot that winter. Emerald was an expert on the violin so our musical entertainments were on a high order. Valeria was very good on the organ, Juanita amused us with her humorous elocution, and Artie made the rooms ring with her beautiful singing.

Emerald, Valeria and Juanita all graduated from the Academy May 3rd, so we all moved to Guadalupe the day following. On the last day of May mother, Juanita, Thurlow and I moved into the old Johnson home. Father had rented the farm for that season so I was given charge of the farm. Emerald was employed on a header west of the river so the full responsibility of the farm rested on my shoulders. I was then a healthy chap of 18 summers and nearly fully grown so I was capable of doing the work.

My term of employment on that farm lasted less than

two months. I cut the hay once and had a good crop of corn growing when the crisis overtook us. I was in the corn field hoeing weeds on that Saturday afternoon, July 27, when I saw a band of Mexican vagrant rebels tramping down the road. I went to the house and there learned that orders had been received to send all women and children to El Paso. The following day a detachment of fifty soldiers arrived in Guadalupe to receive the arms the stake authorities had promised Salazar we would deliver up.

Three of these soldiers came to our place (at the Johnson farm) and demanded our arms. Emerald, who had been absent for several weeks, happened to be home that day. Under his leadership we gave the Mexicans an old rusty gun. The rebels were not satisfied with that gift and demanded more. Emerald had previously hid our pistol in what he thought would be a safe place in the house. After Emerald had told them we had no more guns they announced their determination to make a search. To have stopped them would mean bloodshed so in our house they went; we followed them. (Search warrants were quite unpopular with Salazar's renegade government.) In making the search they examined the very spot where Emerald had hid the gun. Emerald was more surprised than they when the gun was not there. When threats replaced more searching, Emerald feared that one of us (Thurlow, Lyman or I) would weaken and reveal the true hiding place of the gun. Before the Mexicans had entered the house I had found the gun where Emerald had hid it and placed it in the soot pan of the stove. It was lucky I did or the gun would have been found. The rebels' threats did not cause me to weaken but I in turn was afraid Thurlow or Lyman might say something which would give my secret away. (One of the Mexicans could speak English.) The leader of the band was greatly irritated by his failure to locate or intimidate us so he took Emerald a prisoner, believing such action would soften us. His decision did not affect Emerald in the least, for he called his bluff by marching down the road very peaceably. At this critical stage father arrived on the scene, whose emotion was indescribable on seeing his son led away a prisoner of war. The tension was swiftly relieved when Emerald came marching home a few minutes later, a free man. In passing his home, Samuel Jarvis had sarcastically asked the Mexicans if they intended to win their war by taking a little school boy a prisoner. His implications were so biting the Mexicans were put in an embarrassing position. They

saw how ridiculous their act was and turned Emerald loose.

A few hours after this episode we received a warning from the Stake Presidency to rush to Dublan as quickly as possible. That was a strange experience to pass through. My hay crop was ready to be cut again. The corn needed watering. Was the farm to be abandoned and left for wild nature to destroy? To me it was desertion. Little did I realize at the time how narrow was our escape from bloodshed and a general massacre.

Packing our trunks and bedding was no easy task. An old wooden box served my purpose. My large collection of family pictures, letters and personal effects went into that box. A change of clothing and my Sunday clothes was all I possessed. This was probably true of other members of the family. We piled our trunks and boxes on the hay rack and joined the family at the old farm, where we witnessed a sight that cannot be forgotten. Women and children were frantically throwing bedding, trunks and packages into the wagon boxes. After a strenuous hour filled with mixed feelings and emotions of fear, the Blacks, McOmbers and Stouts started with their loaded wagons of humanity toward Dublan. I shall never forget my feelings when I looked back at the old Mexican house where I had spent nine years of my life. "Was I leaving it forever?" I asked myself.

That night we camped on the baseball diamond in Dublan, where I had witnessed many a game. The grounds were filled with campers, the people of Gladalupe having taken full possession. We experienced many a thrill during that exciting night. Would the Mexican rebels turn their cannon on us? A large body of troops were encamped just east of the town, their guns trained on the city. All night long we waited for the train from Pearson, which we expected every minute. Under such a suspense none of us slept a wink. At sun-up the belated train arrived. It required one hour for 100 men to place the hundreds of trunks and boxes in those freight cars. The women and children were piled on top of the trunks in such a fashion as to resemble a barnyard scene in the deep south.

That was my first real train ride in eleven years. Those half-filled freight cars, packed with humanity and trunks, were hot, ill-ventilated and stuffy. I quite enjoyed the ride in spite of the inconveniences. The ride to El Paso lasted some six or

seven hours. Just after we crossed the Rio Grande an American Immigration Inspector came to our car door and asked if we were all American citizens. Most of the answers were "yes", but I looked at Peter Hansen and said "no". I'll never forget the dirty look Peter gave me for trying to get him in Dutch. When we reached the depot in El Paso a large army of taxicab drivers met us and took us to the lumber yard. That was the first time I ever rode in an automobile.

A small section of the empty lumber sheds was assigned to our family. All we had to furnish our "apartment" with were our beds and trunks. Our beds lacked springs, bedsteads and mattresses. We used our trunks as tables, chairs and cupboards. Strange, but we neither had rent to pay nor groceries to buy. The government dumped truck loads of food at the camp, which was distributed freely to each family according to needs. Such a set-up was really a Scotchman's paradise.

While waiting for the Mexican revolution to end I made good use of the time by sight-seeing. I visited Ciudad Juarez and the army camp at Fort Bliss. A man came to the lumber yard one day and offered me a job. For three days I assisted him in strengthening the floor of a large building. With the money he paid me I bought a trunk into which I placed all my personal effects. During our stay in El Paso Aunt Mary Jane and I attended the funeral of Byron H. Allred, who died suddenly. Byron had been our presiding Elder in Guadalupe for many years.

When father joined us from Hachita the problem of what to do had to be solved. Should we remain in the lumber yard indefinitely waiting for the revolution to be crushed in Mexico or should we seek temporary abode elsewhere. The longer we waited the blacker the situation looked in Mexico. It was decided that part of the family should go north until the Mexican situation should clear up. I was one of the eight who left El Paso August 21, 1912, for Utah. I thoroughly enjoyed the train ride through the Arizona deserts, across the Colorado River, and the lay-over at Colton, California. Racing northward on the Pedro Route, Mary Jane and her daughters left the train at Lund and went to Dixie. We arrived at Oasis about 2 a. m. August 24th, where we were met by Mary E. Lee and son, Lafe, who took us to Hinckley.

I experienced some strange sensations in Hinckley after an absence of more than eleven years. The only features of the

town I recognized were the mud, wind and alkali. The old home we had lived in didn't look the same at all. The old town had made remarkable progress since 1901.

I was given employment by my uncle, Jedediah Cox ("Jed", we called him), for a few weeks. Jed may be described as a cross between a comedian and a sober judge. Like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, his moods conditioned his disposition. He and his wife were very tolerant toward my imperfections so we managed to remain friends. A distant relative of Jed, named Victor Cox, whom I had known in Mexico, was a frequent visitor in the Cox home. Victor was the janitor at the Millard Academy building. Victor took pity on me and offered me a part-time janitor job at the school if I registered as a student. I accepted his offer so by serving as a student-janitor I partly paid my expenses that winter. Juanita was offered a teaching position in the grades so she assisted in my upkeep that winter too. We were able to move into the house which the community had helped us build in late autumn so we were quite comfortable by Christmas time.

In September I registered as a first year high school student in the Millard Academy. LeRoy Stephens was the principal of the school. The following are the courses which I selected: Geography (Thomas A. Ellison), English and Band (F. Earl Stott), Book of Mormon and Manual Training (James J. Spendlove). In the band I played (or beat) the large drum. Many a time I was "fined" by Mr. Stott for speeding the band too fast.

The Presidential election of 1912 was the first time I was old enough to be interested in politics. I was a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt and his progressive movement. The people of Hinckley, however, were opposed to all programs of reform. Consequently, I found my ideas opposed from all sides. I was greatly embarrassed for Utah when she and Vermont reverted to barbarianism by casting their electoral vote for Taft. I was not a party to that crime since I was too young to vote.

At the end of the school term in May, 1913, I found it necessary to leave Hinckley to seek employment. I found work from two farmers for short periods of time. These farms were located between Hinckley and Delta. When these jobs were completed I went to Delta and stole a ride on the midnight train to Lynndyl. Not finding work there I started for Nephi, but my money ran out so I only reached Juab. That place

proved the deadeast place on earth. It consisted of a water tank and a section house. I was completely broke by that time and hungry besides. Under such a predicament I was forced to steal a train ride back to Lynndyl.

In Lynndyl I met Alma Langston, who had been a boyhood friend of my oldest brother, Irving. He took an interest in my welfare and found a job for me. The work was at the Railroad Round House as boilermaker helper. While on that job I learned how to use a heavy sledge hammer accurately and to keep "cool" in fire boxes. During the two months I worked there I boarded with Alma and wife and slept out on the ground.

I liked the work very well but not the character of men I was forced to work with. August 11, 1913, my conscience forced me to ask the foreman to write out my time.

On leaving Lynndyl I had but a small part of my pay with me. The main check would be sent me later from Los Angeles. I tried to find work in Provo, then went on to Salt Lake. I spent several days in the city, sight-seeing and working at odd jobs. Finally my money was used up so I took my roll of bedding to Pioneer Park, where I retired in grand style. At daylight I was rudely awakened by a policeman who said I had cheated the city taxpayers out of a night's lodging. To punish me for my crime he took me to the city jail, where I was promptly placed before a righteous judge. This noble soul, whose conception of justice was divine, gave me just twenty-four hours to get out of the city and stay out. Highly indignant that I should be so ill-treated, I picked up my suitcase and bedding and walked to the postoffice, where I received the letter from the railroad company containing a check for seventy dollars. I couldn't cash the check since I knew no one who could identify me, so I deposited the entire amount in Zion's Savings Bank. This did not solve the problem since I was still hungry. In the meantime my twenty-four hours of grace had expired and I was expected to leave the land of the "free". I did not believe the judge had expressed the sentiments of the public, and knowing the Bill of Rights was the supreme law of the land, I delayed my exit for several days.

Believing I might find employment in the Lehi Sugar Factory I went there. I found I was two months too soon so I went on to Provo "on the rods" where I lived on what fruit

I could beg from the farmers. My condition was rapidly becoming desperate. Due to prolonged hunger my body was very weak. In desperation I jumped on a freight train and went to Tucker, Utah, where a lot of construction work was in progress.

After riding all day in an open coal car I was a sorry sight when I reached Tucker, since I was hungry, dirty and defeated in spirit and body. About thirty of us tramps unloaded from the freight train and climbed on trucks, which took us to the camps. We didn't have to beg for jobs there; everybody who came along was hired. The first few days while I was regaining my strength were the most difficult. Pick and shovel work, however, was nothing new to me. I considered myself an old hand with such implements.

The object of those construction camps was to reduce the railroad grade from five per cent to two per cent between Tucker and Soldier's Summit, thus making the line fourteen miles long rather than the steep five mile stretch.

I had been informed by letter that father was in distress financially so being anxious to send him money I quit the first camp after three weeks' work so I could draw my money. Returning to Tucker I mailed father \$30.00 in cash, then found employment with another company immediately—losing but one day of work. I worked in this second camp about two weeks before I quit, mailed nearly all the money I had saved to mother, and started down the canyon broke again. Lower down the canyon I was offered another job. I tried to do the work that first morning without eating breakfast. I caved in completely before noon, becoming so weak I could not raise the pick. The boss saw my work and believing I was just lazy, fired me with all the ceremony he could display. Half sick and broke, I climbed on a freight train and rode to Thistle, then carried my roll of bedding and suitcase to Spanish Fork on foot.

In a good Mormon community like Spanish Fork I expected to be treated like a human being at least. As I walked through town near sundown I did not notice the people placing flowers in my path. People paid no attention to me. I suppose the sight of tramps was not uncommon. On the west side of town I chose a straw stack to spend the night. This straw was about two hundred yards from the owner's farm. While preparing my supper I was visited by the city marshal. The

farmer's wife had seen me down by the straw and in terror, reported my presence to the authorities. I never knew until then I was such a horrible beast, one so hated and feared that even a straw pile was too good for me to sleep on. I tried to plead with the marshal that I was only a harmless Mormon boy from Hinckley who would do no one harm. I suppose I looked too tough for him, so he insisted that I occupy one of his "apartments" at the city jail. Enroute to that place I finally convinced him I was harmless, so he very graciously permitted me to walk on out of town. By morning I was in Payson.

I searched the town of Payson for work and found none. One man said his brother in Salem needed beet-toppers so he took me there. One day of topping beets was enough for me. I returned to Payson with one day's pay, where I took sick. Being sick in a home where one can care for himself is one thing, being sick on the road where one must sleep in abandoned barns is quite another story. That was my sad experience. Under such distressing conditions I sent to Zion's Savings Bank for seven dollars. The three days I waited for that money to come I experienced all the agonies of hell. Being penniless was bad enough but sickness too at the same time was worse. When the money came I had difficulty in cashing the check in a town where no one knew me. Finally when the hard silver was placed in my hands I bought something to eat, then I bought a ticket to Delta and carried my luggage the six miles to Hinckley, arriving about October 15th. Those five months of wandering and struggling had left me a wiser and stronger man in worldly affairs.

Mother, who had returned to Hinckley from Nevada, persuaded me to attend school. I was offered a part-time janitor job at the academy if I attended so I decided to enter school again. Mother pleaded with me to withdraw all my money from the Zion's Bank and send it to father, who, she said, was in distress. This was done, so none of my summer's wages was used to aid in my schooling.

Entering school a month late was not to my advantage. I chose the following subjects: New Testament, Algebra and Agriculture under Dean F. Peterson; Botany and Zoology from Thomas A. Ellison, and Orchestra (violincello) from Mr. Cox.

I did better in my studies that winter than I had ever done.

It was the turning point in my educational career. My final average grade was 84. Before school closed (April 19, 1914) I was ordained an Elder by Bishop Jonathan B. Pratt at the age of twenty.

In the spring of 1914 it looked as though we would never return to Mexico. Father had given up the idea and had moved to Thatcher, Arizona. That place was looked upon as the gathering place for the family. In May, about the time my school closed at the Millard Academy, I received a letter from father inviting me to Thatcher to assist him in digging a ditch he had contracted to dig for Edmund Richardson. I left by train May 29, going by way of Colton, California, arriving two days later.

Thatcher was a small farming community and the home of the Gila Academy. The majority of the people were Mormons, the balance Mexicans and Gentiles. The climate was a great contrast from what I left in Hinckley. I soon made my adjustments, however, to the new conditions.

Work on the ditch did not start for several months after my arrival in Thatcher. Meanwhile, I worked for farmers, hauling hay and plowing, when I wasn't helping father in his business. Beginning June 22, I worked in Pima three weeks hauling grain, using our wagon and team to take the grain from the thresher to the railroad for shipment.

July 27th father sent Lyman and me with the team and wagon to the Corner Ranch after a load of furniture and three colts. We went by way of Bowie, Lordsburg and Hachita, arriving there August 1. We loaded the wagon full of old furniture the folks had left there, then started looking for the horses. We went north, then west, through a canyon past the Hatchet Mountains, then south nearly to the Mexican line. No trace of the colts could be found. We had spent about five days in the search. Our food supplies were completely exhausted so we went to an army post and tried to buy some food. I was ushered into the presence of the commanding officer, where I begged for the chance to buy some food. He said it would take a Congressional Act before he had authority to sell anything to me. He did even better than that, however, by giving us a lot of food, refusing to take any pay for it. Our stomachs full, Lyman and I started out in a northwestern direction some twenty miles, where we found two of the colts. We then headed for Hachita, where we arrived about August 10th. It was on that day that we first learned that the great European

war had begun. Three days later our journey ended in Thatcher. The balance of the summer I worked on a farm which we had rented from a widow named Knudson.

In September, 1914, I registered as a junior student in the Gila Academy. The courses selected were: Ancient History, from Joseph H. Larson; Old Testament and Chemistry, from R. E. Lee Wixom; Plane Geometry, D. Dudley Jones, and English Literature from Florence Munroe. My final average grade was 90, an improvement of six per cent over the previous year. I had too much home work that winter to go out for athletics, but in the spring when field work began I turned out to be the school's highest jumper.

During the early part of the year I was appointed a Sunday School teacher (Second Intermediate Department), a position I held for several months. That was my first experience as a teacher. After several months Madonna Richardson was assigned to teach with me. Soon after I turned twenty-one (May 1, 1915) I went to Solomonville (the county seat) with father and entered a homestead. This land lies adjacent to the lands already taken up by Daisie and father a year earlier. November 1, 1915, I relinquished this land entry in favor of my sister, Genevieve. This official act was done before a notary public in Safford.

The Gila Academy closed May 7, 1915, so I joined father up at Idle Flat, digging the ditch which we had agreed to do for Edmund Richardson. Each Monday we packed our wagon with supplies, which kept up till Saturday, when we returned to Thatcher for the week ends. This work ended July 17, when father and his son-in-law, Edmund Richardson, had a falling out. The balance of the summer I divided my time between working on the homestead and working for farmers near Thatcher.

In September the Gila Academy opened its doors. I had failed to save up any money due to the trouble between father and Richardson. Prospects for my attending school were very black, when suddenly President Andrew Kimball offered me a job at his home, working for my board and room. I accepted because that was my last opportunity to attend school that winter. My duties were to make a fire in the kitchen stove in the mornings, milk and care for the cows, horses and pigs, and act as gardener and utility man in general. I worked four hours each day and all day Saturdays. Miss Edna Perkel, my English

teacher, also boarded at the Kimball home that winter. I attended school under serious handicaps socially since I had no money to buy decent clothes, nor to attend dances or socials of any kind. I visited the barber so seldom that people congratulated me when they saw me with a new hair cut.

I tried to forget my social life by working all the harder on my studies. The result was gratifying since I finished with a higher final average than I had the previous year. The subjects completed were: American History and Civics, from Joseph H. Larson; Missionary, Psychology and Education from Principal Andrew C. Peterson; English from Edna Perkel, and Advanced Algebra and Solid Geometry from John F. Nash. One bright star in that school year was the presentation by our senior class of a play: "One of the Eight." I took the part of Professor Dixon of Brookworth College. The play was first shown in Thatcher, then we took it to Safford, Pima and Eden. People delighted in annoying me by saying I was the star actor in the group.

May 11, 1916, I reached the first goal in my struggle for an education. On that day I graduated from the Gila Academy. My sister, Madona, also graduated. There were twenty-two of us, seven of whom had once lived in Old Mexico. The problem which confronted me then was: How could I continue my education? The nearest college to Thatcher was at Tucson, Arizona. Distance was not my problem, however; it was the almighty dollar. Prospects for employment on a scale that would put me through college looked mighty black in May, 1916.

I was first offered a job as a dairy hand in Globe, Arizona. I worked about three weeks as a milker before returning to Thatcher. George A. Cole wanted mother to go to Utah and take up some land in San Juan County. When I arrived on the scene they decided I might be able to take mother's place in the contract. The proposition looked good to me since it gave me an opportunity to reach Utah where I wanted to attend school. I left Thatcher June 15 and reached Salt Lake City three days later. When I entered the office of George A. Cole, he told me the deal was too complicated for me to replace mother in the contract. This good news greatly relieved the tension since a three-year contract would not have been to my advantage. I was then free to seek employment so that I might

attend one of the Utah universities. I hadn't decided then which school it would be.

In my search for work I went to Provo, then Bingham Canyon before securing a job from an employment office in Salt Lake. I was shipped to Colton, Utah, where I was employed by the Phoenix Construction Company which was building a power line from Springville to Carbon County. I worked for those people for about six weeks or until the job was nearly completed. From Colton I went to Logan (July 25), where Dewey and his mother were then living. I immediately secured a job from a contractor who was laying the curb and gutter on the streets of Logan west of Main Street. I worked for that contractor until the Brigham Young College opened its doors for school work on September 18th. Meanwhile my Aunt Rettie had permitted me to live in the house she was renting by paying but a small amount of money. In September, my brother Wendell, came to Logan and was offered a teaching position at Bunkerville, Nevada. He was financially in distress so I loaned him \$25.00 to assist him in reaching his work. My uncle, David Cox, and his large family, lived next door to us at 476 West Center Street.

My entrance into college was a red letter day in my life. Who could believe that the dumbest kid who ever walked would ever reach college level? In retrospect I now feel it was a miracle I ever made the grade considering my many handicaps. I had not done very well in my summer work. I don't believe I had more than a hundred dollars saved up. By the time I bought a few clothes and paid my tuition I couldn't have had much left. The president of the college, C. N. Jensen, cognizant of my financial affairs, aided me in securing the position as assistant librarian. This put me in charge of the library at noon hour and sometimes I worked in the afternoons. The work paid me four dollars per month. My brother, Dewey, who registered as a third year high school student, used his influence in helping me secure a janitor job at the institution. These two jobs about paid my way through school. My sister, Madona, came up from Arizona and joined us. She also attended the college. Aunt Rettie went to Oakley early in the autumn so we three worked together and managed somehow. Mary Jane was with us part of the season.

In registering as a first year college student I was forced to make a very important decision. Should I take the normal

course and qualify as a teacher or take a general college course? I foolishly decided to qualify thereby making one of the major mistakes of my life. This decision necessitated my taking elementary training, which proved to be one of the greatest headaches I ever experienced. Part of my assignment in this training course consisted in teaching subjects in the grades under the observation of critic teachers. Plans for those classes had to be made out and approved weeks in advance. Mr. Loftor Bjarnason, a despotic rigid teacher of the old school, had charge of this group. He also taught or directed our class in a review of the common branches. This subject was to acquaint us with the materials we were expected to teach in the grades. Other courses I completed that year: Psychology and Principles of Education, from J. E. Hickman (who proved to be the best teacher I ever had); English Composition, from A. N. Sorenson, and Theology (Life of Christ) from J. W. Gardner. There were about 40 or 50 normal students. Madona took the very same courses I did.

I was too busy in my studies to take an active part in the presidential campaign of 1916. I had resented Theodore Roosevelt's decision to merge the Progressive Party with the Republican Party. This union caused me to fear that the liberals of the party had sold out to the vested interests. On the other hand I resented the Democrats boast that "Wilson had kept us out of War." I considered his foreign policy of writing notes very weak. It was difficult to choose between the two evils. At length tradition proved more potent than common sense so I cast my first vote for Charles Evans Hughes.

Christmas, 1916, Dewey, Madona and I went to the Oneida Power Plant, located on the Bear River, 18 miles north of Preston, Idaho, and spent the holidays with Artie, Donald and their family, very enjoyably.

Our relations with Germany grew from bad to worse during those early months in 1917. January 31st Germany announced unrestricted submarine warfare. Diplomatic relations were severed three days later when the "Housatonic" was sunk. The "Laconia" and finally the "Ztec" (April 1) were also sunk. The declaration of war on April 6th made a very profound impression on my mind. The nearer the reality of war came the more difficult it was to focus my attention on my studies. I was convinced that my duty lie in enlisting in the "war to end all wars". In April the war appeared to be of a

very short duration, so I hesitated. Why join the armed services when the war would end before I could be trained for service? A policy of wait and see was finally decided on.

While waiting to see whether the war would be a long or a short one Donald Black sent me word from the Oneida Plant that if I went there he could find a job for me. I proceeded to make arrangements with my professors to complete my courses by correspondence and hastened to Oneida, leaving Madona and her mother to finish the school term alone. Dewey left for Oneida three days before I did.

At Oneida, Dewey and I were assigned to operate the searchlight and guard the pipe line against the possibility of sabotage. One of us operated the searchlight while the other patrolled the pipe line. We exchanged positions at midnight. During this period I managed to complete my assignments given me by the B. Y. C. teachers, thus liquidating my first year of college work.

In May Congress passed the Draft Law which hit me squarely between the eyes. "What is the use of working if I am to be drafted soon?" I thought. When June 5th was assigned as registration day I had little heart left to work longer. On the day appointed I left Oneida for Logan, where I was one of the 10,679,814 men who registered that day. Note, if I had not done my duty that day the result would have been an unlucky number, "813", at the end, which may have lost the war for Uncle Sam.

After performing that historic act I had a great desire to see the town of my birth before marching off to the slaughter houses of Europe. This decision was quickly made and executed. I bought a ticket for Lund, Utah, then took the stage for Anderson's Ranch. I had some difficulty reaching the end of my trail. My cousin, David Dennett, gave me a ride in his wagon from La Verkin to Rockville, arriving about June 8th.

In Rockville I went to live with my sister, Valeria DeMille, who had two small children, Fay, three years of age, and Edison, six months old. They were living in our old home which we left in 1897. My absence of twenty years from the old home had not entirely obliterated my memories of the place. The old black rock cliffs on the north side of town still stood in their splendor. The giant boulders still lie at the foot of the mountain where Grant and I spent many an hour playing. The stone building stood in all its ancient glory; not a

stone had been removed during the twenty years. The old Telegraph Office sign was there as a simile of the early industrial era. That I had come back to the home where seventeen of my brothers and sisters were born was like a dream. I experienced all the feelings of a Rip Van Winkle.

Valeria's husband was a farmer and a cattleman. Roswell DeMille owned most of the land where the old town of (his birth place) Shonesburg once stood. During the next six weeks I lived in Rockville I worked for Roswell on his farm land in Shonesburg. Not a house was standing in 1917 to remind me that a town once existed there.

While in Rockville I borrowed a horse and saddle of Roswell and spent a day up in Zion's Canyon. I do not recall going to Zion as a youth, but I was highly inspired and electrified by what I saw that day. The mighty pillars of artistically colored rock was the nearest revelation of Heaven my finite mind has yet conceived.

Roswell DeMille owned a large herd of cattle. It was his custom to feed these animals in the valleys during the winter months and then take them high up in the mountains for the summer season. Driving a large herd of cattle up the mountain was quite an undertaking. I accompanied Roswell's brother and nephew on such an expedition. We used two pack horses to carry our food and bedding. Each of us rode a riding horse, driving the animals in front. Taking the long route it required three days to reach Mt. Kolob. Climbing the steep mountain side with three hundred head of cattle was no small task. Herding cattle at night while I was supposed to be sleeping was a strange experience for a novice like me. In due time we reached Kolob, where we spent a day or two branding cattle and fixing fences. The return journey homeward was uneventful.

The people of Rockville were very sociable and kind to me. Bishop Hirschi called me up in Church one day and asked me to make a speech. My talk must have been disappointing since he never called me again. Before I left, Valeria held a farewell party for me. All the young people in town attended.

July 18 I left Rockville and went to Logan, arriving there the day the draft numbers were drawn (July 20). My number was not drawn nor was there indication it would be drawn soon, so I accepted a job from the Utah Power and Light Company, who sent me five miles north of Preston, Idaho, to a con-

struction camp located in the Winter Ward. I started work in that place July 26 and worked till October 6. One of the large steel towers which carried six 144 thousand volts of electricity, had fallen due to a land slide. The object of the company was to build twenty additional steel towers in a circular detour to avoid the sliding soil on the banks of Battle Creek. Most of the time I drove a team, hauling equipment and supplies. The head foreman was Fred Morgan.

The war in Europe was still running favorable for the Allies so I didn't feel in a hurry to join up in the service. Instead, I decided to return to Logan and re-enter the Brigham Young College. In Logan I rented an upstairs room in the same house we lived in during the previous winter. In registering at the college I paid \$25.00 in tuition and elected the following courses: Biology, given by President C. N. Jensen; Western History and Sociology, from George D. Casto; History of Education, from Karl Wood, and Child Psychology from J. E. Hickman.

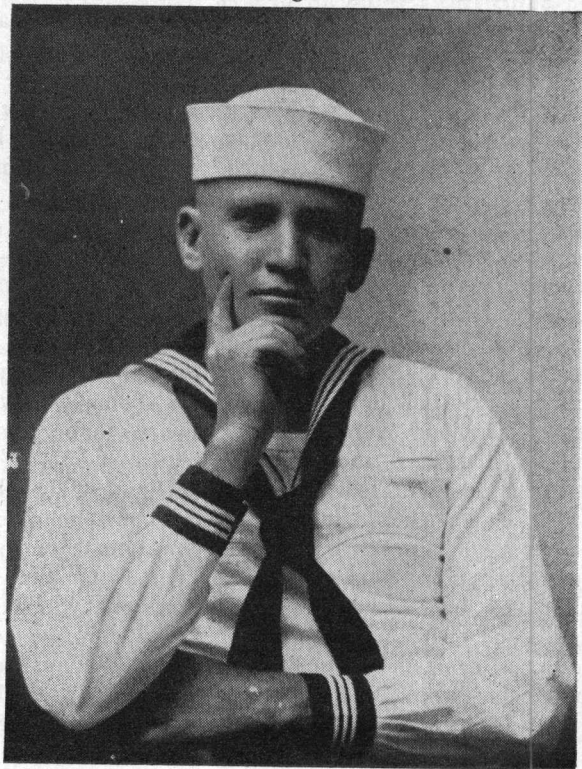
Shortly after I entered school (October 9) I was paid a visit from my mother, who was enroute from Oakley, Idaho, to Thatcher, Arizona. Knowing I would soon be drafted, she was mentally distressed and worried.

At the time I entered school the Allies had the Huns on the run. It looked like the war would soon be over. Very shortly after my registration the war went against the Allies. First the Italian front was smashed by the Austrians, then the Russians caved in. The German submarine campaign was playing havoc with our shipping. These reverses convinced me I would be drafted before I could complete my school year. Such prospects destroyed my morale for school work. Discouraged and frustrated I succumbed to my fate, left town and went to Salt Lake, where I enlisted in the Navy November 23rd.

The day after my enlistment I was sent to San Francisco on the Western Pacific. Four others accompanied me. We arrived in the big city at 7 p. m., November 25th. I immediately took a small boat for Goat Hill, where the Naval Training Station was then located.

Making my adjustments to the new life in the Navy was no easy matter. The first night I slept on the floor of a large hall where 500 other new recruits were assigned. The next day my group went through the ordeal of changing into naval

uniforms. Then we were taken to a detention camp for a period of three weeks. There we were vaccinated for every disease known. While there we were given our first lessons in the manual of arms. December 15th we were taken out of isolation and sent to the main station. That same Saturday after-



Wayne D. Stout, U. S. N.
Boston, Mass., 1918

noon I was given my first half day of liberty in San Francisco. I never knew the meaning of liberty until that day. I had been confined to close quarters for three weeks, an experience I'll never forget. On that day I shipped my civilian clothes to the folks in Thatcher, then I walked up Market Street to the Public Library, where I did some reading, then attended a cheap show.

Tuesday, December 18th, I was placed on a passenger boat, "The Yale", with two hundred other blue-jackets and shipped to San Diego, California. We were thirty hours on the water; it was my first experience on the sea. I was disappointed with the Golden Gate when I saw it. I thought the rocks on the cliffs would be at least colored yellow, but instead, they were black like cliffs of Rockville.

In San Diego we were taken in street cars to Balboa Park, the Naval Training Station. We were sent to a detention station, where forty of us were housed in a den 40 by 100 feet for eight days. My Christmas was spent in that hole. We were fenced in like so many convicts. On the last day of the year we were taken to the main barracks, where I discovered several packages of Christmas presents which the folks at home had sent me.

The first day of 1918 about two hundred of us were marched down to the stadium, where we were assigned special seats which formed the letter N. There we witnessed a football game between the Navy and the Utah National Guard stationed at Camp Kerney. There I was expected to cheer the team which was playing against my fellow Utahans. Even through the Utah boys were defeated they had my sympathies. At the end of the half period we who had been assigned special seats were instructed to remove our outer blue jackets, thus exposing our white uniforms. This made a perfect letter N. The psychological effect of this move was, the Navy won. As I walked out of the stadium I recognized Utah's greatest historian, B. H. Roberts, who was then a chaplain with the Utah Guard. That same afternoon I was permitted to remain on liberty in San Diego. I had been shut up for so long I didn't even know how to use my liberty. Sick with worry, I returned to my post three hours earlier than I needed to.

I spent more than a month at Balboa Park learning the arts of marching, manual of arms, and studying the science of "seamanship". I spent my hours on liberty walking the streets of San Diego and surrounding country, attending shows. I found no friends there so it was necessary to walk alone.

February 5, 1918, I was put on a train with 500 other green rookies and sent eastward. There were twelve sleepers all filled to capacity. Not a one in the group was I personally acquainted with. Our train left San Diego in late afternoon and arrived in Los Angeles at 9 p. m. We were marched up

town to a cafe for supper. Early next morning the train passed through Bowie, Arizona. I got off the train to take a look at Mt. Graham for my parents were then living in the shadow of that famous mountain. Little did they realize I was passing so near. Our journey took us through Tucson, El Paso, then over the Texas-Pacific to New Orleans. From the Mississippi River we took a northeastern direction through Birmingham, Atlanta to Norfolk, Virginia. On the eighth morning I woke up to find my train at Hampton Roads Naval Station. I spent all my eight days at Hampton in isolation. Finally on Washington's birthday I was sent up the York River in a government supply boat and placed on the Battleship "Georgia". There were about eight others who were with me.

Those first two months in training stations had tested my capacity for adjustment to the limit. Once on board the battleship I was called upon to adjust myself to the strangest life the human being can imagine. If I had been suddenly placed on the planet Mars adjustments could not have come more easily. As a matter of fact my six months on board proved insufficient as a period for adoption into such a life. The routine was very difficult to learn. The rules and regulations were endless, strict and very severe. When extra work was to be done I got the assignment. This explains why I was always given the (2-4) morning watch. There was no sleep for me after one thirty in the morning. Since I could not retire until 9 p. m. I was always drowsy and felt sluggish.

My daily schedule was a full one. Reveille at five in the morning. Scrubbing deck began at five thirty, breakfast at seven. Work continued from eight till noon. Lunch during noon hour. Work began at one and continued till I went on guard at 2 p. m. At four I could rest an hour and a half. Dinner at five thirty. Between six and seven I worked. Sometimes a picture show between seven and nine. Taps at nine. Sleep till 1:30 a. m. when I was awakened to go on guard at two. Standing on guard those two hours completely ruined my sleeping period. After the watch I could not sleep before the reveille at five. When the ship was at sea this schedule was somewhat modified.

The battleship "Georgia" was a part of the Atlantic fleet while I was on board. The fleet was on a three-week schedule, namely, on the first Monday the entire group left Yorktown on a five-day cruise. The purpose of these trips was to give

the personnel of the ships practice in mass maneuvering and executing group formations. It was an inspiring sight to see thirty or forty battle wagons all in a straight line, then suddenly each would make a left turn and the monsters would be traveling abreast in a line as far as the human eye could see. I'll never forget my first trip to sea. We ran into a fierce storm. The sea-sickness I experienced can never be blotted from my memory.

The second Monday the "Georgia" would go to sea alone for gun practice. During the third week the ship lie off old Yorktown. On one of those days the ship took on its supply of coal. On that day every man on board had to work from daylight till dark shoveling coal. The coal bins had to be filled the hard way, by using wheelbarrows. We all looked like negroes when the job was done. Cleaning up and scrubbing the deck when finished was a bigger job than coaling was. The week was well gone before conditions were normal again. Two different times before the end of May I secured week end liberty permits. The first time I spent my time in Yorktown visiting the famous battlefield and saw the spot where Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. I entered old Cornwallis Cave where the General had his headquarters. On my second leave of absence I went to Norfolk and spent my time sightseeing. It was on that trip that I had navy pictures taken with the "Georgia" hat.

Early in June the "Georgia" left Yorktown for the Boston Navy Yard, where it went into dry-dock for repairs. We arrived in the port June 10. Seven days later all members of our ship's company took part in a parade in commemoration of the Battle of Bunkerhill. We marched up and down the streets of Charlestown, lined by thousands of spectators on the very site where the battle was fought.

While the ship was in dry-dock I was privileged to go on liberty about every second week end. I spent much of my time in the public library reading Salt Lake papers I found there. I visited Harvard University and other colleges. I frequented the beaches and vaudeville houses in search of happiness, but found Boston very cold toward a stranger. Near the end of my stay in Boston I was sent to the rifle range at Winchester for one week of practice. I was given a machine gun to practice on—the first time in my life I ever fired one.

In July the German submarine menace was becoming so

grave that the Navy decided to train hundreds of gun crews to man the merchant ships. Several crews were organized from the personnel of the "Georgia". I was transferred from the deck force to one of those crews. Using empty shells, we drilled on one of the three-inch guns until we became quite efficient.

August 7th the "Georgia" left for Yorktown. On the "Chesapeake" we were given real practice with loaded shells. My part as a member of the crew was to pull the trigger when the sights were properly adjusted. When our crew was given its final test we hit the target five times out of eight. This qualified us as a gun crew so we were soon transferred (August 19, 1918) from the "Georgia" to the St. Helena Training Station, near Norfolk. At that station we were expected to complete our course in handling three-inch guns. Very shortly after our arrival our crews were dissolved by order of the Navy department. The reason passed down to us was, the navy didn't need so many crews. I was then given a general detail assignment which means I worked wherever I was needed.

During the five weeks I was on general detail I bought a radio transmitter set, and learned the code so I could be a radio operator. I went to the head of the radio school and asked him to examine me for entrance into the school. I was examined and passed, but he said he could not accept me as a student since the war showed signs of ending, hence the government was refusing to take on new students. My hopes blasted, I applied for a mess cook job. Since that work didn't require an unusual amount of intelligence I was put to work there (October 1, 1918).

I held that high "position" as mess cook (waiter) until I was discharged from the navy (December 19, 1918). In fact, I liked that job better than any I had had while in the service. I had two tables to wait on and clean up after each meal. I knew when my work was done, which I had never known before. I could go on liberty each evening if I chose.

When the whistles began to blow at eleven o'clock November 11, 1918, I was standing behind the counter dishing out soup to a long line of hungry sailors. Within a week after the Armistice, Secretary of the Navy Daniels announced that all college students who left school to enter the navy might be honorably discharged providing they furnished proof that such was the case. I immediately wrote to President C. N. Jensen of the B. Y. C. and asked him if he would furnish me

an official statement confirming the fact that I had left college to enter the navy. This he promptly did. On the proper application forms I applied for a discharge and enclosed the letter from President Jensen. Two days later I was notified to appear at the office of the discharging yeoman. I was given several physical examinations that day before receiving my final pay. I left St. Helena that evening (December 19), the happiest man on earth! Remember I had signed up for a four-year enlistment. I had served less than thirteen months of that period. To have been forced to remain those three years would have been tragic indeed.

The next morning I left Norfolk with a ticket in my pocket for Salt Lake City. I passed through Richmond, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, then snow-bound in western Kansas the day before Christmas. After ten hours the snow plow finally arrived. Christmas morning we arrived in Pueblo, Colorado. Twenty-four hours later I was in Salt Lake City, after an absence of thirteen months. I visited my sister, Artie, whose husband was employed at the electric terminal station, five miles west of the city. December 30th I went into the city and obtained a job from the Utah Power and Light Company. The next day they sent me to the Oneida Power Plant, near Preston, Idaho, where I had worked in May, 1917. There I met father and Lyman, whom I had not seen since June, 1916. The end of the war had ended their jobs as guards.

The first day of the new year I began as utility man at the plant at \$100 per month. My duties were to make three trips per week to Preston for mail, in the company buggy, care for the team, and serve as relief operator at the power plant. Sometimes I assisted the maintenance man, Mr. Richards, to make repairs. There were about eight employees and their families living in the camp. Mr. Gorden was the superintendent of the plant and proved to be the best boss I ever worked under.

A few days after I arrived father, Rettie and Lyman left for Logan. I secured a room in the "bachelor's" quarters and cooked my own meals. When the Victory Bond sale was on I bought a fifty dollar bond. Later when father was caught in a financial pinch and appealed to me for funds I gave the bond to him. In April I went to Logan and purchased a motorcycle. This gave me an opportunity to go places when I had a day off. I learned a lot about electricity when I served as second operator at the power plant. Believing I knew enough

about running a plant that I could serve as second operator I applied to the company for such a position. My request was granted so I was sent to the Pioneer Plant located at Ogden, where I started work August 1.

The seven weeks I lived in Ogden I paid my old Guadalupe friends several visits, Henry and Orson Allred, who lived on West Twelfth Street. They were both married and had families. August 5th I went to Terminal to visit my sisters, Artie and Beulah. Dewey had just arrived from France. My sister, Madona, was there to bid us all goodbye before leaving for Vancouver, Washington, where she met and married W. W. Schmidt August 14, 1919.

Early in September I received a check for \$125.00 from the Federal Government, which was to compensate me for the money I used to buy a ticket from Norfolk, Virginia, to Salt Lake City in December, 1918. This money convinced me I should go to school. I already had several hundred dollars put away in the bank. When this decision was fully reached I sold my motorcycle for fifty dollars, served notice on the Light Company that I was leaving and moved to Salt Lake City, where I rented a basement room at 734 East South Temple Street and registered at the University of Utah as a sophomore student September 30, 1919.

The courses which I chose in the autumn quarter were: Early American History, Ray L. Done; Expository Writing, H. G. Richards; Physics, Dean Joseph F. Merrill, and Physical Education and Personal Hygiene from several teachers. During the Christmas vacation I divided my time between Logan and Hyrum, Utah. Donald Black had recently been appointed superintendent of the Hyrum Power Plant located at the mouth of Blacksmith Fork Canyon and three miles east of Hyrum, Utah. For father's Christmas present I had his picture taken and gave him a dozen for his use.

The first Monday in January I registered at the University again for the winter quarter. I continued the same courses, taking in addition Roman History under Professor Anderson. In March I took the following courses in the spring quarter: American History, Medieval History, both from Ray L. Done; Household Physics from Dean Merrill; Essay Writing, H. G. Richards, and Physical Hygienic Education from various teachers. My school year had cost me \$340.00. I had ten dollars left when school closed.

Late in March my father wrote me from Logan that one Nephi N. Heward wanted to contribute \$500 toward the maintenance of a missionary in the field. He asked if I would be willing to accept such a call. I replied I would if I could leave after school ended. May 10, 1920, I received my call from President Heber J. Grant, assigning me to labor in the Northwestern States Mission. I completed my university work a week early and went to Logan to pay the folks a last visit before leaving. June 2nd I went through the Logan Temple and received my endowments. Two days after mother and Abraham arrived from Gilbert, Arizona, I left Logan for Salt Lake City, where I was set apart June 8th for my mission by Apostle George F. Richards. Emerald attended the ceremony and bid me goodbye at the train, June 10th, on his birthday. Thirty-one hours later I arrived in Portland, Oregon, to begin a strange life as a missionary.

In Portland I reported to President Heber C. Iverson at the mission headquarters, and President Iverson questioned me relative to my past experience in the Church and announced he could not assign me to a conference for a few days. In the interval I went to Wauna to visit with my sister, Madona, who the year before had married W. W. Schmidt. Wauna was 70 miles down the river from Portland. Returning to Portland I was assigned to labor in the Northwest Washington Conference with headquarters at Bellingham. I immediately set out for that place, arriving June 16th.

Several missionaries were at the train to meet me, including my future companion, Frank L. Cowley. From that Wednesday till the following Monday morning (June 21) we spent in Bellingham visiting saints, attending meetings and preparing to leave the city for Anacortes, where Cowley and I had been assigned to labor. Arriving in that lumber town on a Monday morning to start missionary work was an experience I'll never forget. To change into a model missionary after the wild life I had led was more difficult than adjustment into the navy had been. Repentance was a cruel ordeal indeed.

Our first task in that community was to locate house-keeping rooms; then we started work. I accompanied Elder Cowley to several homes where he did the talking and I did the listening. I soon caught the spirit and purpose of the work and suggested that I try a home alone. I walked up to a dirty looking house and knocked. A filthy wreck answered the

door, whose very clothes were rotting from his body. The condition of the interior perfectly matched his own appearance. I was so shocked by what I saw that I barely mustered courage to hand him a pamphlet and walked off. I visited over three thousand homes while in the field, but that first call can never be erased from my memory. Fortunately the other homes I visited that morning were not in his class or I might have been tempted to go home. By the end of June I was in high gear since my July report showed I was above average in accomplishments. I sold eleven and loaned two Books of Mormon, held 135 gospel conversations, which lasted in all, 79 hours; I spent 91 hours in tracting, 131 hours in studying the Gospel, so I was pretty well baptized into the work.

My labors were not without results in Anacortes. Before leaving I had loaned a retired minister a Book of Mormon. The Elders had called on him and found him ready for baptism. He and his whole family later joined the Church.

August 21st I was transferred to Everett, Washington, a town thirty miles north of Seattle. There I was assigned to labor with Lincoln T. Harris. We labored together till the December Conference was held in Bellingham. On the fifth of that month, I was assigned to work with H. W. Jenkins, in Snohomesh County, just north of Everett. Before the end of December, Elder Jenkins and I completed the town of Stanwood, then moved down to Marysville, where, after spending Christmas and New Year in Everett with other Elders, we started to convert the people of that town.

Later I was transferred to Tacoma, the headquarters of the Washington Conference. I arrived in Tacoma May 27th and found President Donald Clegg in the postoffice, each recognizing the other as a missionary, but never having seen each other before.

President Clegg sent me to labor with Elder Dalton Meeks at Olympia, the state capitol. We labored together there till July 3rd, when I was called back to Tacoma, where I labored with President Clegg until October 6, 1921. During my work there I was given many opportunities to speak at street meetings.

When Elder Meeks was released to return home I was sent to Olympia to take charge of the work there. Elder Theodore Glaser of Willard, Utah, was my companion. We organized a Sunday School and a Mutual and were very successful

in making many friends and investigators. At Christmas time I was given permission to visit Madona and her husband, William, who were then living in Portland.

When I returned to Olympia I found a new companion to work with. Elder Glaser had been sent to Tacoma and in his place Elder Trygve Lobrot came to labor with me. He and I served together till February 24th, when I was called to open up a new field at Centralia. Elder William J. Greenland, from American Fork, Utah, was sent up from Portland to be my companion. Elder Greenland and I organized a Sunday School, which had an enrollment of 25. We made several trips to Pe El and neighboring towns, where we held successful cottage meetings. We interested the Campbell family, who after I went home, joined the Church.

By late May I had become a real financial burden to my folks at home. The five hundred dollars donated by Nephi Heward had long since been used up. Father had been sending me money he had earned at the Hyrum Dam. Emerald had sent me twenty-five dollars; probably others had contributed also. My entire mission had cost \$905.35; the monthly average was \$42.00. Government statistics prove the high cost of living reached its highest peak during the very period I was on my mission. That being the case I did not do so badly.

May 25, 1922, I received my honorable release to return home. A brief summary of my mission activities follows: Hours spent in tracting, 1,218; attending meetings, 759; studying the Gospel, 1,763; visiting investigators, 108; and in Gospel conversations, 1,957. I visited 2,366 homes and held 1,954 Gospel conversations. I attended 289 meetings, blessed two children, baptized one person, and spent \$107.65 of my own money on literature, which I gave the people free. This means my total living expenses were only \$797.70.

After I received my release I went to Olympia to bid my friends goodbye, then spent a day in Centralia. My companion, Elder Greenland, gave me a fine present as a token of his respect. Saturday, May 27, I was met in Portland by Madona and William, who took me to a vaudeville to celebrate my release. I spent six days sightseeing in Portland before taking the train (June 2) for Blackfoot. I spent three days in Blackfoot visiting Emerald and Geneva before going on to Logan (June 6). During the next week I spent some of my time in Hyrum with Artie and Donald Black. Sunday, June 11th,

my father wrote the following in his diary: "Wayne was one of the speakers in the Logan Tabernacle at 2 p. m. He gave us an excellent talk on authority. Showed the apostacy and corruption of the Catholic church, the great work of the Reformers and the Restoration through Joseph Smith, and bore a fine testimony."

It would have been to my social interest to have remained in Logan but no work could be found there. My aim was to find employment in order that I might return to school. I spent one day (June 14th) in the Logan Temple, completing the endowments for two persons. The following day I went to Salt Lake and reported my mission return at the Church Office Building (June 16th).

The task of finding employment during a depression period was not easily done. The son of Hyrum Jensen gave me a few days work feeding a cement mixer. Rose Bunker informed me of a vacancy at the Utah Implement and Vehicle Company, so I went there and secured a job. It paid me \$18.00 per week. This institution was located a few doors south of the Police Station on State Street. My work was in the shipping department aiding in filling orders and making deliveries. The first two weeks in Salt Lake I lived with my brother, Dewey, and his young wife, Viola. I felt I was intruding so after my first pay day at the Vehicle Company I rented a sleeping room at 114 South Second East, taking my meals at a cafe. After I had worked six weeks business became so dull they laid me off (August 5, 1922).

The following six weeks (ending September 9) I went from bad to worse. First I tried selling blankets and failed completely, then tried selling coal stock with the same result. I secured a few cement jobs from contractors but I soon realized I couldn't save money living in the city where expenses were so high. In desperation I permitted the railroad company to ship me (September 9) to Soldier Summit, where the Rybert Brothers were building houses for the railroad company. The wages were good but the bunk house where I slept was dirty. my meals at the railroad cafe. After three weeks I was transferred to Kyune, the first tunnel east of Colton. At that place the contractor was repairing the tunnel. October 13th I returned to Salt Lake where I was offered a job by the Phoenix Utility Company, who shipped me to Grace, Idaho. The company was building a new unit to the power plant. The

wages were good but the bunk house where I slept was dirty. I left Grace November 28th and reached Logan the next day. On Thanksgiving Day I helped eat a big dinner with the family. Aunt Misha, Donald and Artie Black were also present. December 1st I went to Salt Lake and bought me some second-hand dress clothes at the Salvation Army Store.

Saturday, December 2nd, I arrived in Provo to attend the Brigham Young University for the first time in my life. I rented a room south of the university, 86 East Fifth North. Monday, December 6th, the winter quarter began. I registered as a Junior in the great church school I had dreamed of attending for over fifteen years. The following were the courses I selected: Science of Education and Secondary Administration from Hugh M. Woodward; Educational Sociology from John C. Swensen; College Geography from Fred Buss, and Theology (Ethics of the Bible) from Dr. Woodward.

I spent the Christmas vacation in Provo. Mr. and Mrs. Sorensen from whom I rented my room were very kind to me. I often visited my cousin, Silvia Stout Carey, and her parents, Alfred Fisk and Mary Stout, my father's brother. They invited me to help eat their Christmas dinner. Uncle Alfred told me many interesting tales of early Rockville life, including the battle which he and John had with the bear up on the mountain.

In January I became very sick, so I laid in my bed for several days until I recovered. The room was unheated so my bed furnished the only heat I had. I only used my room to eat and sleep in. I studied in the college library until ten each evening and on Saturdays. On Sundays I either had to attend church, sit in hotel lobbys, or visit my relatives. The room was too cold unless I covered up. The winter term ended in March. My average grade for the five courses was 85. The courses I elected for the spring quarter were: Philosophy from Hugh M. Woodward; State and Local Government from Christen Jensen; Geography continued, and Physiology from Dr. Carroll. My average grade for those courses was 78.

School closed June 2, 1923, so I packed up and went to Magna, where I found employment in the Magna Mill owned by the Utah Copper Company. I worked there a few weeks, then went to Alta, where Lyman and Abraham worked. I was offered work by the Emma Mine, the oldest mine in Utah. I was given night work which began about eleven

o'clock. My duties on that job were to assist the pumpman in case of trouble and to load a few hand cars of waste. The remainder of the time I could sleep if I could keep warm enough, but the temperature 400 feet below the ground level was never that warm. At eight in the morning I was lifted the 400 feet and walked the half mile tunnel to the bunk house.

My two brothers and I spent many a day hiking up to the mountain peaks, over the summit to Brighton and enjoying the mountain air to the limit. While at Alta I completed a three-hour correspondence course in health education from the University of Utah. None of us were able to attend the Stout reunion in Logan. Some of us walked the 18 miles down Little Cottonwood Canyon to Sandy, then to Salt Lake by street car, to see Juanita enroute home to Arizona.

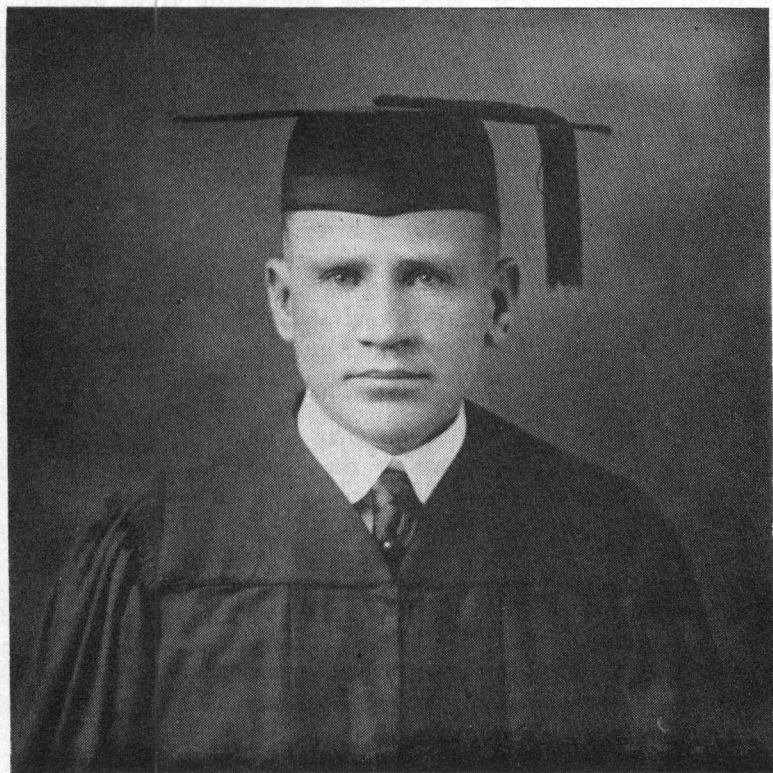
Soon after the reunion Lyman and Abraham left Alta for their school in Logan. I did not leave for Provo until the middle of September, arriving one week after school had begun. For one week I lived with Silvia Carey who insisted that I stay with them all winter, but their plans were changed by factors beyond their control so they did not need my presence. I first moved to a room in Mr. Edwards' home, but conditions were unsatisfactory there so I moved to a room at 290 East Center Street, owned by Mr. Chapman. A Mr. Harris lived with me until Christmas. He couldn't stand the unheated room so he left. I remained there the balance of the winter.

For the autumn quarter I elected Modern and Western History from William J. Snow; Comparative Governments from Christen Jensen; Economics from Mr. Miller, and Magazine Writing from Harrison R. Merrill. My average grade for the quarter was 84. In December the winter quarter began. I chose: International Law from Jensen; Theology from Professor Osmond, and continued my studies in Modern and Western History. My average grade remained the same.

The Christmas season of 1923 I went to Salt Lake and worked at the Jordan Steam Plant, Tenth West and First South streets. Dewey was one of the operators in that plant and had arranged with the superintendent for me to work there during the holidays. I lived at his home on Vine Street during my stay in the city.

My last year at Provo was the most enjoyable of school years. I attended many socials and hikes with student groups.

My cousin, Mae Bunker, also attended the university. She was the means of introducing me to others, which enlarged my circle of friends. I joined with a group of returned missionaries who organized a club. This club held socials and con-



Wayne D. Stout
B. Y. U. Graduation, 1924

ducted educational forums. I was kept busy by the Stake missionary group. All returned missionaries of the Stake met once a month and were given assignments to speak in the different wards at the regular sacrament services. I was given several such appointments, which kept me from apotatizing. I was even assigned to teach a class in Sunday School in the First Ward for a short period.

The spring quarter began in March, 1924. I chose the

following courses: Modern History from William J. Snow. This course completed all my requirements for the bachelor's degree, so the balance of my courses were taken as graduate credit. Political Parties from Jensen; Labor Problems from Miller, and Educational and Social Leadership from John C. Swenson. The completion of these courses qualified me to receive a State High School Certificate to teach in Utah for a period of five years. Believing my services as a teacher would be in great demand, I wrote some twenty letters of application to as many school superintendents. I was greatly shocked when not a one so much as even answered my letter. Those whom I interviewed dismissed me with the remark that inexperienced teachers were not being hired.

My school life came to a stormy end in June, 1924. The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered by Utah's great historian, Orson F. Whitney, June 1, in the Utah Stake Tabernacle building. We all marched to our places in caps and gowns. The following Friday, June 6th, seventy-one of us received our Bachelor's degrees in College Hall. It was the largest class the school had ever graduated up to that time. Apostle John A. Widtsoe delivered the address to the graduates. My brother, Wendell Snow, received his Master of Arts degree in the same ceremony. I graduated with a total of 184 quarter hours; 38 of these hours were in history, 12 in political science, 8 in sociology, 26 in English, and 46 in education; the remaining 54 hours were in related subjects.

With sadness in my heart I packed up and left Provo. In Salt Lake I sought employment. Although I was now a college graduate there was no work for me unless I accepted common labor. I knew I must accept that type of work or starve so after one week of searching, I landed a job up on McClelland Street from the Griffith Construction Company, who were paving the street south of Ninth South. I secured board and room at 124 South Fourth East at Mrs. Fisher's residence, for one dollar a day.

I remained with the Griffith Contractor until his job was completed; then he sent me down to Hampton Avenue, where Christensen and Gardner were paving that street between Second and Third East. I worked there two months and when completed I was transferred up on Capitol Hill, where I worked until I left for Idaho.

My laboring job handicapped me in the search for a

teaching position. Tied down as I was I could not seek in person the position I wanted. There were ten persons for every available vacancy. I soon learned that it was not what I knew that counted, it was who I knew that made the difference. When I realized my chance was a hopeless one, I registered (July 5) with the Yergensen Teachers' Agency. Over two months later I was offered, through the agency, the principalship of the Treasureton High School (September 12). I was convinced the offer would be my last so I took it. The school was scheduled to open October 6. Before I could teach in Idaho I had to pass a state examination, so during the remainder of the month I studied Idaho school laws and civil government.

I left Salt Lake City September 26, and took the Idaho State Teachers' examination the next day in Preston, Idaho. Learning by telephone that the school opening had been postponed another week, I went to Logan to spend the time visiting my people whom I hadn't seen for two years. October 6th I left Logan for Preston, where I began making plans for the opening of school. I contacted John Johnson, the County Superintendent of Schools and received from him all the advice he could give me. October 8th I went to Treasureton to study the situation. The school building was not ready. The School Trustees arranged with the Bishop to use the Church building until the school building was completed. Those three days before school started I was busy securing a place to board and making personal contacts. I was offered board and room at George Sant's farm home located three miles south of the school building for \$35.00 per month, including laundry.

October 13th finally arrived when our school opened with 28 pupils. Nineteen were first year students, six were second year, and three third year pupils. I taught six subjects and directed two correspondence courses. Two classes were in English, one each in algebra, geometry, modern history and physiology. I offered third year English to two students as a side order and a correspondence course in American history to one student. Six preparations per day was a big assignment; it nearly crushed me. I was greatly handicapped by not having a suitable place to make my preparations in the evening.

The town of Treasureton was a widely scattered dry farming community, six miles in diameter. The grade, high school and church buildings were located at the crossroads where

three roads met. There were two school districts which in 1924 combined as one. I had full charge of the high school.

The Church found plenty of work for me to do. I was given charge of the Teacher Training Class in the ward. I also served as teacher of the senior Mutual Class until Christmas time. I did not have time to take an active part in politics. Before I left Salt Lake I had arranged to have an absentee ballot sent me so I at least voted that year. I voted nearly a straight Republican ticket.

I only made one trip to Logan before the Christmas season (November 15-16). I arrived in Logan on Christmas Day and bought the folks two tons of coal as my gift. On December 31st I ended a three-day visit with Artie and family in Hyrum. I arrived in Logan as the young folks were preparing to attend a dance in the Logan auditorium. They invited me to go along. LeRoy Clark and wife and his niece, LaRene, came as we were ready to go. We all went together down to the dance. I was introduced to my future wife, Miss LaRene Clark, with whom I danced several times. As the old year retired, we left the dance hall and went to a confectionary where Beulah, Lyman, LaRene and I were served ice cream and pie. After the serving Miss Clark permitted me to take her home. Before leaving for Treasureton (January 4) I was permitted to see her twice more.

In February my cook, Mrs. Sant, became ill, so I sought board and room at the home of George Williams, who only charged me \$25.00 per month. My living conditions were superior also. The Williams lived two miles east of the school on the road to Oxford. March 16, 1925, my students honored me by giving me a public reception and dance after the Teacher Training Class. On April Fool's Day they played a friendly joke on me by all walking out of the building. They later came back and invited me to join them in a hike up into the hills, where excellent lunches were served.

After my acquaintance with Miss Clark in Logan I wanted to return to Logan every opportunity I had. January 23, 1925, I was again in Logan to see her. Two weeks later I made another trip. On Valentine's Day we were engaged to be married. Two weeks later, February 28, I gave her a diamond. Regularly, every two weeks thereafter, I spent my week ends in Logan visiting her. My school was due to close May 22, so we chose May 27 as our wedding date in the Logan

Temple. April 11, while LaRene and I were sitting in a show, we decided to get married sooner, so April 24, in the Salt Lake Temple was the new time and place chosen. During the next two weeks we made our individual plans for the great day.

I left Preston, Idaho, Thursday morning on the electric train and was joined by LaRene at Logan. The next day in the Temple we were married for time and eternity. Apostle George F. Richards performed the ceremony. After we came out of the Temple we secured board and room for two days at 242 South Second East. We spent Saturday, April 25, sight-seeing and attending shows. Sunday at 11 a. m. we started home; she left the train at Logan while I went to Preston and walked the 15 miles to my boarding house in Treasureton.

At this point in my history it is very fitting that I give a short sketch of LaRene's life taken from her own autobiography.

She is the second daughter of Frederick James and Dora Ann Rolph Clark, born March 4, 1906, one-half mile from our old home in Guadalupe, Chihuahua, Mexico. The building she was born in was a one-room Mexican adobe (dried mud brick) house with a dirt floor. She and her older sister, Ruth, were left motherless October 2, 1907, when LaRene was less than nineteen months old. "One week later," LaRene writes, "I took pneumonia in a severe form. I was all but gone, and my father rushed and brought four Elders, who administered to me. My eyes were set, but the minute the Elders took their hands off my head, I opened my eyes, sat up, and was apparently well, recovering in a few hours."

When LaRene was past three years old her father married Catherine Arvena Porter, who lived but two and a half years longer and died, due to a weak heart. This left her without even a stepmother. Three months later, March 31, 1912, father Clark and his two daughters left Dublan for Logan, Utah, and finally to Freedom, Idaho. The two girls were left with their grandfather, Albert F. Rolph, while Fred was sent on a mission for two years.

The two years spent in Star Valley LaRene lived short periods with different uncles and relatives, which greatly interfered with her schooling. In March, 1914, when her father returned from his mission, the family moved to Logan, Utah. That summer LaRene lived with her grandmother Clark. In

the autumn she went to Cleveland, Idaho, to live with her Uncle Ernest Clark, who was the school teacher there. LaRene attended his school and passed the fourth grade that winter. Before school ended in April, 1915, her father had married a third wife, Martha Cummings (April 2), who had recently come from Scotland. LaRene was taken to Logan where she taught her new step-mother how to make bread. Soon the family moved to Etna, Wyoming, where LaRene learned the art of farming.

In 1916 the family moved to Freedom where LaRene's father was postmaster for two years. Although LaRene's schooling was badly interrupted she managed to pass her grades each year. July, 1918, the family moved to Logan, Utah, but LaRene remained in Freedom where she helped Walter Weber in the hay field until September, when she too went to Logan.

The beet crop and the influenza kept LaRene out of school most of the year, 1918-1919. June, 1919, the family moved to Richmond, where LaRene's father secured employment at the milk condenser.

In the autumn of 1919 LaRene entered school for the second time in the sixth grade. The influenza epidemic struck her a blow in January of that winter, but she completed her grade. In April, 1920, she assisted her father in the poultry business, which eventually failed because prices fell. The school year 1920-21 was also interrupted due to sickness at home. In the autumn of 1921 she could stand her mis-treatment at home no longer, so she went to live with her grandmother Clark in Logan. She barely started school there when she was invited by her Uncle Marion Clark to live with his family in Hyde Park. She did well in her school work there. Her teacher, Mr. Homer, used her as an assistant teacher in penmanship. In the spring of 1922 she graduated from the eighth grade with high honors.

LaRene had high hopes of entering high school, but the arrival of her father's twins forced her to return to Richmond. Her father promised her she could attend school if she returned, so in good faith she put in a hard summer tending babies and doing housework. Autumn arrived but no opportunities to enter school were offered her. By April, 1923, she left home, highly offended by her father's broken promises.

In Logan her Uncle LeRoy Clark was responsible for securing work at the home of President E. G. Peterson's official

home on the college grounds. Mrs. Peterson gave her valuable training in home making during the 17 months she lived at the president's home. During the school year 1923-24 she was



Miss La Rene Clark
1923

able to take Business English at the college under Professor Charles E. McClellan.

LaRene's plan was to enter the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake as a training nurse. In 1924 the hospital changed the entrance age from 18 to 19 so it was necessary to find work for another year. She found employment in the home of Mrs. George B. Caine, whose husband taught dairying at the college. She was still working in that home when she met me, December 31, 1924.

This history is no longer a personal narrative but a family affair. When LaRene left the train at Logan she returned to

the home of George B. Caine, where she continued working two more weeks. I spent the same two weeks in Treasureton preparing for the ending of school. May 8th I was in Logan



The marriage of La Rene and Wayne
1925

again to attend a reception which the Clarks and Stouts had prepared for us. It was held in the Logan Fifth Ward Chapel. The people were very liberal in showering us with gifts and tokens of their friendship.

Sunday, May 10th, I returned to Treasureton, leaving LaRene in Logan another week. She joined me May 16th,

when I met her train at Oxford and took her to Williams farm in their buggy. She was my guest during the last week of school.

Knowing I would never return to Treasureton as a teacher I gave my students a free dance by hiring the hall and paying for the music myself. The following day (May 23) LaRene and I left for Blackfoot on our honeymoon. We divided our time between visiting my brother, Emerald, and her numerous relatives. Emerald returned us to Logan, June 1, in his automobile. We spent the next four days visiting in Richmond and Logan before leaving for Salt Lake June 6th, where two days later I registered at the University of Utah Summer School. We rented a furnished apartment at 1277 East South Temple Street.

The courses I elected were: History of England since 1800, from Dr. G. E. Fellows; History of Political Thought, from E. D. Thomas, and History of Utah, from A. L. Noff. In the second six-week term I continued the last two courses.

During the summer I had done all I could to secure a teaching position but had not succeeded when summer school ended on August 21. Shortly afterwards I was offered a position in the Junior High School at Wattis, Carbon County, Utah. After attending the funeral of Geneva Cox Cope, August 27, LaRene and I went to Logan to attend the Stout reunion. We were forced to leave before the reunion was completed (September 2), but we greatly enjoyed the time spent there. September 3rd we left Salt Lake for Wattis. We rented a two-room apartment on the second floor of the company store. September 4th and 5th I attended a two-day Teachers' Institute in Price. The school in Wattis began the day after Labor Day. I was expected to teach all the subjects for the ninth and tenth grades, but Mr. Christensen, the principal, wanted to teach algebra, so I taught his eighth grade history class. I taught two classes in English, ancient history, geometry and biology. The two groups met in the same room, while one grade was having its recitation the other was having a study period. At the beginning I had about twenty students. In October I attended the State Teachers' Convention in Salt Lake City, where I had a tooth filled with gold.

A depression in the coal market forced the company operating the Wattis coal mines to lay off a large group of coal miners. Many of these miners had children in my school. As

soon as these miners were thrown out of employment they moved out of Wattis. This reduced my attendance to an unlucky thirteen. This lay-off took place in late November. The County School Board soon sent me notice that my school would close January 1, 1926. Financially this violation of my teacher's contract would have left me holding the bag. The parents of the thirteen school pupils petitioned the School Board to continue the school. These parents promised they would pay half my salary for the balance of the year if the School Board would pay the remainder. This arrangement was agreed to. Accordingly each parent gave me a written promise that he would pay me monthly his allotment. Before the end of the year I had a lot of difficulty collecting from these people. One of my poorest students left school and entered the Huntington High School; then asked me to send him his credits. After consulting the school superintendent I refused to send the credits on the grounds he had defaulted on his contract. This forced him to return to the Wattis school and make good his note and school work. I had trouble with still another family but finally left with all the money due me.

LaRene was ill most of the autumn months. In January, 1926, she was in a serious condition physically. We went to Price and made arrangements with a lady named Bertha James, who was a practical nurse, to care for her while she was sick. When February 6 arrived I did not dare to leave her in Wattis longer, so I took her to the James' home in Price, where she became a star boarder. I returned to my school in Wattis, where a week later I received a false alarm and rushed down to Price. Sunday, February 14, I again returned to Wattis. Monday evening, after school, I learned she had really taken sick. I had no transportation so I walked the 17 miles to Price, arriving late in the evening. She was very sick and grew worse hourly. The baby arrived at 2:30 a. m., February 16, 1926. He weighed nine and a half pounds. We named him Owen Wayne Stout. LaRene remained at the James' home about two weeks before I returned her to Wattis. On LaRene's birthday we invited friends to our apartment. J. Frank Kilian from Orangeville, later president of the Emery Stake, blessed and gave him his name.

The Wattis school ended May 21, so the three of us took the train for Salt Lake City, where LaRene was operated on. In Logan we rented housekeeping rooms

on Fifth North. I registered at the U. S. A. C. Summer School. I chose the following as my courses: Advanced Sociology from Dr. Ross of Wisconsin University, and Constitutional U. S. History from Andrew McLaughlin of Chicago University. During the second term I elected Recent European History from Joel Ricks, and Public Opinion from Franklin D. Daines. This made a total of ten graduate credit hours.

During the summer we were visited (July 10) by Madona, who was enroute to Portland, having attended the funeral of Valeria in Rockville.

The summer session closed August 20th. I had intended to teach, but no offers had been made me. My money had been used up so in desperation LaRene and I moved (August 28) into father's home at 242 East Fourth North. We lived with the folks just one month, believing each day a teaching position would be offered me. Finally on September 20th I decided that if I couldn't teach I might try attending school. My funds were exhausted so I knew I would have to work for my board and room if I attended at all. Late in September I went to Salt Lake City and inquired at the Student Employment Office for a place where I might work for my board and room. They sent me to the home of Joshua H. Paul, who needed a couple to care for his sick wife. They hired myself and wife, so I rushed back to Logan and moved (September 25) LaRene and Owen to Salt Lake. There we were given a room and groceries if we would care for Mrs. Paul, who was sick.

September 26 I registered at the University of Utah as a graduate student. I elected: Mediaeval and Modern Civilization from Prof. George E. Fellows, and American Political Theories from Andrew Neff. I registered for five credit hours on my thesis, which I soon began to write.

We hadn't lived at the Paul residence more than two weeks when LaRene took sick. It soon became evident we couldn't do the work expected of us so we decided to make other arrangements. I decided to borrow money with which to complete my school year. Emerald consented to advance a sum of money each month so we moved (October 13) to a one-room apartment at 242 East South Temple Street. Donald Black very kindly moved us there.

During the more than two months we lived on South Temple I took orders, in my spare time, for Dixie molasses.

Dewey and Donald Black had agreed to sell a lot of molasses for John Stout of Hurricane. They offered me a commission for all molasses sold from my orders. I realized about five dollars for my work.

The one-room apartment on South Temple became untenable in time so we moved (December 21) to a small three-room apartment at 331 West on North Temple. In that upstairs sunless nest we spent nine months. We only had to pay twelve dollars per month for those rooms.

The winter term at the University began January 3, 1927. I signed to take Modern History since 1815 from Prof. Fellows; Principles and Problems of Government from Dr. Andrew L. Neff. I took credit for five more hours on my thesis. Since October I had chosen as my thesis subject: "The President's Power of Removal". I spent all my spare time doing research on that problem.

One morning in late January LaRene and I both woke up very sick. I had an attack of pleurisy while she was suffering from an attack of appendicitis. We called Dr. Byron Rees, who advised me to take her to the hospital at once. January 21 she was operated on for appendicitis in the L. D. S. Hospital, Dr. Rees performing the operation. It was necessary to borrow \$25.00 before she could enter the hospital. LaRene sold her gold watch for ten dollars to help pay the expenses. I had recovered from my pleurisy sufficiently to watch the operation. She remained in the hospital about a week after the operation before returning home.

In March the Spring Quarter began. I elected: American History since the Civil War, from Prof. Neff, and Constitutional Decisions from E. D. Thomas. I spent the balance of my time completing my thesis. This document proved to be a 128-page type-written paper. I tried to prove that the president's power of removal was absolute. I paid my niece, Joyce Richardson, five dollars for typing the thesis. May 25th I was given an oral examination by a committee of university professors on my knowledge of social science in general. All candidates for the Master's degree are required to take that examination before graduation. I passed that examination with flying colors. At the University Graduation Exercises, June 7 1927, I received my Master of Science Degree, in History and Political Science. There were 103 others who received their Master's

degrees that day. I was only personally acquainted with one of them, Mrs. Alta Thomas Hicken, who also took classes in history with me.

It was necessary for me to borrow fifty dollars from the Student Body Loan Fund to pay my tuition, graduation fee, degree fee, and the binding of the thesis. After the arrival of Monterey I found I was in debt \$900 for the many expenses of the school year. It took me nine years to pay off that debt.

Shortly after my graduation Mary Allred came to live with us awaiting the hour when LaRene would be confined to her bed. The morning of June 11, 1927, our second boy arrived; he weighed eight and one-half pounds. Dr. Brown was the attending physician. As soon as I was able to leave LaRene I started looking for work. Ten days after Monterey arrived I secured a job from the Chevrolet Motor Company.

My work with the Chevrolet Company was to travel in a truck with another man, Mr. Harmon, and put up Chevrolet Road Signs. I was the lease agent. It was my duty to secure a lease from a land owner and then choose a suitable place for the sign where the public could easily see it. It then became Mr. Harmon's duty to erect the sign with my help. During my seventy-five days with this company we made three long trips from Salt Lake. The first trip took us to Logan, Montpelier and to Afton, Wyoming. We returned through Mink Creek, Preston, Idaho, and Logan and Ogden, putting up signs at each city. In Salt Lake about July 1, I found mother had just arrived from Mesa, Arizona. She was very weak and poor in health. She was losing strength rapidly. I was happy to find my wife fully well and doing all her work alone. Her nurse, Mary Allred, had gone home.

Our second trip was the longest. We went direct to Pocatello, Idaho, where I visited Calvin and Achsah McOmber, who were living there. Heading north we put up signs in Blackfoot, Shelley, Idaho Falls, Rexburg, Sugar City, Driggs, Victor, then over the high mountain to Jackson Hole. Completing our work there we went to Yellowstone Park, saw the main sights there, then out the West gate and south to Blackfoot. From Blackfoot we went west to Arco and Mackey, then over the Sawtooth Mountains to Sun Valley and Ketchum, then to Hailey. Moving south we passed through Shoshone, Gooding, Buhl to Twin Falls. We spent nearly a week there. Heading east up the Snake

River we did work in Burley, American Falls and to Pocatello. We rushed on to Ogden, where we spent several days putting up Signs.

In Salt Lake before we could start on another trip I learned of mother's fatal sickness. I secured a few days off and went to Logan August 3rd, arriving two hours before the end. I remained in Logan the two days awaiting the funeral, which was held August 5th. I traded my return ticket to Joyce Richardson for a chance to ride back to Salt Lake in Dewey's Ford car. Dewey went to sleep behind the wheel so the car was wrecked in the bar pit but none of us were hurt. I begged a ride to Ogden, then another to Salt Lake, arriving about four in the morning.

The following Monday, August 8th, Mr. Harmon and I started on our last trip. We did work in Park City, Heber, Duchesne, and Vernal. Returning through Duchesne we went to Helper, Price, Huntington and Castle Dale. We crossed over the high mountain to Ephraim, then to Manti, where I saw its temple for the first time. We did work in Richfield, Salina and Pankuitch. Crossing over the mountains we saw Cedar Breaks. At Cedar City we had a few signs to put up. We did work in Hurricane and St. George. I took a good look at the temple where mother and father were married 43 years earlier. I rented a room in Uncle Warren's hotel. Northward bound we found work in Beaver, Fillmore, Delta and Nephi. We arrived in Salt Lake September 3rd, our work completed. The company was very generous and paid us up to September 15th. A few days later Charles A. Lindbergh, a national hero, visited Salt Lake. The big parade passed our house on North Temple. I held up Monterey (less than three months old) so he could see him. September 4, in the 14th Ward, I blessed and gave Monterey Stout his name.

September 12th I was offered a teaching position in the Junior High School at Randolph, Rich County, Utah. I bought a small Ford car, loaded it up with personal property and started for Randolph. After considerable tire trouble I landed there, made reservations for a place to live and rushed back to Salt Lake after my family. September 15th I started for Randolph with my wife and two sons. Before we reached the top of Parley's Canyon a piston ring burnt out. Repairs at Wanship were costly in time and money. At Randolph we

rented part of Mr. Walton's home. Saturday, September 17th, I attended a Teachers' Instiute at Lake Town. School began September 19th.

My school assignment was to teach the Seventh and Eighth grades. Both grades were in the same room. There were about ten in the eighth grade and fifteen in the seventh. During two periods, while Miss Shipley taught English and art, I taught two classes in the senior high. One was modern history, the other American history. I enjoyed those two classes more than all my other work combined. Preston P. Maughn was the principal of the school. Once a week I aided in conducting the Religion Class.

October 19-23 I took my wife and sons to Logan. While they visited in Richmond I attended the State Teachers' Convention in Salt Lake. Returning to Randolph up Logan Canyon we managed to climb the mountain, but our brakes gave out in descent. I used the low gear until its power was gone, then I used the reverse until its virtue was gone. By that time we were near the bottom and were speeding when we hit the level road. The old car could not climb the mountain south of Lake Town so we left it there and caught a ride to Randolph. We never used the car again that winter.

In Church activities I was quite active that winter. The first part of the winter I taught a Sunday School class. In January I was director of the Missionary Training class. I was a member of the committee which gave the community Christmas program.

In March, 1928, Owen and Monterey had a severe case of scarlet fever. Owen's condition was very serious. In April I was again offered a teaching contract by the school board, but very foolishly turned it down. I consider that was one of the most serious mistakes of my life. When school was closed in May Mr. Walton wanted his home so we moved across the street to a two-room apartment in Abbie Bond's house, a young widow. I went to Salt Lake to look for work. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad gave me a job on a bridge gang and sent me to Woodside (near Green River, Utah). I worked at that job all of June, then returned to Randolph. While I was gone LaRene and sons visited in Logan and Richmond.

Shortly after my return to Randolph Bishop Larsen offered me work on his wild hay farm, located six miles east of Ran-

dolph. My wages were \$2.50 per day and board. My first week on his ranch I ran a mower. The second week he gave me the job of stacker, one dollar more per day. Never in my life was I in a place where the mosquitoes were thicker; it was necessary to wear veils in order to breathe. After another week with Larsen I left his employ. July 23rd I went to Ogden to seek employment and try to line up a teaching position, but failed at both. In Randolph again I worked for Mr. Rex a week, then started working for a Mr. Hoffman. The second week these people left their farm in our charge while they visited in Salt Lake City. That was one time my family filled up on cream and butter.

Late August had arrived and no position for the winter was in prospect. August 28th I rushed down to Salt Lake and left my application with the City Superintendent of Schools. September 4th I was offered a position as teacher in the South Junior High School at \$1,500 per year. I began teaching two days later. My assignment was the most difficult I have ever experienced. I taught six classes per day, each requiring hours of preparation and endless making of reports. The students were all seventh graders. I taught them general and social science. Each group contained 35 or 40 students.

Meanwhile, as soon as I knew the position was safe, I sent for my family. LaRene and the boys were hauled down to Salt Lake September 11th by a milk trucker who made regular trips to Randolph. We rented an apartment at 453 So. 2nd East, where we only lived a few weeks. Later in September we moved to a duplex at 373 East 8th South, where we spent the next six months.

Father paid us a visit while attending the General October conference. He was then actively aiding the cause of Herbert C. Hoover for president of the United States. I also believed the Republican cause was divine. I looked upon Alfred E. Smith as a political wolf in sheep's clothing. All my students, however, were strong for the "Happy Warrior", which indicated the sentiment in Salt Lake City toward prohibition. In the November election, I voted for Hoover; Salt Lake City was strong for Smith, while Utah and the nation went for Hoover.

My difficulties in the school room increased daily. Before the Christmas season arrived it was a mad house. Finally when

I realized I was a complete failure, I sent in my resignation to the superintendent (December 26). I knew my action would bring on an economic crisis if I gave up my position but nothing could be worse than to continue under such conditions. The relief I experienced when all ties were cut was beyond description.

January 1, 1929, was the beginning of my depression, not when the stock market broke, nine months later. I first tried to sell Maytags, then I went to Tooele and tried to sell A Nash suits. I failed at both jobs. I next signed up to sell Rogers silverware. Before I could take that job I needed more money so I borrowed \$50.00 from Bishop Elggren to start me out. I was assigned all of Southern Colorado as my territory. Taking leave of my family (February 17) I spent nearly all my money on a ticket to Green River, Utah, my first stop. I believed I would start making my big money there. Like a lamb led to the slaughter I approached my first prospective customers, expecting magic results. To my surprise none of them were interested. I discovered to my great consternation that the whole proposition which I was selling was a fraud. This revelation completely destroyed my morale. Stranded in that awful desert, I telegraphed for money, which was immediately sent me. I rushed back to Salt Lake City to find LaRene had reported the case to the sheriff. But the law was plainly written to protect the swindlers, so nothing could be done.

Never had we been in such a tight spot. Penniless, badly in debt, and no work did not make me wish I was still teaching in that city mad house. I tried to borrow money from one of my brothers whom I had helped when in distress, but the boot was on the other foot, so no assistance was given me. I was at the depths of despondency the day Herbert Hoover was inaugurated president of the United States. His boasts of a great prosperity did not appeal to me.

As a final act of desperation I went to Bingham Canyon (March 9) to try the mines. I was employed by the U. S. Mining Company. I was sent to the 1,000-foot level to work. Oxygen was so scarce down there I did not have the strength to work. After a week of trial I gave up and went home, arriving there on my 35th birthday. We were a month behind in our rent so we moved to cheaper quarters, 170 Vine Street on Capitol Hill. During my stay in the Second Ward

I had served as teacher in the Elders Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School. I had also acted as a ward teacher, turning in a 100 per cent report for each month I served. During the winter LaRene's cousin, Flora Clark, had lived with us. To express her appreciation for her board and room, she went to the Z. C. M. I., posed as my wife, drew out \$12.00 in merchandise and skipped the country.

Soon after our arrival on Vine Street Owen and Monterey broke down with whooping cough. The doctor gave them several shots in the arm, otherwise their chances for recovery would have been slim.

April 1, 1929, I started work for the Phoenix Utility Company at the Jordan Steam Plant, 10th West and First South. The company was building a new unit to the plant. The work was hard, but I stayed with it until the note for the fifty dollars was due to Bishop Elggren (May 15), then I quit, paid off the note and found another job.

The new job was for a contractor who was building the City Produce Market on West Temple. I only worked there about a week, when Levi N. Harmon came along and offered me a good job helping him sell Law Correspondence courses from the Blackstone Institute. He promised to do the selling; my job was to find suitable prospects. I gave him ten dollars for transportation expenses, so we went to Cache County to find our first prospects (May 27, 1929). We visited nearly all the small towns in Cache Valley, contacting persons we believed would be interested in the study of law at home. Not a one of them signed up with us. At the end of the week (June 1) we returned to Salt Lake, not having made a cent and becoming very skeptical of the whole mess.

I decided to give Mr. Harmon another week of trial so we started south (June 3) into Sanpete and taking note of Fairview where mother was born. We visited all the towns in that county and in Sevier County without making a sale. At the end of the week we returned to Salt Lake, where I faced a new financial crisis. I had lost two weeks of work and had spent a lot of money on traveling expenses.

Penniless and my family in need, I was forced to seek any kind of work I could get. For a short time I worked for the Phoenix Utility again, then I worked for the Shell Oil Company, building new service stations. July 8, I started working

for a Denver Contractor who was building the Chevrolet Office headquarters located just south of the Denver and Rio Grande depot. Lyman was working there when I began. We both worked there till August 14; the next day Abraham, Lyman and I took a civil service examination for post officer carriers. Abraham passed the test, but Lyman and I failed.

Meanwhile in late June I invited a young man named Fred Christensen to come and live with us. His parents had treated me very kindly at Olympia, Washington, when I was there on a mission. We gave him free board and room until he could find employment. After his second pay day he still refused to pay us for his board so we were forced to ask him to leave.

In the month of May I signed a contract to teach in the Thomas High School, located ten miles southwest of Blackfoot, Idaho. After the civil service examination, I had but ten days to move my possessions up to Idaho. I bought a big seven-passenger Willis-Knight automobile, loaded my family and a few personals and started north (August 19). I left the family at Richmond and continued on to Blackfoot alone, arriving late. August 20, Emerald accompanied me to Thomas, where I deposited my load at the Williams' home, had a talk with Mr. Clinger, the principal of the school relative to school plans, then returned to Blackfoot after a lot of car trouble. Early August 22, I started south with Emerald and his family packed in my car. Emerald had ended his nine years of teaching in the Blackfoot High School and was moving to Salt Lake to live. We passed through Malad, Idaho, to visit at noon at Donald Black's home. We arrived at Dewey's home in Salt Lake a few hours after his daughter, Marilyn, had been killed by a truck. The next day at 170 Vine Street I loaded the balance of my possessions in the car and started north, Emerald with me. At Richmond I picked up my family and continued on. Twenty miles south of Pocatello the rear axel burnt out. Emerald caught a ride to Pocatello and sent a relief truck after us. That night we camped at the home of Calvin McOmber, in Pocatello. The next day, Saturday, August 24, Parley Clark towed our car to Blackfoot, then he took us in his car to Thomas, arriving late at night.

After a busy Sunday at the old Williams' home, making it a fit place to live in, I started teaching school again for the fifth time in my life. Mr. Clinger was the principal, Miss Beck

from Ohio was the other teacher. It was the first real senior high school I had ever taught in. I taught general science, biology, world history and two classes in geometry. I also conducted a study period. My salary was \$1,350 per year.

We left the old Willis-Knight at Parley Clark's home in Blackfoot for him to repair if he could. He reported it would cost \$100 to put it in service so I traded it off for a Ford Touring car. That car was also unuseable so I used it as a down payment on a 1927 Ford Tudor, which was in excellent running condition. This car furnished us the necessary transportation to haul groceries and supplies from Blackfoot without depending on our neighbors for such favors.

School closed the first two weeks in October for the beet harvest. Late in October we bought \$55.00 worth of supermaid aluminum ware. It required several years of hard savings before we paid that debt off.

LaRene had been ill for many months previous to November. On November 2, our third son arrived. Dr. W. W. Beck was the attending physician. We were highly disappointed it could not be a girl. January 5, 1930, I named him Vaughn Clark Stout at the Thomas Ward services.

April 26, 1930. Miss Beck wanted to visit Salt Lake and hear and see the great Tabernacle Choir render the "Messiah", which was part of the ceremonies commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Church. She joined my family in an automobile trip to the city, where we beheld the great pageant. The spectacle had such a profound effect on Miss Beck that she asked me to explain the meaning of Mormonism, which I did enroute home. I was rusty on the subject since I hadn't been active in church activities for sometime. During the winter, however, I had taught the Genealogical Class in Mutual.

School closed May 16th, so we moved to Blackfoot, renting a house at 42 Stout Ave. I was then thrown into the world without a trade. I had sworn I would never teach again, so I had to find something to do. I tried selling insurance, but that failed. I listed cattle and other property for sale, but my income from that source was too small. I used my car to start a taxicab business, but the town was too small to give me sufficient employment to keep my family. For a while I worked with a crew that went through the pea fields picking out the culls.

Finally Marion Clark informed me I could buy fresh vegetables from the State Hospital for the Insane for almost nothing. I went there and filled my car with cabbages and started selling them around town. I did so well at that work I went into the business with both hands and feet. The market proved too small in Blackfoot so I started hauling vegetables to Pocatello. Some days I cleared ten dollars, which accounts for my staying with the work. I continued running my taxi business at night. I made three long trips for the public—two to Idaho Falls and one to Arco.

The supply of cheap vegetables at the State Hospital was exhausted after about three weeks, so I started to buy tomatoes, green corn, and apples from the farmers and peddled them all over Pocatello. When this produce was gone I started on dry beans about the middle of November and continued on with that valuable product for eight more months.

Meanwhile in September many important events took place within our family circle. Owen had an attack of tonsilitis so we took him to the Beck Hospital and had his tonsils removed (September 10). The house we lived in was sold so we moved across the street. The payments on the Ford Tudor were so high we had the car re-financed. I was appointed teacher of the Adult Class in Mutual in the First Ward, the subject of the course concerned health. Although we lived in the Second Ward we attended the Blackfoot First Ward. It was in September that I went to Pocatello and took a U. S. Civil Service examination for the job as guard, Bureau of Prisons, Department of Justice. I passed the examination, but wasn't called into the service for ten more months. In November I voted for William E. Borah for Senator from Idaho.

In the interest of economy we moved from the house at 43 Stout Ave to the north end of Stout Ave. (565). A family named Skyles lived in the other half of the house; we had three rooms. After I had solicited every home in Pocatello at least twice I turned northward and tried Idaho Falls. I had covered the city by December 15th, when I left for Salt Lake City to work in the postoffice during the Christmas rush. That job gave me ten days of employment. Wendell, who was also in financial distress, worked there during the rush. The little children had a very slim Christmas that year since I never received my pay till January 3. After returning I cut down the

large tree that stood just west of the house. It fell onto the house and did considerable damage, requiring a full week of my time to repair.

In January, 1931, I resumed the peddling of navy and pinto beans. In three months I covered all the farming country on all sides of Idaho Falls for a distance of ten miles at least twice. In April I worked in Pocatello for my brother-in-law, Calvin D. McOmber. Most of my work was plowing and preparing the land for seed. While I was there LaRene and the boys went to Logan and Richmond to visit relatives. When I finished at Calvin's I went after my family. On that trip I saw my father for the last time. The first of May I extended my bean business to the area around Rigby, Rexburg and Sugar City. About the middle of May I started up the Snake River toward Star Valley. I sold my load so easily in the lower part of the valley I tried a second trip, this time going to Afton. Store beans sold for 12c a pound so I did well selling mine for five cents. In June I made two trips to Gentle Valley and was very successful in Bancroft, Chesterfield, Grace, Thatcher and Lava Springs.

I was interviewed by an investigator for the Civil Service on June 13. My appointment was received July 15. I was requested to report for duty in New York City not later than July 27. I borrowed money and started out. Rode with a friend to McCammon, took the stage to Cokeville, where I found a rodeo in full swing. Rode the train to Granger, then bought a bus ticket to New York City. I enjoyed the ride on cushion seats over the very route my poor grand parents (all four of them) trudged some eighty years previously. I visited a few hours in Chicago. From Detroit I visited Windsor to see Canada for the first time in my life. I passed through Cleveland, Pittsburgh (where father served on his mission), Philadelphia, then New York on Utah's Pioneer Day. I reported at 427 West Street, the Federal Detention Headquarters (a Federal Jail). My salary was to be \$1,680 per year. The institution was used as a training school for prison guards. Mr. Jesse O. Stutsman, the superintendent, was in charge of the school. Myself and sixty others were given sleeping quarters in a large hall on Ellis Island, but we took our meals at the Prison Cafe.

Our daily program was as follows: Rose at 5:30 a. m., took boat from Ellis Island at 6:00, rode the elevated trains

to West Street, and ate breakfast at 7:00. At 8:00 we went to the large city armory on West 14th Street. For three hours we drilled in marching (army style), wrestling, boxing, judo, target practice, and defensive tactics. After dinner we went to the armory again to hear a lecture on criminology. Mr. Stutsman, our teacher, gave use frequent examinations on his course and required us to write a thesis developing a current topic relating to penology. I wrote one: "Individualization of Treatment," for which I received a grade of 90. After class we either returned to the institution to observe the old guards in action or spent our time in research or study. On week ends we were expected to stand on eight-hour watch, assuming all the responsibilities of a regular guard at the post.

Outside of my working hours I saw a lot of New York City. I visited the old U. S. Constitution (battleship of the Revolution), went to the top of the Empire State Building, saw Coney Island, Washington Bridge, U. S. Grant statue, China Town, Wall Street, Sing Sing, the Tombs, Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Central Park, several museums, and Brooklyn. These tours proved very educational and worth while.

The training school closed November 3. I was assigned to serve at the Federal Correctional Camp, Fort Eustis, Virginia. I arrived there with seven others November 5, 1931. Fort Eustis was a large army training station for soldiers in the first World War (and is used in the present conflict for the same purpose) and is located on the peninsula between the James and York rivers, thirteen miles east of Williamsburg and nineteen miles west of Newport News. As soon as I found I could secure living quarters for my family I wrote to LaRene and suggested that she come if possible.

LaRene and the three boys remained in Blackfoot until the middle of October, then she moved to Logan. She had located a place on third East near father's home and was quite well settled for the winter when she received my letter about November 10th suggesting that she come to Virginia. She immediately borrowed some money, packed up and left by train. It was a hazardous trip to take in her condition. It was a problem to keep under control the three boys under six. The girl not yet born caused more trouble than the three boys combined. She arrived (November 28) even before the telegram she sent came. I was, therefore, en-

tirely unaware of her presence. By accident I saw them pass in a taxicab. I took my family to the eight-room apartment I had chosen. It contained no furniture at the time so LaRene nearly cried when she saw the empty "barn" we were to occupy. Later the government issued us all the furniture we needed.

My first assignment after reaching Fort Eustis was to take charge of the stables which housed about thirty government mules. I had a group of prisoners who worked under me. After the morning chores were completed we worked on the farm. This assignment lasted until December 2 when I was transferred to work at the stockade on the evening watch. My duties at the stockade were to assist in directing the prisoners at their evening meal and other evening activities, including several counts.

Maxine Ruth Stout made her appearance January 29, 1932. Dr. Crafford from Lee Hall took charge of the case. A neighbor served as nurse. I had bought a cheap Ford car so I took LaRene and the family for a long ride. We visited Langley Field, Fort Monroe and Newport News. This exposure caused her to take a backset and a vacation in bed for several weeks.

In March I was given a new assignment. I was given charge of the garbage truck detail. I had from 3 to 5 Negroes working under me. Three times a week we gathered up the garbage from the officers' quarters and the government kitchens, taking same to the "hog ranch". We gathered up the ashes and trash from the camp and took same to the dump. We supplied both the institution and all employees with coal. This work lasted till July 5 when I was assigned the evening watch at the main gate, where I remained for over two years.

A few months after Maxine joined our family, we bought a nine-tube Philco radio. This wonderful instrument enabled us to keep abreast of the times, especially the great political campaign which was making the headlines in the news. Equipment for a picture show was installed so we were enabled to attend a free picture show each Sunday evening. In September a union Sunday School was organized in the camp. I was asked to teach the Adult Class. This gave me an opportunity to teach them Mormonism. So long as they did not recognize my doctrines as Mormon they drank it in willingly. While teaching one of these classes October 2, 1932, I received a telegram informing me that my father had died (October 1).

I wired back that I could not attend the funeral. I later sent ten dollars to help pay the funeral expenses. It was in September that Owen started school at Denbigh, a town six miles east of Fort Eustis. I paid the bus driver my part for his transportation.

In September and October, 1932, the air waves were full of politics. The Democrats charged that the Republicans had caused the great depression. I was fully convinced the charge was untrue. Since I was a Civil Service employee I could not take an active part in politics, but that did not stop me from thinking politically. I wrote many saucy articles to newspapers defending the Republican position, but never signed my own name. I boldly predicted that Hoover would be re-elected and looked upon Farley's claims of Democratic victory in horror. The defeat of the Republicans in that election was the shock of my life. Since I lived on a government reservation, I could not even vote, but how could my vote have changed the outcome in a Democratic state like Virginia? My reaction to the great defeat I stated in an article I wrote soon after the election entitled: "An Apology for Republicans", which can be found in my "state" papers.

During the early months of 1933 we had considerable sickness in our home. January 5th we took Vaughn to Dr. W. O. Poindexter in Newport News to have his tonsils removed. Later Maxine developed a serious case of bronchitis. In May Owen brought home the Chicken Pox, which was spread to the other children.

Since we had no funds in the banks we escaped the great banking crisis of March, 1933. The surplus part of our monthly check had been used to pay our numerous debts. In March of that year we were only one-third out of debt. Mr. Roosevelt, the new president, did such a fine job of handling the crisis that my prejudices against the Democratic Party were gradually removed.

The old Ford car we had purchased in December, 1931, was too feeble to be used by August, 1932, so I used it to make a down payment on a 1928 Chevrolet Tudor. This car enabled us to visit many points of interest on the peninsula. Richmond, Norfolk, Jamestown, Yorktown and Fortress Monroe were very interesting historical places to see. We spent many a day on the beach at Yorktown swimming in the very waters

where the battleship "Georgia" lie when that warship was my home in 1918. We also visited Hampton Roads where I was stationed as a sailor.

My work as a prison guard did not contribute in any way towards my intellectual growth so I used my spare time in private study. I spent much time in the prison library writing articles on current problems. I followed closely the great debates in Congress. I disapproved the methods but not the objectives of the N. R. A. I opposed the A. A. A. on the grounds that Congressional Acts could not solve nor control crop failures nor climatic conditions. I was very pleased with the passage of the Act which created the Securities and Exchange Commission, the purpose of which was to stop the sale of worthless stock to the public. I was fully in favor of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment since I believed the people of the United States were unprepared to live the higher law.

The school of Denbigh began September 5, 1933. Monterey began his school career while Owen started in the second grade. Another Sunday School was organized in Fort Eustis. When no one else would agree to teach the adult class I finally consented to try it again. The attendance was not so high that winter but I did my best to pour down their throats as much Mormonism as I thought they could digest.

In April, 1934, Owen brought the measles home so that each of the children took turns with the disease. Late that month I made a trip to Washington, D. C., to make application for a better position. I secured letters of recommendation from Senators Borah of Idaho and E. D. Thomas of Utah. I presented these letters, together with my application, to the Educational Director, Bureau of Prisons. This official received my application very coldly, but promised to let me know what action was taken on it. That afternoon (April 24) I attended my first major league baseball game. The Washington Senators were defeated by the Boston Red Socks. Since it was the first game of the season, President Roosevelt also attended. He did not know I was there.

May 14, 1934, we were visited by Elder Edward J. Angle, president of the Virginia District missionaries. The following day we took him to Jamestown, where I baptized Owen in the James River in front of the first house built in America. The date was significant too since it was just 105 years from the

day John the Baptist conferred the Aaronic Priesthood on Joseph Smith.

It was in April or May that the first suggestion was made that the Correctional Camp was to be discontinued by the Bureau of Prisons. This information rather upset us since it made the future so uncertain. In July, after serving at the Main Gate for over two years, I was assigned to work on the stockade, evening watch.

In July a Sunday School was organized in Newport News. President Angle placed me in charge. I also taught the adult class. LaRene was the organist. We had an enrollment of about 15. When we were transferred to Missouri in October the Sunday School was suspended. Before receiving our final orders to travel we visited Virginia Beach, east of Norfolk, then returned home by way of Cape Henry and Langley Field.

We received our traveling orders October 4, 1934. Twenty hours later we were traveling westward on Route 60. Our route took us through Richmond, over the Blue Ridge Mountains to Charleston, West Virginia, then to Huntington, Lexington, Frankfort, Louisville, and crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis. We arrived in Springfield, Missouri, October 10, where I had been assigned to work in the U. S. Hospital for Defective Delinquents. After many difficulties we located a house on Lyon Avenue. After we unpacked our car I went to the Standard Motor Company and used my old Chevrolet as a down payment on a new 1934 Chevrolet Tudor.

I reported for duty at the institution October 12. I found several Fort Eustis employees already there. At first I was used as a relief man, then was given a working detail occupied in ber 2.

The institution at which I worked housed all the insane and chronically sick sent there from all the penal institutions. The medical and nurse staff were employees of the U. S. Public Health Service. The superintendent was from that service. The assistant superintendent, who is in charge of the custodian service, is appointed by the Prison Bureau. His aide holds the office of captain. The latter officer was the man under whom I worked and received my assignments. The work was divided up into three shifts and over each a lieutenant was in charge.

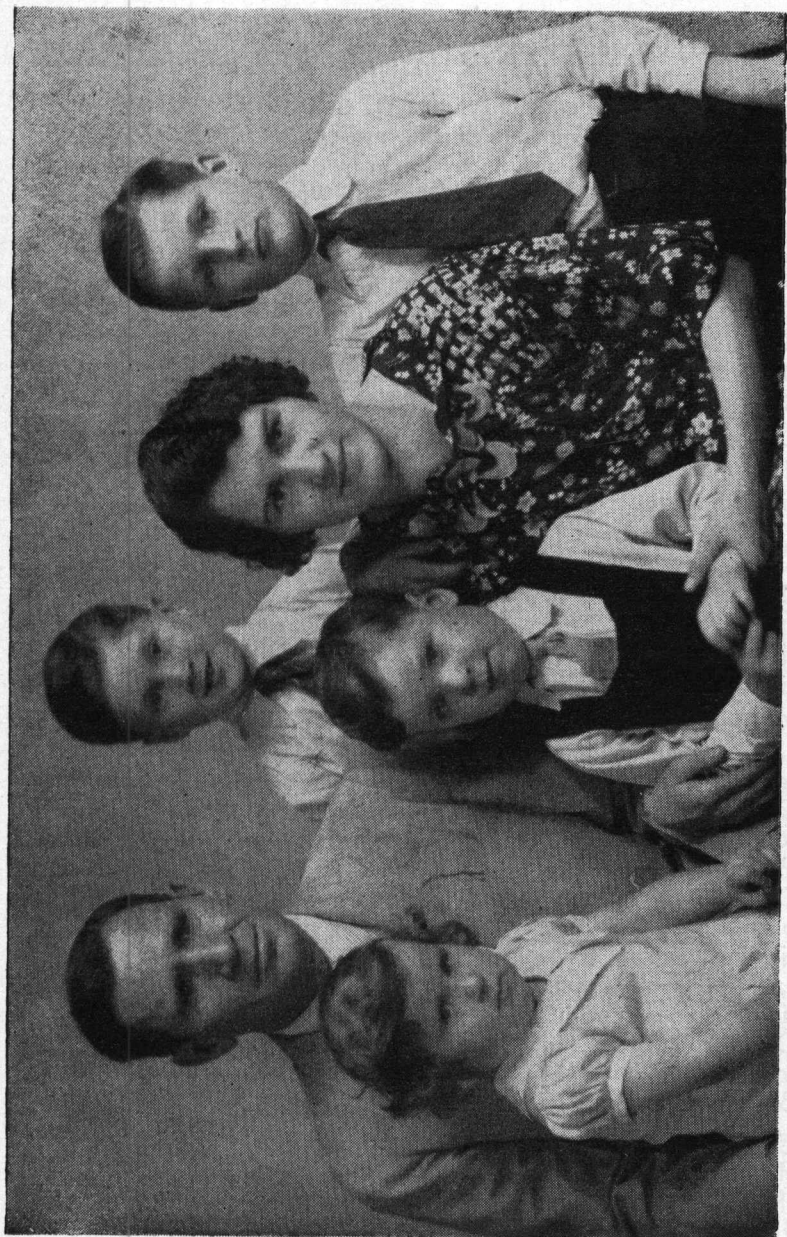
We adjusted ourselves to the life in Missouri as best we could. We located the L. D. S. Church in the north end of town and

asked the president of the Branch to send for our membership certificates, which were still in Blackfoot. Springfield was the headquarters for the missionaries in the southwest part of Missouri. Several missionaries were located there, including the president of the District. Shortly after our arrival, Mr. Hoffman, the Branch President, was released, and Malen J. Dahl, a missionary from Midvale, Utah, was sustained in his place. National politics was at a high level of excitement in Springfield those 25 days after our arrival in Missouri. I attended the rally of Republicans to hear Senator Roscoe C. Patterson, arch-conservative, make his final plea for re-election. He and twenty-two other Senators were defeated. Twenty-four new Democratic Governors were elected, so the New Deal was overwhelmingly endorsed by the people. Personally I was greatly disappointed by the results.

On that same election day (November 6) we moved two doors south (to 319 Lyon Ave.) a fine four-room furnished cottage where living conditions were greatly improved. Conditions, however, at the Hospital did not improve after December 2nd. I was assigned the morning watch at the West Gate, where I was exposed to the worst the weather could furnish, so it was necessary to keep moving to keep from freezing to death. I consider that month's assignment the worst I experienced during the six years I was a guard. In January, 1935, I was given day duty at the same place—a real relief indeed. In February both the superintendent and the captain were replaced. Dr. King from Fort Leavenworth took charge of the institution, while Mr. Albert McDonald from Ohio was our new captain.

Our tenth wedding anniversary came along so we celebrated by having a family group picture taken. Maxine had a strange skin disease, large black spots appearing under her skin. By careful feeding she was cured of the ailment.

June 9, 1935, the Springfield Branch was reorganized. Elder Dahl was released and James W. Nickle, a local man, was chosen president. Myself and William Duke (a missionary) were selected as his counselors. During the following ten months much of my spare time was spent in church activities. Every third month I took charge of the services and did all I could to make the church programs a success. I used my car to do



TENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY - 1935
Front: Maxine and Vaughn. Sitting: Wayne and La Rene. Standing: Monterey and Owen.

missionary work in the country and assisting the missionaries to hold cottage meetings.

Toward the end of August we decided the insanity of our landlady was too intolerable so we took advantage of a 15-day vacation leave and moved to Nichols, a small town five miles west of Springfield, on Highway 66. It was at Nichols that Vaughn began his school career. We enjoyed the country life for a while, but when cold weather set in we began to realize our disadvantages. The sewer system was unworkable, the house unheatable and the landlord too grouchy so on November 1st we moved to 1850 North Missouri Avenue, two blocks from the L. D. S. church. I had written the manuscript: "Joseph Smith, Prophet Statesman," later published in the *Desert News*. LaRene was also very active in Church work, serving as president of the Young Ladies Mutual. In November she was too sick to do the work so she asked for a release.

In February, 1936, I was sent to Leavenworth to deliver a prisoner. After completing my mission I was escorted through the institution and saw the tragic fate of thousands of law breakers. Enroute home I visited Independence, saw the Temple Lot site, the Reorganized Church Tabernacle, and visited the mission headquarters and talked with President Woodruff and Hugh Ireland.

March 16 I was assigned to assist the Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Thomas, to take an insane prisoner to Portland, Oregon. Our route lay through Kansas City over the Burlington R. R. to Billings, Montana, then west over the Northern Pacific to Spokane, Washington, then southwest to Portland, Oregon. After delivering our prisoner to the County Sheriff I parted with Mr. Thomas and went directly to the home of my sister Madona for a few hours visit. I found her successfully raising a family of three girls and one boy. Her husband, William Werner Schmidt, had not been well physically. I met Faye DeMill, Valeria's oldest girl, a very beautiful young lady. Late in the evening I began my eastward journey homeward. At Butte, Montana, I bought a ticket for Logan, Utah, arriving March 21st. I spent two days visiting Aunt Sarah (Sadie), Beulah and the Clarks. Attended an opera in the Logan Tabernacle and visited the Fourth Ward Sunday School. I packed up some personal effects which had been stored there for years

and started northward, visting my sister Achsah and family in Pocatello enroute to Butte and Springfield.

Very soon after my return home we moved (April 1, 1936) to a better home at 2010 North Broadway, which had a furnace and better living conditions. Just after we moved Vaughn had a serious case of bronical pneumonia, which nearly finished him. The disease affected his hearing so that periodically he is still quite deaf.

LaRene was sick much of the winter so we hired a girl to assist with the house work. Her illness was climaxed by the arrival of our fifth child and fourth son, David Frederick Stout, May 4, 1936. His first two names were given in honor of his two grandfathers. The blessing took place at our home on July 4, I being mouth. He was troubled by an ear infection when one month old and suffered for six weeks, later with a bronchial infection.

When I received my Soldiers' Bonus check (June 16) for my services in the World War I was enabled to pay off all my debts—the first time in ten years I was entirely free of debt.

During the year 1936 the Bureau of Prisons tried to give the guards additional training in the arts of penology. The course consisted of a correspondence course in practical criminology. Like a dupe I took this work seriously and wrote up the lessons with great care. Preceding the examination I drilled on the subject matter with considerable energy. When the hour arrived to take the written test I was well prepared, but entered the room with a burning headache. The aching was intensified as I proceeded to write. The result was the few I answered were poorly done; the unanswered questions went against me, too, so the whole effort was a failure. I would have been far better off if I had told the examiners I was too sick to even try. I believe destiny was against me that day. If I had done well the course of my life would have changed. As it was, the poor record I made that day caused me to lose favor with the officials of the institution. I was never again asked to serve as acting-lieutenant, and I was assigned to work on towers where the guards in disfavor were sent.

In mid-October, 1936, I exchanged my 1934 Chevrolet Tudor for a new 1937 Plymouth sedan. The dealer allowed me \$476.00 on my old Chevrolet so I had a balance of about \$400.00 to pay. The Plymouth was green in color,

equipped with two horns, two tail lights, and double wipers—a deluxe in all respects.

The Presidential Election of 1936 was a very interesting affair. I still believed the doctrines of the New Deal were unsound. I was convinced the Roosevelt administration was leading us into national bankruptcy and inflation. His relief program I considered a device to buy the vote of the hungry millions. I rated Landon, the Republican nominee, a poor choice, but I supported him and hoped he would win. The Literary Digest had predicted the Republicans would win so why should I be wrong when I promised my friends the New Dealers would be defeated? On Vaughn's birthday I voted a straight Republican ticket. That evening while on duty, when I learned that even Kansas had gone Democratic, I knew the country had gone mad. Vermont and Maine were the only sane states left.

January 6, 1937, President Roosevelt gave his annual message to Congress outlining the political state of the Union. He asked the judicial branch to assist in making democracy work. This was later followed (February 5) by a recommendation to Congress that the Supreme Court members be increased to fifteen. The object was to pack the court with judges more favorable to New Deal legislation. This message set off the fire works for one of the greatest debates in Congressional history. Personally I was opposed to the bill.

Beginning in December, 1936, all of my assignments were on towers. Sitting on a tower with nothing to do but look into space is physical and mental destruction or degeneration. Was I to spend the rest of my life on a tower and rot? Such a prospect was morally damning. In February I was informed that my rating was below average. That headache on examination day was partly responsible; prejudice accounted for the rest. These factors convinced me I should leave the service after school closed in May. LaRene's operation (April 14) to have her toes cut off, convinced me I should wait until May, 1938, when my car would be paid for and my finances were in a better condition to enter business.

The physical training at the institution began May 24. I had the choice of either taking it or being fired so I half-heartily took the course. At the end of the month we moved from the Broadway home to 531 Lynn Street. The next day, June 2nd, Mr. Perryman, a nurse and I left Springfield for Northampton,

Mass., to deliver an insane prisoner to a mental hospital there. Our route took us through St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Buffalo, Erie Canal, Albany, Troy and finally to Northampton. Our return was over the same route.

Realizing that the nature of my work tended to degenerate rather than to develop and inspire growth I spent all my spare time in the public library in research and writing. I wrote three manuscripts which deserve mention, namely, "Joseph Smith, Criminologist," "The Fall of Adam," and the "History of Polygamy in Utah." In addition I entered many contests which brought me in more than a hundred dollars in cash prizes. These mental exercises kept me from deteriorating completely.

We were very conservative in the use of our automobile. We only made two short trips from Springfield. We attended the Joplin Sunday School (March 7, 1937), touring the countryside enroute home. July 23rd we made a trip to the Shepherd of the Hills Country and noted the points of interest described in that book.

It is now my task to record the events leading up to the November crisis, which severed my connections with the Bureau of Prisons. The fuss began May 24, 1937, when I had some sharp words with Dr. King, the superintendent, relative to the physical training course. He insisted the course was compulsory; I insisted it should be voluntary. I was convinced the whole program was a shame and told him so. This act of "insubordination" on my part put me on his black list. From that day henceforth he awaited his opportunity for revenge.

When a man is gunning for revenge a trivial incident will justify a small mind in making a mountain out of a molehill. Dr. King was quick to expose a weakness in character by losing control of himself. An incident soon happened which justified action. About one o'clock a. m. on Utah's Pioneer Day I was ten minutes late in reporting my post. This failure brought the acting Lieutenant, Mr. Mauck, around to tower four to see if I was asleep. I had been talking with the guard on patrol and both of us had lost track of the time. When Mr. Mauck arrived at my post he began his nasty insinuations about sleeping on duty. Such unjustifiable insults were too much for me. I told him in plain language what his true institutional reputation was. There was nothing left for Mauck to do except report me for using "abusive language

toward an officer." This he did in a fashion that pictured a pure holy saint being persecuted by a wicked devil!

In due time I was called on the carpet to explain the whole affair. I submitted evidence and proof relative to the conduct and ethics of Mauck, which would have justified a fair-minded man in discharging him from the service. Not so with Superintendent King, for he was so piqued with bias against me he had completely lost his equilibrium. The man would have fired me right there had he not been afraid the evidence I had submitted on Mauck would have jeopardized his own position. To save his own skin he smoothed the matter out so as to legally extinguish his own blunders. The incident did not increase his love for me, on the contrary, it embittered him to make greater efforts to crush me.

Three months later when I was working at the West Gate the superintendent thought he saw his opportunity to deal me a fatal blow. October 14th some convicts were working near the gate under guard. I stepped over to speak with one of the guards. This act was considered too dangerous under the circumstances. What worried the superintendent was: Not what happened from my act (since nothing happened), but what could have happened. What a strange world we would have if everyone were judged by what his acts may cause? This was the criterion on which I was judged. The superintendent's mind could not operate on a higher plane. The result of my "negligence" was I was assigned a tower where one's intelligence was a serious handicap. Contrasting King's reaction to my act with his attitude toward another employee whose neglect permitted a prisoner to escape is quite revealing. No action was taken toward the employee in question. These cases illustrate the character of the man. With King it did not matter what acts were committed, it was who committed the act that counted.

The third incident best describes the nobility of the man under whom I worked. On Vaughn's birthday, November 2, 1937, while on duty in Tower Three, I saw the institution car start in my direction. Before I could step on the cat walk, Dr. King had stopped his car and was asking why I wasn't on duty as the rules directed. This was "serious negligence" on my part. The great master mind expected me to be on the cat walk to salute the great "King" even if I were unprepared.

If I had fully comprehended the statue of the man with whom I was dealing I would have handed in my resignation that evening, but I patiently waited four more days for him to hand me my discharge. It was not within my power to believe they would take action over matters so trivial. I accepted my defeat as gracefully as possible and began making plans for the move westward.

It was LaRene who suggested we move to Mesa, Arizona, rather than Idaho. We traded our 1937 Plymouth Sedan for a 1937 Dodge panel truck, bought a four-wheel trailer, sold our furniture and started west on a cold snowy day (November 20th), never to return to Springfield. Arriving in Joplin at sundown we continued traveling all night, passing through Oklahoma City and El Reno at day break. We traveled all day Sunday on Route 66. At Amarillo we went southwest on Route 60, which was a badly cut up road. At Bavina, Texas, our trailer was wrecked. We couldn't leave till noon the next day. We traded our broken electric Maytag washer and trailer for a two-wheel trailer, which had strong wheels. We had to ship 500 pounds of freight by train.

At Clovis, New Mexico, we took Route 70 and at sundown we passed through Roswell. We traveled all night, reaching Lordsburg at Sun-up. Our route lay through Duncan and Safford. At Thatcher we stopped to see the old Gila Academy where I had graduated twenty-one years earlier. The place was so changed I did not recognize it. The great Coolidge Dam was an inspiring sight, built since I left Arizona in 1916. The Globe mines proved interesting to the children. Coming down the precipitous mountain dugway into Superior was a thrilling experience for all of us.

Locating a place to rent (November 23) in Mesa was no easy task. After a long search we found one at 13 Temple Court. Unpacking required a full half day. In the afternoon we went to Gilbert to find Juanita and family. We found her with a beautiful family of six daughters and two sons. Her husband, John Ray, was a successful cotton farmer. The union was indeed like the return of a prodigal. After spending Thanksgiving with the Ray families I began to look for work.

After six years of employment I felt awkward looking for work. My idea for purchasing the panel truck was to do some sort of trucking, but didn't know what it could be in Arizona.

I investigated several lines of work where I might use my truck, but none gave any promise until I decided to deal with oranges and grapefruit. I loaded up and started north from Phoenix. At Kirtland I left the main highway and went west, then north up Skull Valley. It was a strange sensation to walk up to the first house with oranges to sell. It had been six years since I had peddled dry beans so the old memories came thick and fast. I soon readjusted myself to the old life and did fairly well up in Skull Valley. At the top of the canyon the houses ended so I climbed a mountain and entered Prescott. Business was poor in that city so I went east, then south to Dewey, where I camped. The next morning both the battery and the generator were run down. While the battery was being re-charged I sold my load at cost and rushed down Black Canyon to Mesa; all electrical parts of the car went dead one mile out of town. Repairs cost me plenty in time and money.

December 6, 1937, I was more determined than ever to make a success of the orange business. Loading up with 900 pounds of oranges I started in the opposite direction from Mesa. I went to the Casa Grande area and sold out in two and a half days. Returned after a second load and sold it before Friday night of the same week. I had discovered a satisfactory business so after December 13th I made two trips a week, each trip going farther toward Tucson. During the Christmas vacation Owen made a trip with me, bringing home the Mumps to Monterey, Vaughn and Maxine. After two months of experimenting I settled down to a schedule which I covered every two weeks. The first part I did all the area around Casa Grande and the cotton camps south of Elroy; the second part all the area between Redrock and Tucson; the third, the country around Coolidge and Florence. I tried other regions, namely, Superior, Roy, Hayden, Winkelman and Oracle, but none of them proved good markets. I tried selling beans, apples and potatoes, but none equalled oranges as a seller.

Monterey spent his Christmas vacation in bed with a high fever, but was nearly well when school began. Temple Court was located in the Second Ward so we attended its services quite regularly. We sent Vaughn to the Temple February 5, 1938, where he was baptized by Frihoff P. Nielson; the next day I confirmed him in the sacrament services.

Late in April the weather was becoming too warm to

handle oranges. The heat affected LaRene's heart, due to her goitre, so we made plans to move to Utah. When these plans were completed we left Mesa April 30th at 8 p. m. and traveled all night through Prescott, arriving at the Santa Fe Railroad at sunup. At Williams we turned northward and saw the Grand Canyon of Arizona, a dollar well spent. After a long day on desert and mountain we reached Utah after an absence of nearly nine years. North of Kanab we got stuck in the sand when we tried to camp. At Orderville we stopped a few hours and tried to sleep in our truck, but we were too crowded for comfort. We passed over the summit at daylight in a blinding snow storm. We arrived in Salt Lake City May 2, 1938, at 3 p. m.

Our arrival in Salt Lake City did not solve our problems. On the contrary, they were highly magnified. What to do? That was the problem. Our first impulse was to find a place to rent. We worked till late that night trying to find a place where children would be accepted. People raised their hands in horror when I told them we had five children. Completely defeated we decided to go spend the night with Dewey and family. Our failure to rent convinced us we must buy so we decided to sell our equity in the car and make a down payment on a home. We spent the next eight days trying to buy. Our difficulty was we couldn't get the money to make the down payment until we sold the car and we didn't want to sell the car until we had a place to unpack our goods. We finally decided to buy the home at 923 South Fourth East, paying \$220.00 as a down payment, leaving us nearly penniless to start life anew. May 10th we moved into our furnitureless home, happy in the thought that we were home again after nine-years chase in fortune seeking. The company from whom we purchased the home had promised to have it fixed up so the next three weeks we were kept busy keeping out of the way of carpenters, paper hangers and painters.

Once located in the home the next problem was to find work. 1938 was another depression year. Every employing institution had the same sad story to tell me: "We are even laying off our old hands." I tried selling Fuller brushes but failed completely; then tried taking magazine subscriptions with the same result. By this time the first month in our home was nearly up and I hadn't made enough money to buy our food,

hence no cash was in sight to make the first payment on the home. The loss of our home was inevitable unless I had the money to make the first payment. My nephew, David Richardson, saved the day by offering part of his home for our occupancy, free of rent, until the emergency was over. We rented our home, then moved to his house on 74 West Burton Avenue, where we were to spend the next 80 days.

The Stouts held a family reunion (June 10) at Fairmount Park. Juanita's oldest daughter, Verda Ray, came up from Messa, Arizona, with her friend, Wendell Eyring, whom she married June 15th.

The one room we occupied at David's home was too small for a family of my size, but we managed somehow. David, who did the pan work for a contractor, was the means of giving me employment. When not employed by David I painted mail boxes on rural routes. When my work ended with David I put in full time following mail routes, painting the farmers' names on their mail boxes. I covered all the territory from Twenty-first South to Sandy and from Holliday to Taylorsville.

In July we met a financial crisis by borrowing \$120.00 from the Personal Finance Company. This enabled us to pay several pressing bills, which we were unable to meet at one time. We repaid this loan three months ahead of schedule.

Near the end of August our tenant at 923 Fourth East decided to leave, so we moved back to our home (August 28), happy to be under our own roof again, even if the house was furnitureless. Owen and Monterey did their part by selling the Desert News on the streets.

During the summer months LaRene's heart was increasingly affecting her health due to a bad goitre. Her condition became so serious she was sent to the hospital (L. D. S.) where Dr. Richards removed her goitre September 24th, in one of the most difficult operations he ever performed. She remained in the hospital ten days before returning home.

My inability to find work brought on another crisis in our financial affairs. I began a systematic search for employment from the firms in the city. "We are still laying off our old hands." They implied by their demeanor that something might be wrong with me for applying for work at such times. I finally found a laboring job which I held nearly all winter.

The midterm election was held the first Tuesday in November, when my old friend and College Professor, Elbert D. Thomas, was seeking his second term in the Senate. While I was in sympathy with his personal ambition I did not let sentimentality overrule my reason so I voted a straight Republican ticket. At that time I had not reached the crisis in my political thinking. It was during the next eighteen months that I experienced a complete change in my political philosophy.

Soon after this election I was called by the Stake Presidency to fill a Home Mission. My first meeting with the missionaries of Liberty Ward was at the home of Brother Stoker. There I met Clarence Tayler, the ward director of missionaries, and Adolph Merz, the Stake Mission President. It was at that meeting I first met Stephen Marchant. In that meeting we received our instructions and assignments. I was assigned to labor with Scott Miller. Our territory was between third and fourth East and between ninth South and Herbert Avenue. It was our duty to seek out the non-members and preach the Gospel to them. Our mission was to stimulate the inactive members to return to full fellowship in the Church. It was expected that we spend two evenings per week if possible.

Early in December David Jensen, the Stake Clerk, offered me employment by giving me fifty cents for each name I had endowed for him in the temple. I did about thirty names in December, and fifty-two names in January, 1939. Many days I did four names per day, requiring fourteen hours to do the work. During the winter I did 140 names in all. Many times I rushed home at 7 p. m. after doing three names and went with Scott Miller to do missionary work.

The school year 1938-39 we had four children in school. Owen began his first year of Junior High at the Lincoln; Monterey was in the sixth grade in the Liberty School; Vaughn in the third grade and Maxine in the first grade. January 15, 1939, Owen was ordained a Deacon by James M. Black, his teacher.

In April I was offered employment aiding in the construction of the Liberty Stake Soap Factory at 560 Denver Street. This work lasted four full weeks, ending April 29th, the very day little David was hit by an automobile which sent him to the hospital for over a week. He was unconscious for three days. The six weeks following I returned to my mail box

painting in the country districts. I covered the Mill Creek, Holliday, Cottonwood and Taylorsville areas.

June 14, 1939, I started as a common laborer at Fort Douglas. Except for a ten-day interval I worked till August 9th, when I was laid off. The men with whom I worked were on a low level of morality and intelligence. One exception, however, was one of my ex-professors from the U. of U., who didn't understand the ethics of the gang he worked with so he was discharged for talking too much. Each evening after work I painted house numbers enroute home, sometimes making more money than the government paid me.

My missionary activities continued throughout the year without regard for the nature of my work. During July and August we visited the auto camps twice a week, trying to interest city visitors in our religion. We accomplished some good through these methods.

August 5th Owen suffered an attack of vincent's agina, which forced him to spend a week in the hospital. August 6th Monterey was ordained a Deacon by Charles A. Hunt. During the same hour I was ordained a Seventy by President Antoine R. Ivins and accepted as a member of the 114th Quorum of Seventy. I had been an Elder for over 25 years. September 5th LaRene took Maxine to the L. D. S. Children's Hospital where Dr. Henderson removed her tonsils. Late in August, 1939, I learned about the Americanization program which the Federal Government was offering to aliens who were seeking citizenship. Since I had specialized in the study of government I decided I should be able to fit into the program perfectly. Accordingly I made a personal application and was employed August 28th.

My first seven weeks I was busy making preparations for the opening of the classes. I was assigned to teach two classes, one at the Horace Mann Junior High School, the other at the Sprague Library in Sugar House. At the Horace Mann I was named Vice-Principal since there were other teachers who taught English, music and dress making. Those classes met on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7 p. m. I was the only teacher at the Sprague Library meeting on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

October 16, 1939, when those classes began, a new chapter began in my life. I started up from the valley of depression to the mountain of self-respect. The experiences I had passed

through cannot be described on paper. What can be described is a new hope began to take possession of my being, which lifted me from a life of dejection to one of exhilaration.. About a month earlier I had begun to teach the Seventies Class in Priesthood meeting. This added activity probably affected my attitude on life.

My two Americanization classes were composed of aliens who were seeking their citizenship papers. The government required that they take an examination on the Constitution and Government of the United States, its functions, and structure, before being admitted to citizenship status. The classes were organized to give them a training in such subjects which would enable them to pass the examination. Since I had specialized on these topics in college they were very easy for me to teach. The students were very appreciative of my efforts, so we were both made happy.

Meanwhile the day for LaRene's deliverance arrived, much to the relief of all of us. Monday, November 20, 1939, was a red letter day in the life of Richard Layne Stout. Little did he realize what a war mad world he had entered. Would he have come had he known about it? It seems LaRene's excessive troubles were rewarded by the last and best child of all. In purity and innocence he had no equal.

My Aunt, Sarah L., came to live with us while LaRene remained in the L. D. S. Hospital for the first ten days. Poor little Maxine cried when she learned the child was not a girl. She had hoped and prayed her Heavenly Father would send her at least one sister. She did not relish the thought of being the only girl in the family. LaRene returned home from the hospital on the very day Russia attacked Finland. Aunt Sarah remained with us three more weeks, thus assisting us greatly in caring for the sick ones.

Early in January, 1940, David took down with whooping cough. Soon Richard had it too. At such a tender age it was very dangerous for him to take the disease. It was necessary for Dr. LeRoy Kimball to give him five shots before he began to show signs of recovery.

The first group of my students took their examination for citizenship in March, 1940. Twenty-three were successful and became regular citizens. New students joined my classes so the work went on. Farewell parties were held by both

groups and valuable presents were given me in token of their appreciation.

During the winter I had done a lot of work on my genealogy. The more I did the more I liked to do. I secured all the information I could from father's temple books. His records were in such a disorder I made little progress in studying them. I borrowed David Richardson's books and copied all records he had which were of value to me. Among David's records was the autobiography of Jehu Cox. I took the material it had and re-wrote his life, then I wrote a biography of Isaiah Cox, my grandfather. This started me to writing biographies, which will end when my own is finished.

1940 was an election year. In my teaching I had been forced to discuss the merits and demerits of political theories. Since early in 1939 I had experienced a complete revolution in my political philosophy. The Republican Party had demonstrated its incapacity to adjust itself to the problems of the day. Its record had proved it was unfit to lead the country during a crisis. It showed many signs of decay. Its program was a clear proof that its objectives was the well being of the vested interests. Its inhumanity was evidenced by its opposition to all social reform. For these reasons and many others I pulled out of the Republican Party and worked for the re-election of Roosevelt for a third term. In February I went to the office of Herbert B. Maw and urged him to run for the governorship of Utah. I promised him all the aid within my power. He was very friendly and recognized me henceforth whenever he met me.

January 29th little Maxine was eight years of age so on father's birthday, February 3, 1940, I took her to the Tabernacle where Eric Schloer baptized her. The next day at the Liberty Ward Sacrament services I confirmed her. I also blessed little Richard and gave him his name.

In early June LaRene took David and Richard to Logan for a visit. The rest of the children remained with me and nearly died eating my cooking. The bread I made was so hard the dogs in the neighborhood could not eat it. For these reasons the children were happy to have their mother return.

We were shocked when Germany invaded Denmark and Norway in April. We were completely amazed when Holland, Belgium and finally France were brought to their knees. It was bad enough for Italy to stab France in the back, but it was

worse for the cowardly France to turn yellow and stab England in the back. These events caused America to wake up and start preparing for our defense.

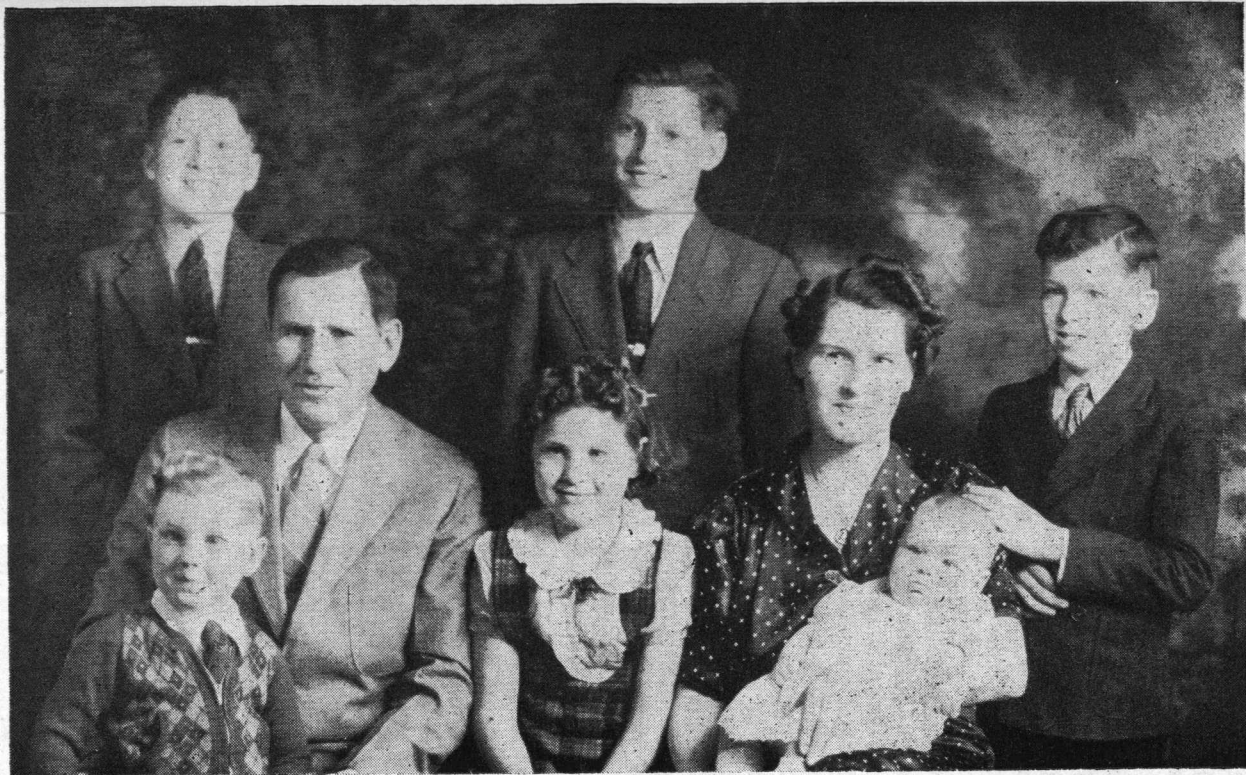
When the city schools closed for the summer the Horace Mann was not available to hold school so we held our class in the Seventeenth Ward Church until August 1. During August all Adult Education teachers held a four-week institute at the University of Utah. We spent eight hours per day on the campus, which was divided between listening to lectures, studying methods of teaching Americanization, and taking part in public affairs discussions.

Most of the winter and spring I did my missionary work in the day time, but during August, while at the institute, I put in double time to make up for lost time. After the evening classes began in September, I was unable to do evening missionary work, so I was honorably released as a Stake Missionary.

The Stouts held their annual family reunion August 24 and 25. The dinner and social was held in Liberty Park the first day, a genealogical meeting was held the second day at the home of Dewey. My cousin, Lafayette C. Lee, was re-elected president, Dewey Stout, secretary and Lewis Stout, vice-president. I was chosen genealogist. A trip to Southern Utah was planned to stimulate interest in genealogy among the Stouts there. This party left Salt Lake City August 30 and after visiting Bryce and Zion Park, a meeting was held in Rockville August 31st. The next day meetings were held in Hurricane and St. George. Enroute home another meeting was held in Cedar City. With me on the trip were Dewey and wife, and Calvin D. and Achsah McOmber, the owner and driver of the car. Later efforts were made to contact persons in England who might give us information relative to the parents of Richard Stout, but results were negative due to the war.

After my return from Dixie I spent a month re-writing the Teacher's Outlines for classes in Americanization. This material was not ready for typing until March, 1941. Meanwhile my two classes were begun, one at the Sprague Liberty in Sugarhouse on Tuesday and Friday evenings, the other at the Horace Mann, where I again served as vice-principal.

My political activities continued through the summer and fall. I went all the way for Herbert B. Maw and all worthy Democrats. I canvassed our own district west of Liberty Park



FIFTEENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY - 1940

Front: David Frederick and Richard Layne. Standing: Wayne, Maxine Ruth and La Rene. Standing: Monterey, Owen Wayne and Vaughn Clark.

and spent several days in other districts helping all I could. I contributed in hard cash fifteen dollars to Maw's campaign fund. At each primary and the general election I assisted in what I thought a good cause. Maw won 3 to 1 in our district and by twelve thousand majority in the state.

The election over I returned to my genealogy work during my spare time. After completing the biographies of Jehu and Isaish Cox I started on a bigger job, that of writing the life of Allen J. Stout, which required several months. Meanwhile Owen was ordained a Teacher (November 10, 1940), and three days later I took David to the General Hospital, where his tonsils were removed.

I spent all my spare time in 1941 in the writing of biographies for this book. The great events in Europe did not effectively prevent this work from rolling on. Every obstruction the devil could devise was thrown in my path. My entire family was up in arms because of my determined stand. I had to sacrifice pleasures, friendships and even my reputation in order to continue the work.

The writing of grandfather, Allen J. Stout, occupied all my time from January to March 15th. Then I wrote up my own family history in the Family History-Journal, which I am keeping. This period covered from our marriage to the end of 1940. My next assignment was to write the biographies of both my grandmothers and my great grandmother, Asenath Slafter. The biggest job of all was the life of father, which is to be the major feature in this book. I borrowed his diaries from Daisie and started taking notes (May 7), which required six months of the hardest work I ever did. November 12th I had collected 450 pages of notes. The re-writing began on that date and ended four months later, using 435 pages to complete his biography.

I was very interested in state and national affairs during 1941. On January 6, I went to the Capitol Building to hear Herbert B. Maw give his inaugural speech. At the same hour Roosevelt gave his annual message to Congress in which he recommended all out aid to England. A week later Governor Maw gave his message to the Utah Legislature, in which he recommended the reorganization of the executive department of the states. A few days later I wrote the Governor praising his objectives and making suggestions relative to the Board of Corrections. In April Stephen Marchant, sug-

gested I make formal application for a state job. He had promised faithfully he would go directly to the Governor and recommend that I be given a state position as a reward for my work in the Governor's behalf. This application lay in a pigeon hole till October, when I decided some action should be taken. Time after time I had urged Marchant to fulfill his promise and see the Governor personally in my behalf. All he could do was promise. He did not keep his word. Finally I wrote to the Governor to inquire whether he intended to make good his promise of a state position. He replied that I should not "depend on state employment." This taught me to never depend on a politician.

My work among the aliens was more pleasant than among the politicians. Nearly all my students who went before the Immigration officials for their examination on the Constitution passed and became citizens. The group from the Sprague Library Class who passed in March, 1941, held a social at the Mortensen home on Lake Street April 11th, where LaRene and I were special guests. The graduating group gave me an expensive brief case, a token of their appreciation for what they said I had done for them. My other class at the Horace Mann held a social May 8th, where additional honors were paid me. At the New Citizenship Day program held in the South High School May 18th I gave all my graduating students certificates.

LaRene's health had been poor during the late winter months. In May her condition was quite serious. She went to the hospital May 15th and four days later she was operated on. She remained in the hospital two more weeks before returning home. Three days before coming home I had to leave for Logan to attend a four-week conference on Americanization. The two youngest children were sent to live with Myrtle Lewis while the rest of the children were taken care of by Aunt Artemesia Black, who came to live at our house till LaRene came from the hospital.

All Adult Education Project teachers in the states of Utah and Idaho attended the work conference held at the U. S. A. C. My studies were related to methods of teaching citizenship, philosophy of education, social behavior and government. Each day I attended a lecture given by some noted authority.

While in Logan I attended five sessions in the Logan Temple, doing work for some of my ancestors. I visited Daisie,

also Fred J. Clark, my father-in-law, who is a janitor at the college. I attended many socials given by the conference, and on the day Germany attacked Russia I went with a party to Bear Lake for a little recreation.

Our work conference ended June 27th. That week end 28 per cent of our project workers were laid off, including two of my supervisors. I was given a few days vacation previous to the beginning of our classes on July 14. My new summer schedule was as follows: Three nights per week at the Sprague and two nights at the Art Center (Wednesdays and Fridays).

July 16 I took Monterey to the General Hospital where his tonsils were removed. Two weeks later, before his mouth was hardly well, he and 39 Deacons and Teachers went to Yellowstone Park on an eight-day sight-seeing trip. Since Owen had a Telegram paper route he was unable to leave with the group. Little Richard had trouble with his tonsils so LaRene took him to the hospital (September 8) where they were removed.

We were very happy to welcome Juanita and her two sons, Irving and Dewey, who arrived August 13th from Mesa, Arizona, to attend the Stout reunion. She spent a week in genealogical studies before the reunion began on August 23rd. By that time Madona had come from Portland, Oregon, Artie from LaTuna, Texas, and Emerald from Moab, Utah. All my brothers and sisters were present for our family picture except Beulah, who was in Yellowstone Park working. She did not feel the occasion justified her presence. Artie and Madona had made long journeys at considerable expense to make the reunion complete.

The second day of the reunion a genealogical meeting was held at the home of Dewey, where problems connected with the Stout Organization were discussed. A part of the biography of Allen J. Stout was read. A general debate on the composition of the book I am writing was discussed. Golden Webb was elected the new president of the organization. After Juanita made a short visit to Logan she returned to Mesa, going by way of Los Angeles to visit her daughter.

The first week in September the schools were opened. Little David began his scholastic career by entering the kindergarten at the Liberty School, Maxine entered the fourth grade and Vaughn in the sixth grade in the same school. Monterey

entered the Lincoln junior high school for his last year, while Owen began his first year at the South Senior High School. My schedule was changed also. The Art Center class ended and I was assigned to be vice-principal at the Lincoln School where I had taught in 1928. Those classes were held Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. My Sprague class met on Tuesdays and Fridays henceforth. Very soon these classes grew in number until the rooms were filled.

The first half of 1942 I was occupied in writing biographies. I completed father's life history March 17th, then immediately began the writing of mother's history, which I completed April 15th. The following day I began writing my own autobiography, completing it June 29th.

Our home at 923 South Fourth East had many disadvantages. The heating of the house was a serious problem and since it would be very expensive to modernize, we decided to sell and buy a modern home which could be heated. March 27, 1942, we sold the home for \$2,350; our equity was \$528.40. We paid \$117.50 as commission to the C. Ed Lewis for the selling. The next eleven days were spent in an intensive search for a new home. April 7th we purchased the home of E. F. Jorgensen, located at 66 Hollywood Avenue in the McKinley Ward. We agreed to pay \$3,750.00 at \$30.00 per month. We moved into the home May 31st.

For months LaRene had been suffering from backache. June 3rd she went to the County Hospital for treatment. She was informed an operation was necessary to remedy the condition. She was given X-ray treatments, but these failed to cure her troubles. Later, July 10th, she was operated on, which nearly caused her death. For over a week she suffered a thousand deaths, but finally recovered so that she returned home July 27. Ruth, LaRene's older sister, arrived from San Francisco July 2nd to help LaRene in her sickness. She was very diligent in doing the housework while LaRene was in the hospital. I do not know how we would have managed had she not been there. She returned to San Francisco August 13th.

The Federal Government decided to discontinue the Americanization program June 30th, so I was forced to find employment elsewhere. For nearly three years I had been teaching these classes. Never have I had work I enjoyed more. I do not believe I shall ever find work I am better fitted for.

I decided I wanted the experience of a legislator, so I filed in the Democratic Primary for State Senator from Salt Lake County. I had my platform printed, which may be of interest to my grandchildren. It reads:

SUPREME AIM

Is to make Roosevelt's Four Freedoms a living reality in Utah.

PLATFORM

Fifty dollars monthly to the needy aged.

Minimum wages for farm laborers

Security for farm tenants

Supporter of Labor's just rights and claims

Opposed to all monopolies

Favor repeal of all nuisance taxes which aim to destroy the little man.

Favors repeal of all sales taxes on food and clothing; an increased sales tax on the luxuries to be collected from the wholesaler (not the tired shopper)

Interest rates on all loans not to exceed six per cent annually

Drastic economy measures by eliminating superfluous state officers

A relief program which will rehabilitate the relief client—not crush him

Favors repeal of the compulsory school attendance act and substitute trade schools for high school misfits.

Favors consolidation of our higher institutions of learning

Strongly favors a radical reduction in all utility rates.

Favors all progressive legislation that will insure humanity against Fear and Want.

Enter the Democratic Primary and vote Progressive
Sept. 1, 1942.

I made a house to house campaign during my spare time, but only contacted one home in a hundred in the county. In the first Primary there were 16 of us running for four vacant seats in the Senate. I received 837 votes; only one candidate received less than I. I really didn't know I had that many friends in the county.

After the Americanization program was terminated, July 1, 1942 I served for brief periods with the Utah State Board of Health, Safeways Stores, U. S. Employment Service, and the Salt Lake Transportation Company. I was self-employed as a painter, from May to August, 1943. August 13, 1943 I began work for Remington Arms plant where small arms are manufactured for the Armed Services. The plant closed down in December so I was forced to find other employment. At this writing (February, 1944), I am temporarily conducting private classes in citizenship.

My son, Owen, graduated from the South High School June 3, 1943. Later he was employed by the L. D. S. Hospital as an aide in the operating room. February 7, 1944 he joined the United States Maritime Service and was sent (March 6) to Avalon, Santa Catalina Island for training. February 13, 1944, he was ordained an Elder, three days later he was endowed in the Salt Lake Temple, his eighteenth birthday. Two days later he received his Patriarchal Blessing from the hands of Patriarch, Joseph Anderson.

One hundred years from now my descendants may be more interested in my philosophy of life than they are in a record of my activities. Assuming this to be true, I shall proceed to state my political, social and religious ideals so that future generations might better understand the world I lived in.

Our present democracy has many imperfections. I trust the next hundred years will see many of these defects removed from our political structure. It's true we have come a long distance since aristocracy dominated our public affairs, but we are still dominated by a new aristocracy, the vested interests. These financial aristocrats have complete control of our legislative, executive and judicial officials so that the little man is crushed under the wheels of big business. The present level of our ethics cannot justify socialism as a solution to this problem. I do believe that when the human race has advanced to a higher standard of morals that socialism can succeed in creating an ideal democracy. When man is able to live in a socialistic society, then, and not till then, can true democracy be possible.

My conception of an ideal social world is conditioned on the establishment of a true democracy. Real fraternity is possible only where real democracy exists, hence social progress is impos-

sible outside democracy. Under the old regime it was blood which determined a man's status in society, now it is money and education. Since education is impossible without money, and since one's social rank is determined by his culture, our society still has its levels of culture marked off by the dollar sign. When true democracy comes to America fraternity will replace inequality, cultures will be uniform, and education will place society on one level. Democracy and fraternity are the two essentials of an ideal social world.

Our present world is a Babylon of religion. Hypocrisy in the Church is still prevalent as in the days of Jesus. We still have our fanatics who stand in public places and shout to the public their church records in order to win church positions. We still have our sanctimonious Levites, who, when they see a neighbor in social difficulties, they do more than take a negative attitude, they push him deeper into trouble by spreading false stories, thus preventing him from regaining his position in the community. We still have our Pharisees in the Church who publicly boast of their self-righteousness and thank God they are not like their publican neighbors. It is doubtful if the human character has improved during the past two thousand years. What is a good character? Such a being must have complete toleration for the rights, ideas, habits and ambitions of others. He is neither sanctimonious nor one who is too liberal in self-condemnation. He neither boasts of tithing paid nor grumbles because he should pay tithing. He is the first to recognize the virtues of others and the last to discover their flaws. He never preaches religion, but prefers to live it. He doesn't try to legislate men into heaven by passing laws against vice and immorality, but illustrates the meaning of free agency by scrupulously teaching it by example.

GENEVIEVE STOUT HEWARD

Genevieve was born with a physical defect which has retarded her progress throughout life. Her deafness affected her ability to gain an education, the result was her schooling was seriously neglected. The oldest daughter of Sarah, born October 10, 1894, she is considered the most humble of the family. She possessed a talent for music and could have gone high in that field if the opportunity for instruction had been hers.

After the exodus from Mexico she was sadly neglected. She was first sent to Hinckley with Julia in August, 1912. In

Hinckley she served as housemaid for her Aunt, Mary E. Lee, for a period of two years. November 1, 1914, she arrived in Thatcher, Arizona. She lived with the family in Graham County until late in 1918 when she went to Salt Lake, to live with her sister, Artie Black. After spending two months with the Blacks she visited for short periods with her sister, Achsah McOmber, in Oakley, then with her brother Emerald in Rigby, Idaho. April 28, 1919, she arrived in Logan, Utah, to live with her father and Aunt Rettie. Less than a year later she met and married Nephi P. Heward (April 15, 1920), the ceremony being performed in Logan Temple. Nephi, who was forty-two years her senior, the son of John Pershall and Elizabeth Terry Heward, born September 30, 1852, in Salt Lake City.

Four children were born to this union: Nephi Enos, born September 11, 1921; Florence, September 24, 1925; Grant Stout, May 15, 1927 and Alma Melvin, February 22, 1929. Nephi Pershall Heward died December 23, 1936. Genevieve continued to live in Logan for several years. Early in 1939 she met Logan's most worthless scoundrel, named Dalameter, who persuaded Genevieve into marrying him. Her mother and sisters were horrified by her intentions and did all in their power to persuade Genevieve from taking such a fatal step. Genevieve knew her own mind so she deserted her children and eloped with the beast, marrying him, March 20, 1939. The half-wit would not permit Genevieve to bring any of her children into his home so they had to be taken care of by Genevieve's brothers and sisters.

Dalameter was brutal in his treatment of Genevieve and treated her as a slave. After nearly three years of this life Genevieve finally realized her status and left him, December 22, 1941. She moved to Salt Lake City, rented a home and received back her children, where they are happily living. Her oldest son, Enos, is a radio technician in the U. S. Navy.

COMMODORE DEWEY STOUT

Commodore Dewey, America's great hero, destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila Bay May 1, 1898. The next day Commodore Dewey Stout was born at Rockville, Washington County, Utah, the sixth child of Henrietta Cox Stout.

Dewey's opportunities for an education in Mexico were very poor. He completed the seventh grade at the Guadalupe

school in April, 1912, his teacher being Calvin D. McOmber, his brother-in-law. After the exodus from Mexico he accompanied his mother and two sisters to Logan, Utah, where he nearly paid for his own education by delivering papers, serving as school janitor and helping carpenters. In May, 1913, he completed the eighth grade, then continued his schooling in the high school of the Brigham Young College. Soon after the World War began in April, 1917, he left school early and found employment with the Utah Power and Light Company at Oneida Power Plant, eighteen miles north of Preston, Idaho. He remained with the company nearly a year, enlisting in the Army April 6, 1918. On his 20th birthday he left Fort Douglas for Florida, where he attended an electrical school for three months. September 1, 1918, he left New York City on a troop ship for Liverpool, England, arriving September 13th. Seven days later he was in France. He was stationed for a period at Saumur. He saw no active service since the war soon ended. He remained in France until June 2, 1919, serving in a supply depot. He was discharged from the Army June 19 at Camp Merit, New York. He left immediately for Utah.

Very soon after his arrival in Utah he was re-employed by the Utah Power and Light Company and sent to the Murdock Plant, near Herber City. Dewey found little social recreation, so he made several trips to Salt Lake City to visit members of his family. November 11, the first anniversary of the Armistice, he and several others were invited to attend a family party at the home of Henry Allred in Ogden. It was at this party that he met and fell in love with his future wife, Miss Viola Allred.

Early in 1920, Dewey was transferred first to the Riverdale plant near Ogden, then to Grace, Idaho. In September he was assigned to work at the Jordan Steam Plant in Salt Lake City, where he remained for eight years. Meanwhile his acquaintance with Miss Allred was climaxed at a wedding ceremony held in the Salt Lake Temple June 22, 1921, Alvin Smith officiating. Dewey was ordained an Elder by Richard S. Horne the same day, before being endowed. Mary Viola Allred is the daughter of Byron Harvey and Mary Eliza Tracey Allred, born April 26, 1904, at Guadalupe, Chihuahua, Mexico.

For several years Dewey attended the University of Utah part or full time while employed as an operator at the Jordan

Plant. After marriage they first lived in Dooley Court, where their first child, Donald Dewey, arrived October 5, 1922. Late in 1923 the family moved to Vine Street, where their first daughter, Merle Viola, was born November 2, 1924. Several weeks after her arrival the family moved to 147 North First West. Early in 1927 Dewey passed the Civil Service Examination and began as a substitute mail carrier July 15, 1927. He remained with the power company another year, holding both positions. The day following their move into their new home at 756 Garfield Avenue, a third child was born (August 28, 1927). Marilyn, her name, was killed by a truck nearly two years later (August 22, 1929). A fourth child was born March 25, 1929. Joan lived but a few weeks, took the whooping cough and died May 1, 1929. Byron David, named for his two grandfathers, was born May 16, 1930. JoLyn made her appearance May 13, 1932. Eighteen months later Melvin Grant was added to the family, November 6, 1933. The last child was born March 18, 1938, and named Maureen.

Dewey has always been active in church duties. As a ward teacher he has excelled in faithfulness and in quality of work done. He was ordained a Seventy by Rulon S. Wells February 26, 1935, and later was called to the presidency of his Seventies Quorum. Beginning in 1938 he served a two-year mission in the stake. In 1935 it was necessary to find a larger home for his family so he moved to 2121 South Seventh East, where he lived until the early part of 1943, when a move was made to 943 South Nineth East. In the spring he was sent to the Veterans Hospital for treatment where he is at this writing. Donald's marriage to Marie Barbara Luker took place in the Salt Lake Temple August 4, 1943. Marie is the daughter of Brazil and Wilhelmina Weger Luker, born November 6, 1922, at Samaria, Idaho. Donald is now in the Army.

THURLOW WEED STOUT

The life of this melancholy soul illustrates the tragedy of a neglected social education. His maladjustment in society was not entirely his own fault. His temper and poise were destroyed by the relentless persecution and abuse inflicted by his own brothers and sisters during his adolescence. Each one of us guilty of this crime must assume a part of the responsibility for causing his destruction.

Thurlow was born May 26, 1899, at Hinckley, Utah.

In September, 1916, he entered the Gila Academy, Thatcher, Arizona, for his first and only year in high school. He excelled in music that winter. The great tragedy in his life was that he was denied the training in music which could have made him one of the great musicians of his time. Instead he was doomed to serve where he was a misfit the rest of his natural life.

July, 1919, Thurlow left Arizona for Logan, Utah. Unsited to farm or common labor, his remaining years were spent between the mines of Utah, Nevada and California and the farm at Mesa, Arizona, where his sister, Juanita Ray, lived. About the year 1936, while in San Francisco, he was hit by an automobile, which badly cut up his face. After months in the hospital, his health was badly weakened, so he went to Delta, Utah, to work for his nephew, David Richardson. David had a powerful influence for good over Thurlow. Through his influence Thurlow was ordained an Elder by David January 29, 1939. For several years Thurlow worked with David in Salt Lake City (1937-1942) in the construction of buildings. The war ended the construction work, so Thurlow went to California in November, 1942, to seek employment. Thurlow never married. He was endowed in the Salt Lake Temple January 24, 1941.

FRANKLIN LYMAN STOUT

Known as Lyman, he is the son of Sarah Lucretia Cox Stout, born February 22, 1902, at Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico.

In the spring of 1917 Lyman completed the grade school at Lehi, Arizona. October, 1918, he went to Idaho to work for the Utah Power and Light Company, but the war ended soon afterwards, which forced him to seek employment in Logan, Utah. In May, 1924, he graduated from the high school department at the Brigham Young College. That same year he was called on a mission, but failed to pass the physical examination, so he continued his studies at the B. Y. C. After attending one year at the Agricultural College, he married Lucilla Martineau (October 26, 1926), daughter of Theodore and Josephine Thurston Martineau, born July 27, 1908, at Colonia Garcia, Chihuahua, Mexico.

After one year of private employment Lyman began teaching school at Milford, Utah, where his first child, Walter, was born dead, October 19, 1927. September, 1928, Lyman became

the principal of the Greenville grade school near Beaver, Utah. He held that position for four years. October 6, 1928, his first daughter, Marrie Lucilla, was born at Milford, Utah. December 7, 1930, Carol Gay was born at Cedar City, but soon died (January 25, 1931). May 19, 1932, Franklin Lyman (junior) was born at Cedar City, Utah.

The summer of 1932 Lyman moved to Provo, Utah, where he worked for a year, then moved to Salt Lake City. A year later, January, 1934, he was appointed janitor at the Immigration Ward. He held that position until offered a federal job as a mail carrier April 1, 1937. Lyman's last child, Allen Joseph, was born January 25, 1937.

Lyman's first eleven years of married life was a struggle for existence. During those years he and his wife served as a model in steadfastness and prudent living. Lyman's increased salary after 1937 changed his family's life adversely. Lyman and Lucilla were divorced November 5, 1941. Lucilla destroyed her temple covenants by marrying a man who used tobacco, an act she will some day regret.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN STOUT

Abraham Lincoln Stout, the youngest son in a family of twenty-eight, managed to graduate from the eighth grade in 1920, while living at Gilbert, Arizona. A month later he was in Logan, Utah, where he eventually entered the Brigham Young College as a first year high school student. His second year was at the Logan High School. His last two years were at the College, graduating in May, 1924. He began his college work in that year and by 1926 was qualified to teach in the grade schools of Utah. During his six years of schooling he did janitor work to earn his way. He served as janitor four years in school buildings, the last two years as janitor of the Logan Fourth Ward. In the spring of 1925 he enlisted in the Utah State Guard for a seven-year training. This required two weeks training each year at an Army Post. In college he excelled in athletics and in opera. His operation for appendicitis in 1925 made it difficult to finance his last year of schooling. During that last year he met his future wife, Miss Earl, who was also a student.

Abraham graduated from the Brigham Young College in 1926 with a normal certificate. He and Nettie were married in the Salt Lake Temple August 25, 1926, by Joseph Fielding

Smith. Nettie is the daughter of Joseph Henry and Charlotte Reed Earl, born December 10, 1905, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Soon after marriage he and Nettie moved to Blanding, San Juan County, Utah, where Abe taught the eighth grade for one year. He also served as Boy Scout master. The summer of 1927 he attended summer school at the U. S. A. C. The next three years he taught at St. Johns, Idaho. The first child, Garth Earl, was born October 15, 1927, at Malad. Lyle Earl was born March 12, 1929, at St. John. In 1930 Abraham was offered the Principalship of the Samaria grade school (also near Malad). During that winter his third son was born, DeMar Earl (January 17, 1931).

In August, 1929, Abraham had taken a civil service examination in Salt Lake City for a position as mail carrier, so after his school closed in Samaria, he was called in as a substitute and served in that capacity until March 1, 1938, when he was given a permanent appointment. Abraham's first daughter, Erma Arlene, was born October 13, 1934, in Salt Lake City, where the next three children were also born. September 8, 1935, Garth Earl, the oldest son, died. Carol was born April 14, 1936; LuJean arrived October 18, 1938; the last one came July 23, 1940; her name is Linda.

Wherever Abe lived he was always active in church affairs. January 12, 1930, he was ordained a Seventy by Melvin J. Ballard. In the Second Ward in Salt Lake City he was made president of the M. I. A. in June, 1936. He held that position for several years. In 1942 he was made superintendent of the Sunday School. October 24, 1943, he was ordained a High Priest and set apart as a member of the High Council by Apostle John A. Widtsoe in a Liberty Stake division and reorganization.

BEULAH STOUT LIMB

Beulah began her adult life by graduation from the Logan High School in 1926 at the age of nineteen. In the autumn of that year she began her college training at the Utah State Agricultural College. After two years she was granted a certificate to teach in the grade schools of Utah. Her first two years of teaching were in Beaver County (1928-30). She then taught for two years in Manila, Utah (1930-32). Returning to her home in Logan she spent a summer and a full winter at the U. S. A. C. This schooling gave her higher certification, so she was offered a position in the Logan City schools, where she re-

mained four years. Desiring a change, she obtained a school at Union, in the Jordan School District. This school building was located near the spot where Union Fort was built in 1854. Her great grandfather, Jehu Cox, gave that very site to the community to build a fort for protection against the Indians. In 1939 she decided she wanted another change, so she went to Nephi, where she remained two years. In 1941 she returned to the Jordan School District and was assigned the Sandy school. She taught one full year and began another when she decided to marry.

She had known William Urban Limb for some time. In November, 1942, he was serving as a soldier in Florida and expected to be sent to Europe so they decided to marry. The marriage took place November 21, 1942, at West Palm Beach, Florida. William is the son of Urban Van and Martha Jane Stringham Limb, born December 31, 1907, at Newhouse, Beaver County, Utah. Beulah returned to Salt Lake City May 31, 1943. William was later given a medical discharge from the army and returned to Salt Lake. Their first child, James Douglas, was born September 8, 1943.

EUNICE STOUT BRYNER

Eunice, the youngest in the family, is the only daughter to graduate from college. Arriving in Logan in April, 1920, at the age of ten, she finished the grades, then graduated from the Logan High School in 1928. She spent the next four years attending the Utah State Agricultural College. Completing the requirements for a teacher's certificate in 1932, she began teaching in the Logan City schools in September of that year. By June, 1933, she had completed all the requirements for her bachelor's degree so was awarded a degree at the graduation exercises that spring at the U. S. A. C. She taught one more year in the city schools, then was called on a mission to Texas. That was a part-time mission. During the winter months she taught in the Church school at Kelsey, Texas. During the summer months she served as a missionary. Only one summer was so spent since she was released after school closed in 1936. Returning to Utah she was offered a position in the Heber City schools.

June 23, 1937, she married Alma Lloyd Bryner, son of Jacob Alma and Ethel Acelia Porter Bryner, born May 2, 1908, at Helper, Utah. She moved to Helper, where her husband op-

erated a gasoline filling station. Their first child was born May 9, 1938. His name: Lowell LaVoy. Her husband sold his interest in the filling station and moved to Salt Lake City where Carolyn was born December 23, 1943. They now reside on Garfield Avenue.

Beth's first child, a daughter, was born April 26, 1944. Adrian returned from his mission late in March, 1944. April 26, 1944 he married Lulu Grace Cook in the Logan Temple. Grace is the daughter of Wiley Delmoe and Lulu May Munns Cook, born November 30, 1923 at Rexburg, Idaho.

Winston married Louise Tyler in the Salt Lake Temple, June 5, 1944—just one day before the great invasion of France began. Louise is the daughter of Dorus Harvey and Lenora Davidson Tyler, born October 23, 1918 at Parker, Idaho.

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POSTSCRIPT

A history of the Cox and Stout lines should have been written many decades ago. Strange indeed that none of my 238 first cousins (193 of whom are alive today) should not have undertaken the task before now. A family history of this character should be written for every group in the church. Why they should all leave this project for me to do is beyond my comprehension. I have had the task in mind since early youth. In 1909 and again in 1913 I undertook the task, but I was inadequately prepared for such an undertaking. Time was opportune in 1940 when I commenced this work. I did not conceive its present scope when the work was begun, its magnitude has unfolded as progress was made.

To complete my "mission" it has been necessary to sacrifice pleasures, vacations and even my reputation. Opposition and obstruction have only increased my obsession. I have been stigmatized as possessing a genealogy complex. These sentiments have been expressed by persons obviously untouchable by the spirit of Elijah.

I have the supreme satisfaction of believing that this work is the one accomplishment of my entire life that future generations will remember me by. All my other tasks in life will fade into oblivion, but the writing of this history is definite assurance that my name will never die.

The publication of this book has been financed entirely by subscription. The response to my appeals for funds has been far beyond expectations. Those persons who have made this work possible by their contributions are entitled to special consideration by receiving their copy at half price. The few books published in excess of those subscribed will sell for \$5.00 per copy, postage paid.

Wayne D. Stout,

March 1, 1944

Salt Lake City, Utah.